



THE ADVENTURES OF BLAKE & MORTIMER

Based on the characters of EDGAR P. JACOBS

THE GONDWANA SHRINE

Yves Sente

André Juillard

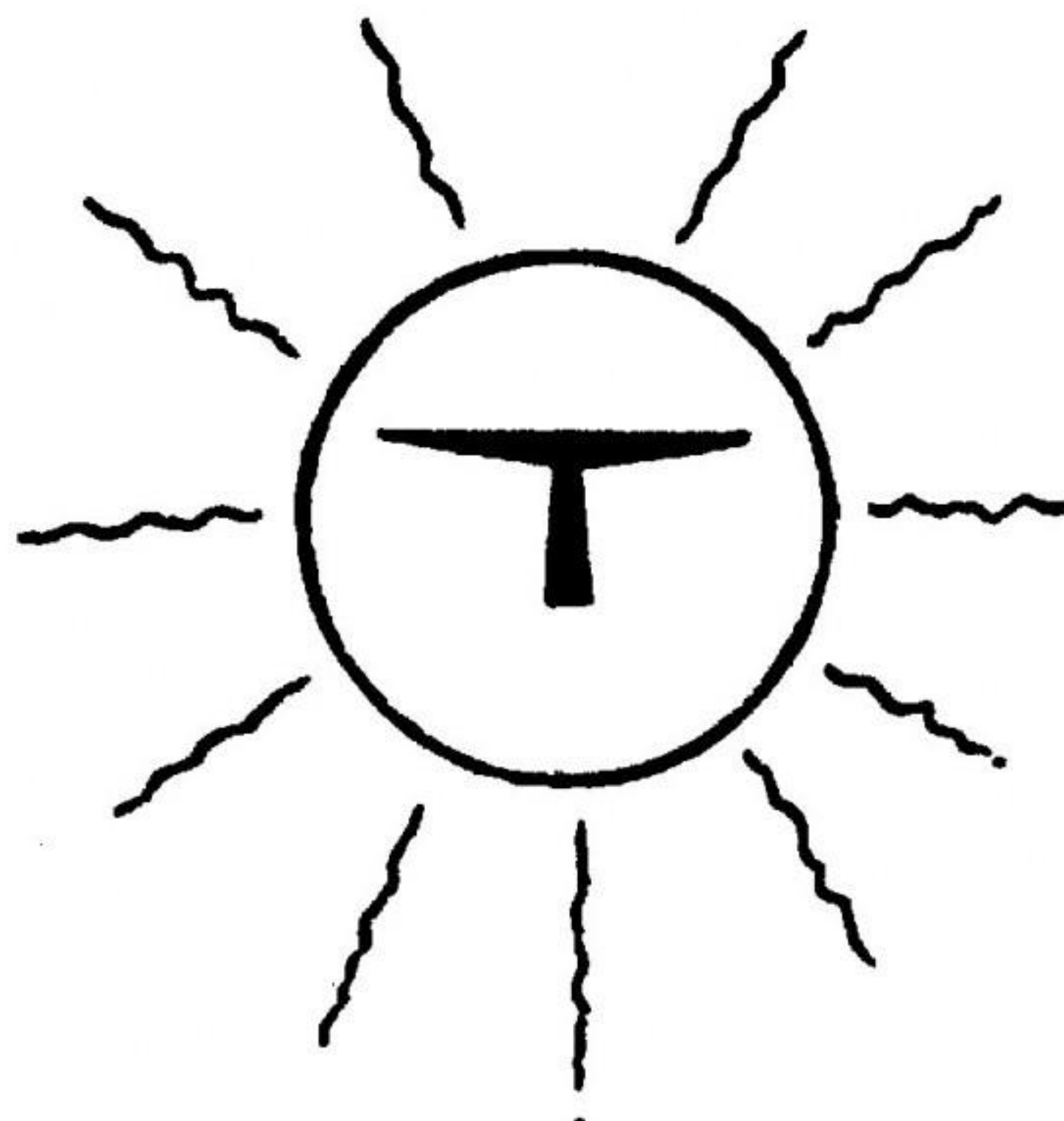


THE GONDWANA SHRINE

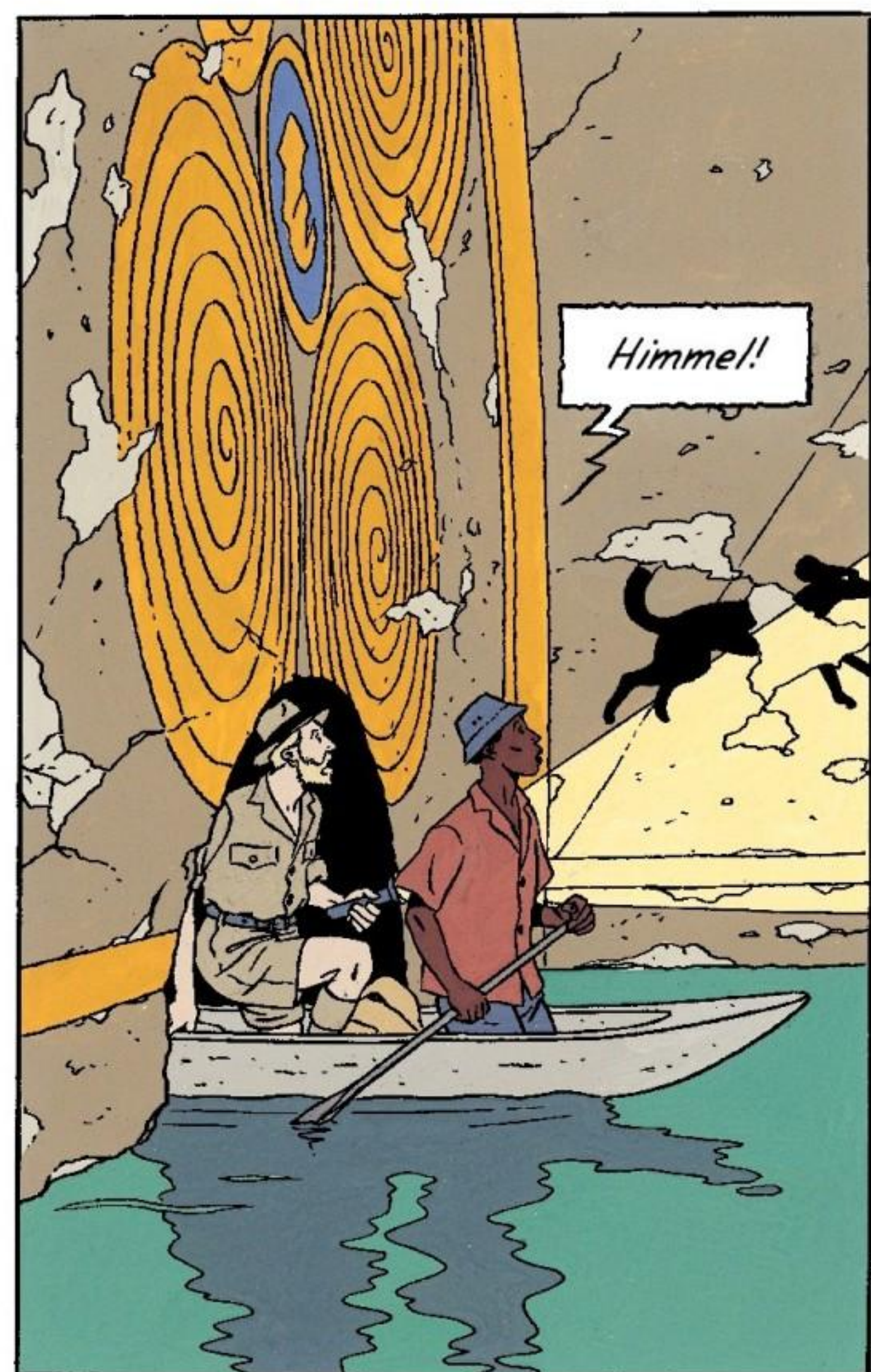
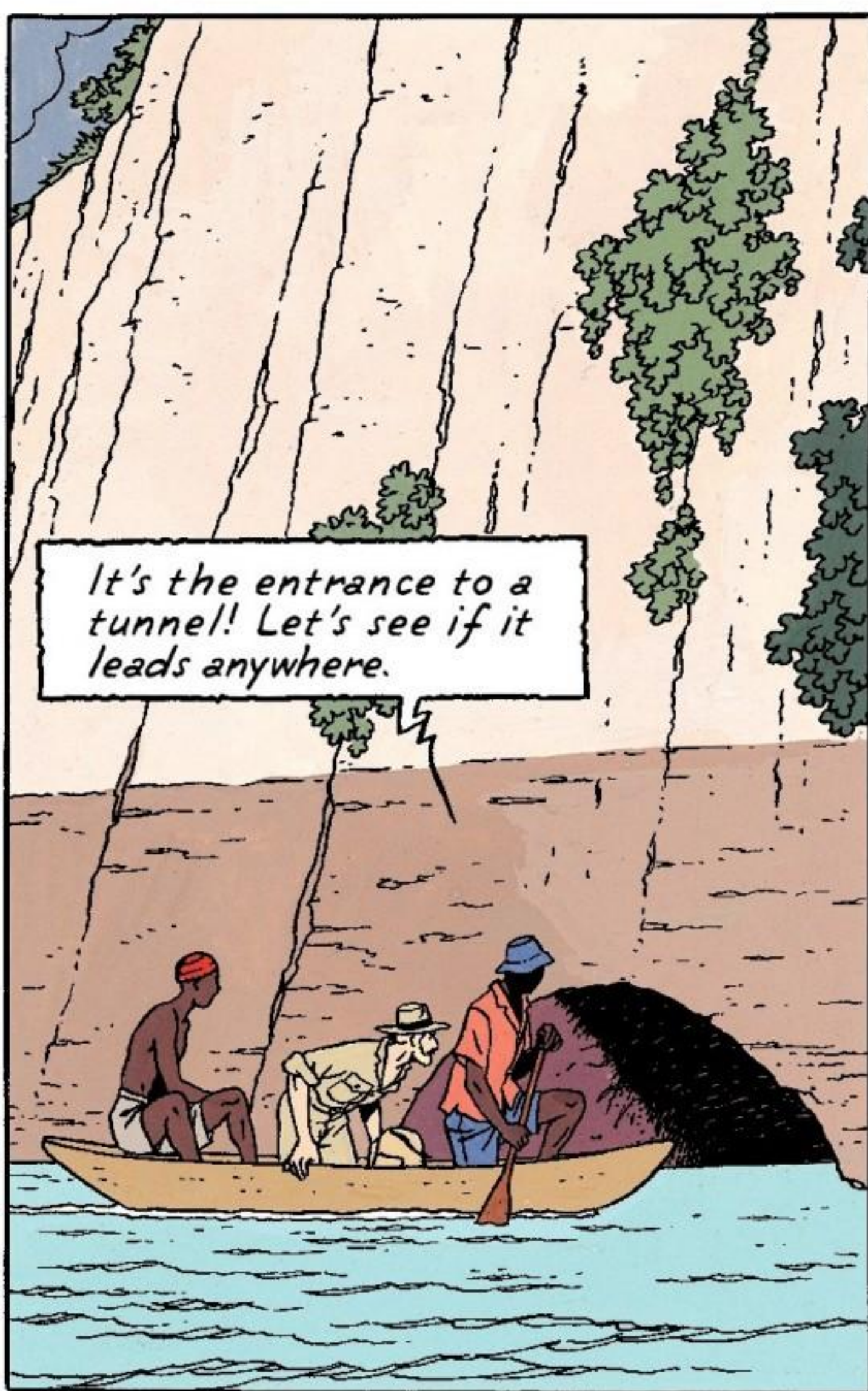
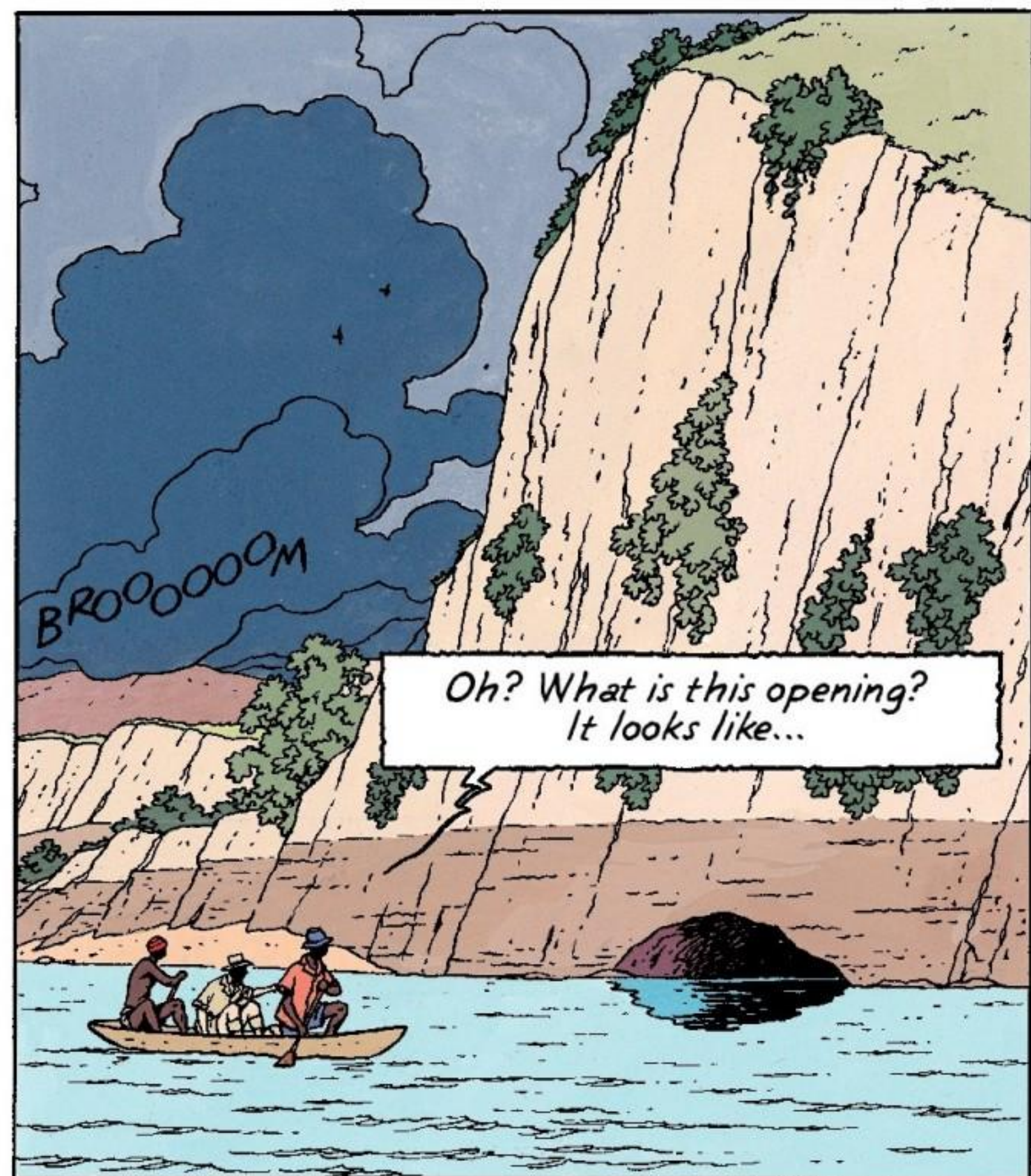
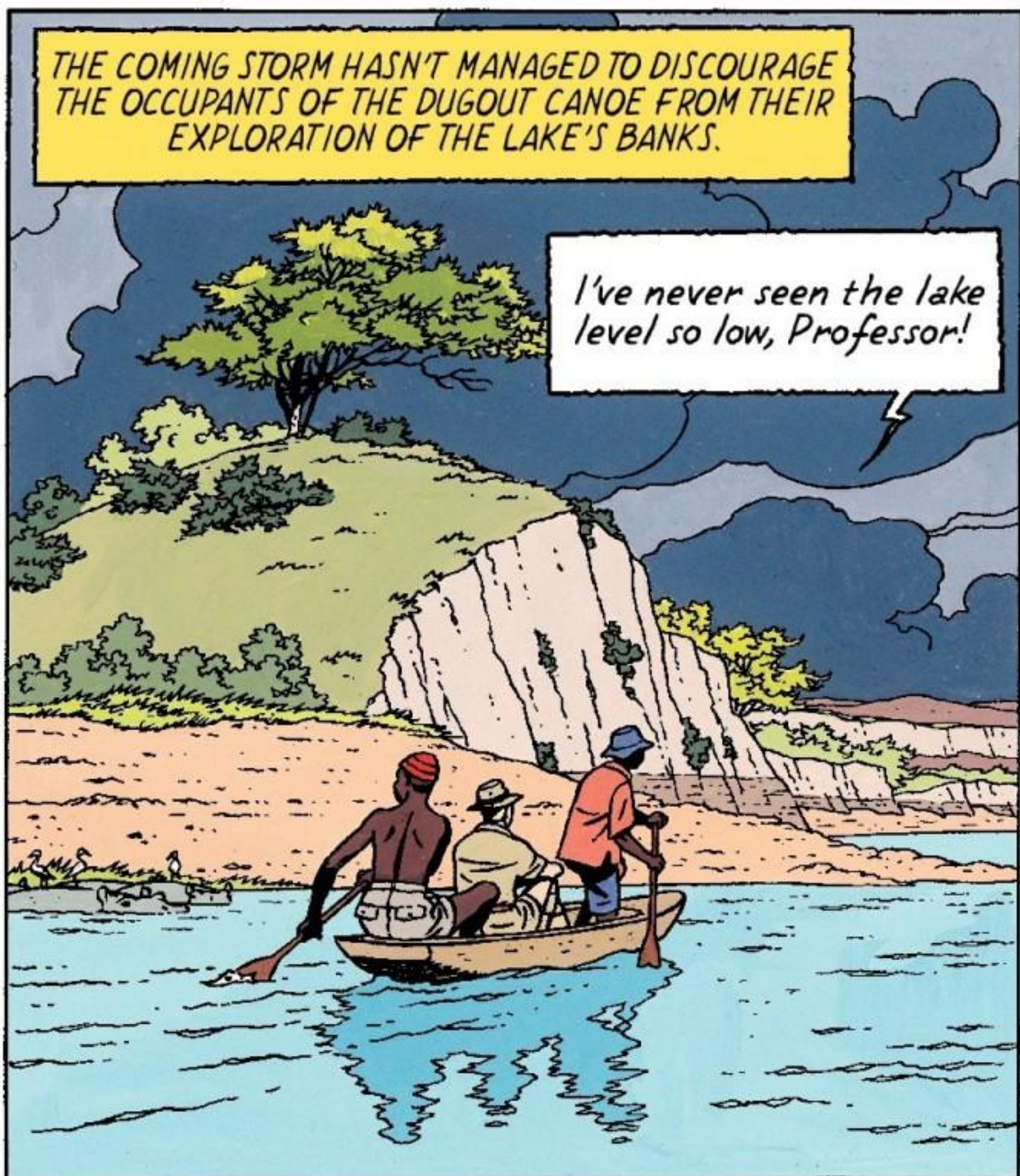
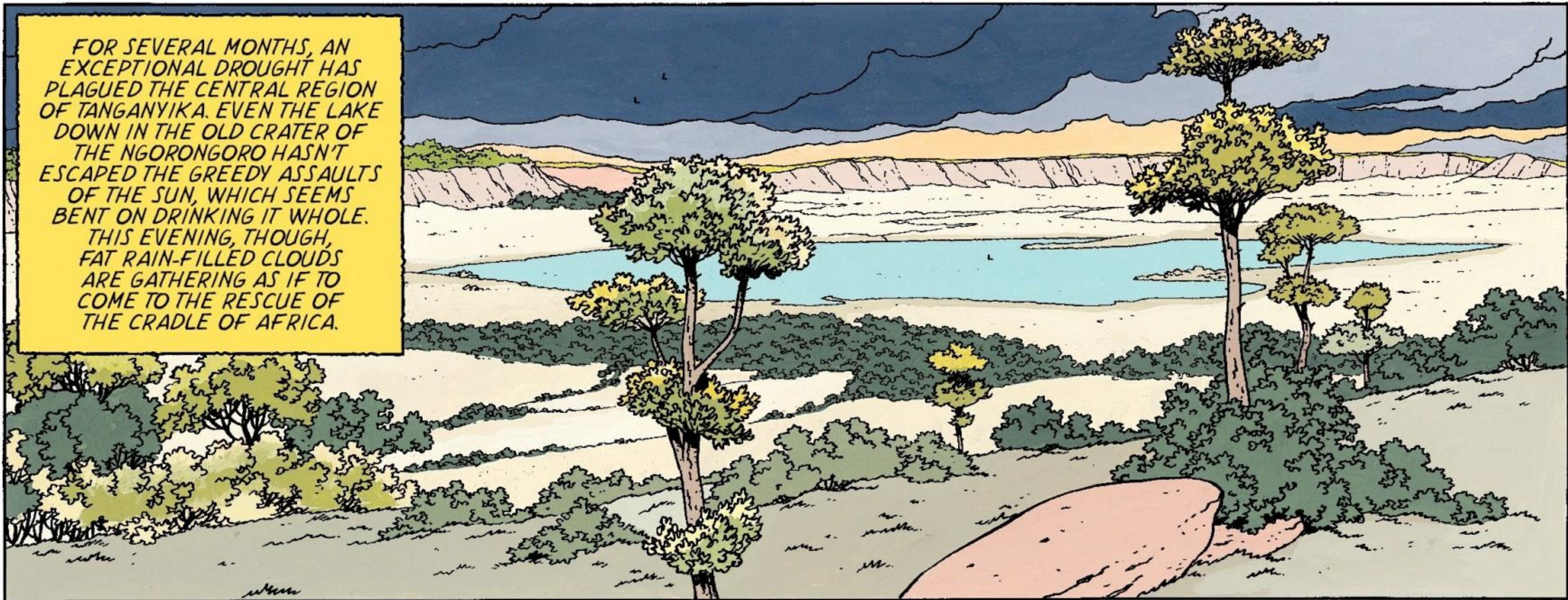
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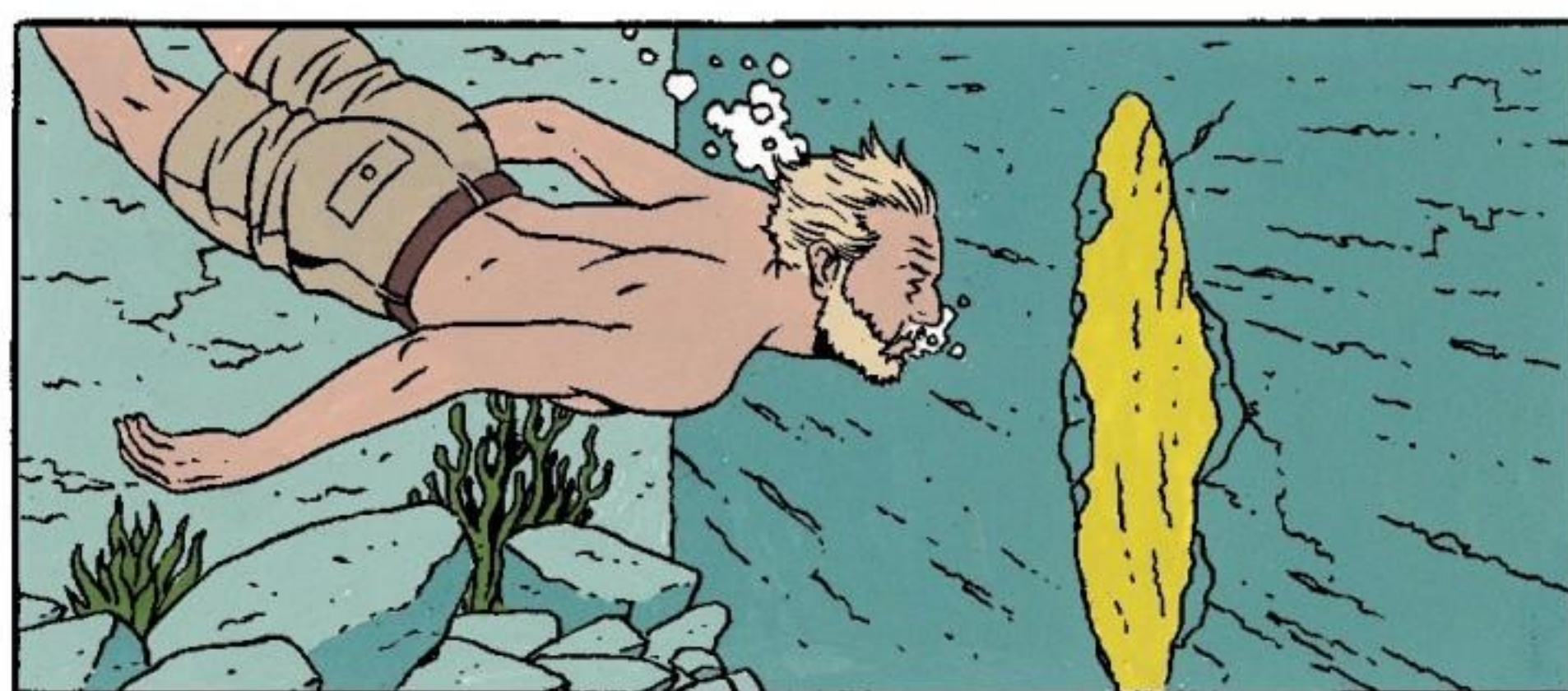
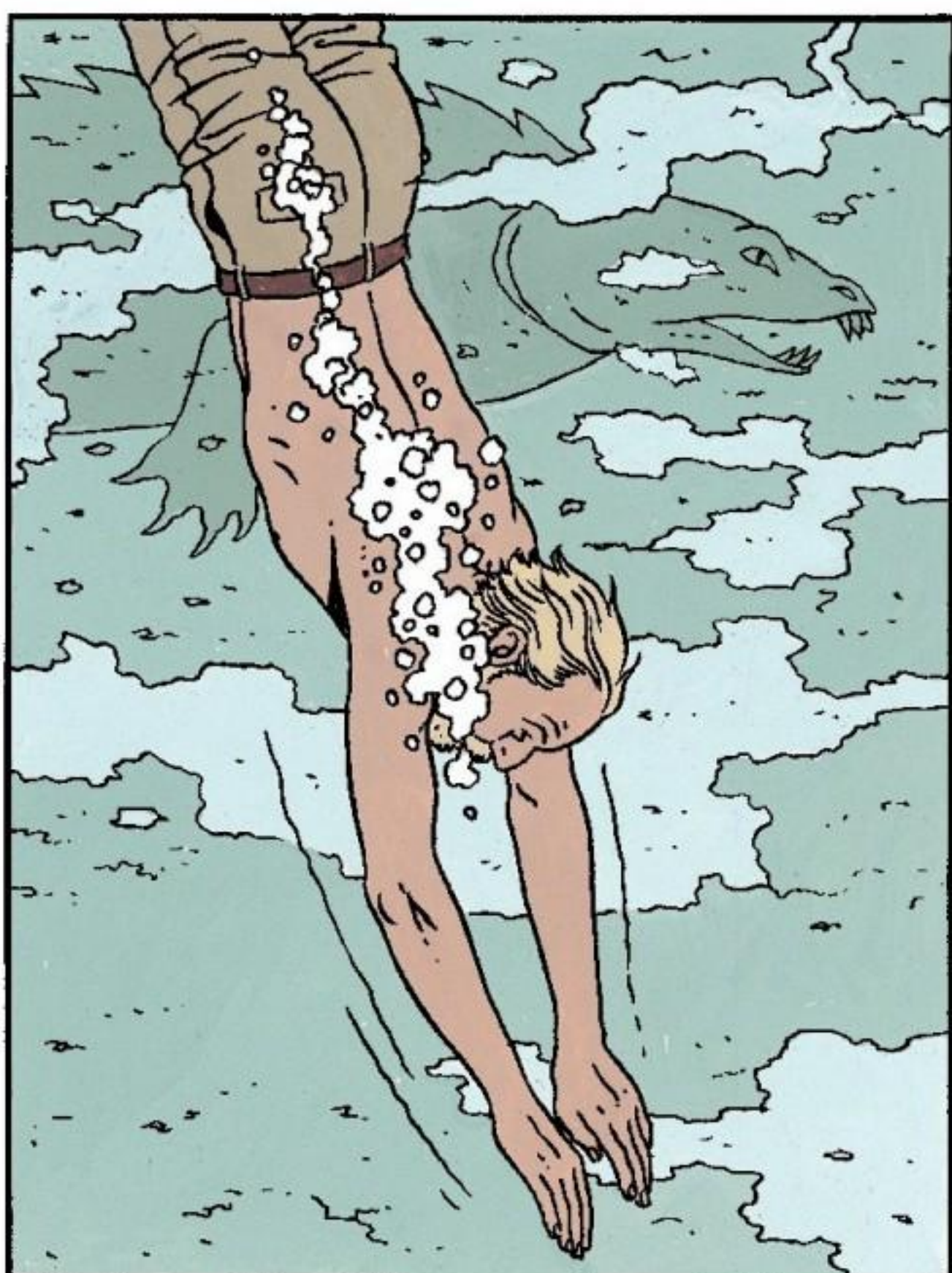
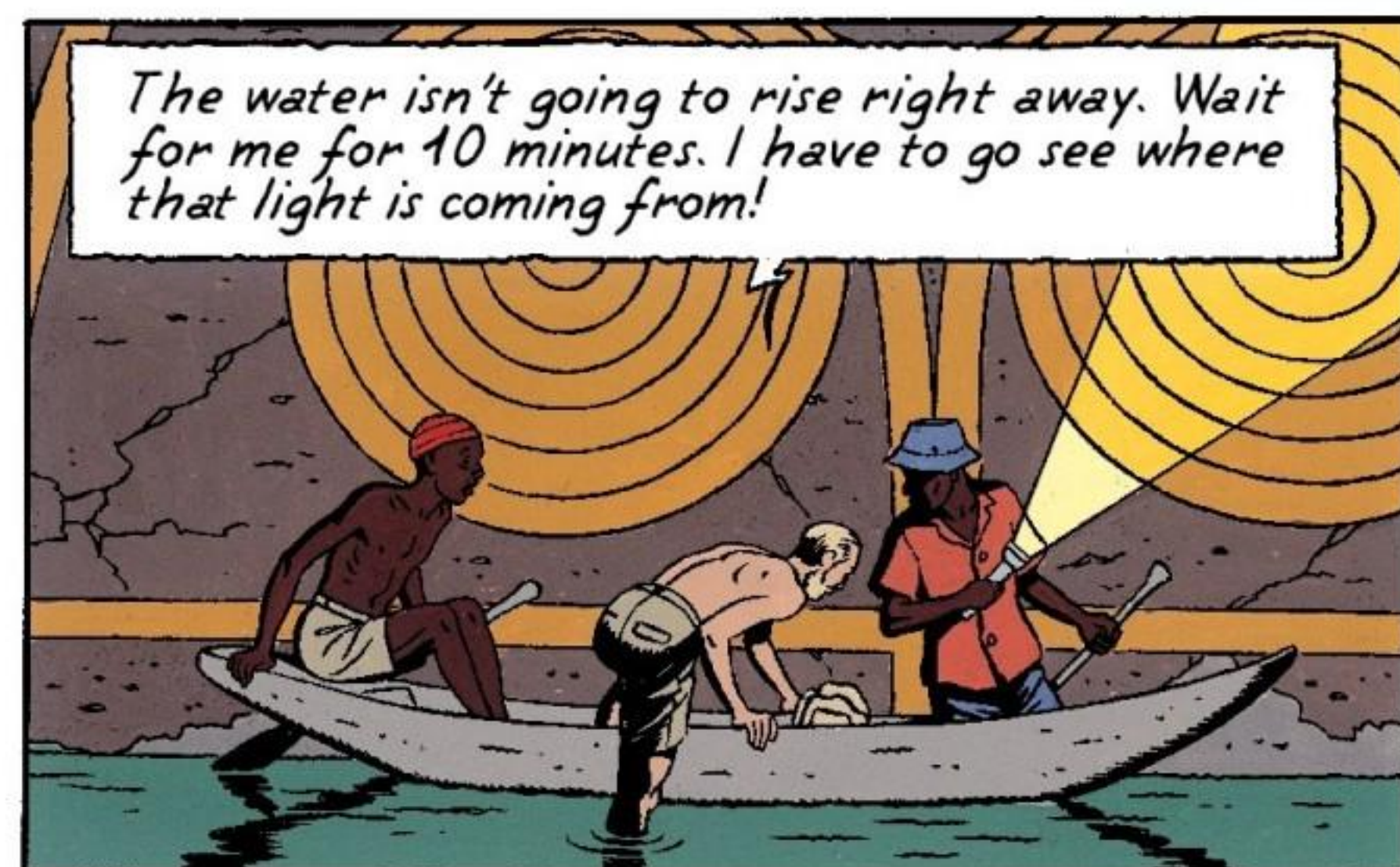
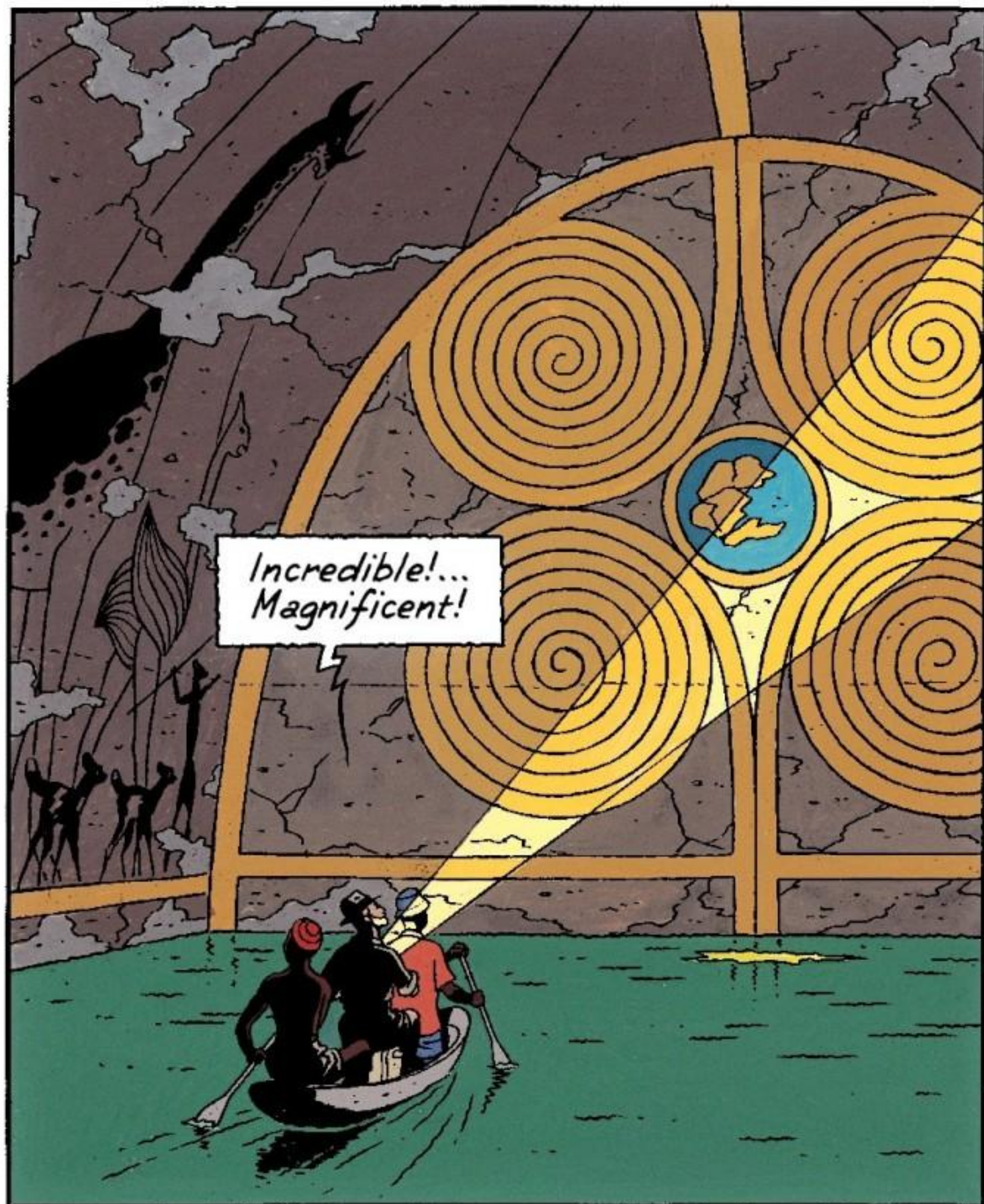
Drawing: André Juillard

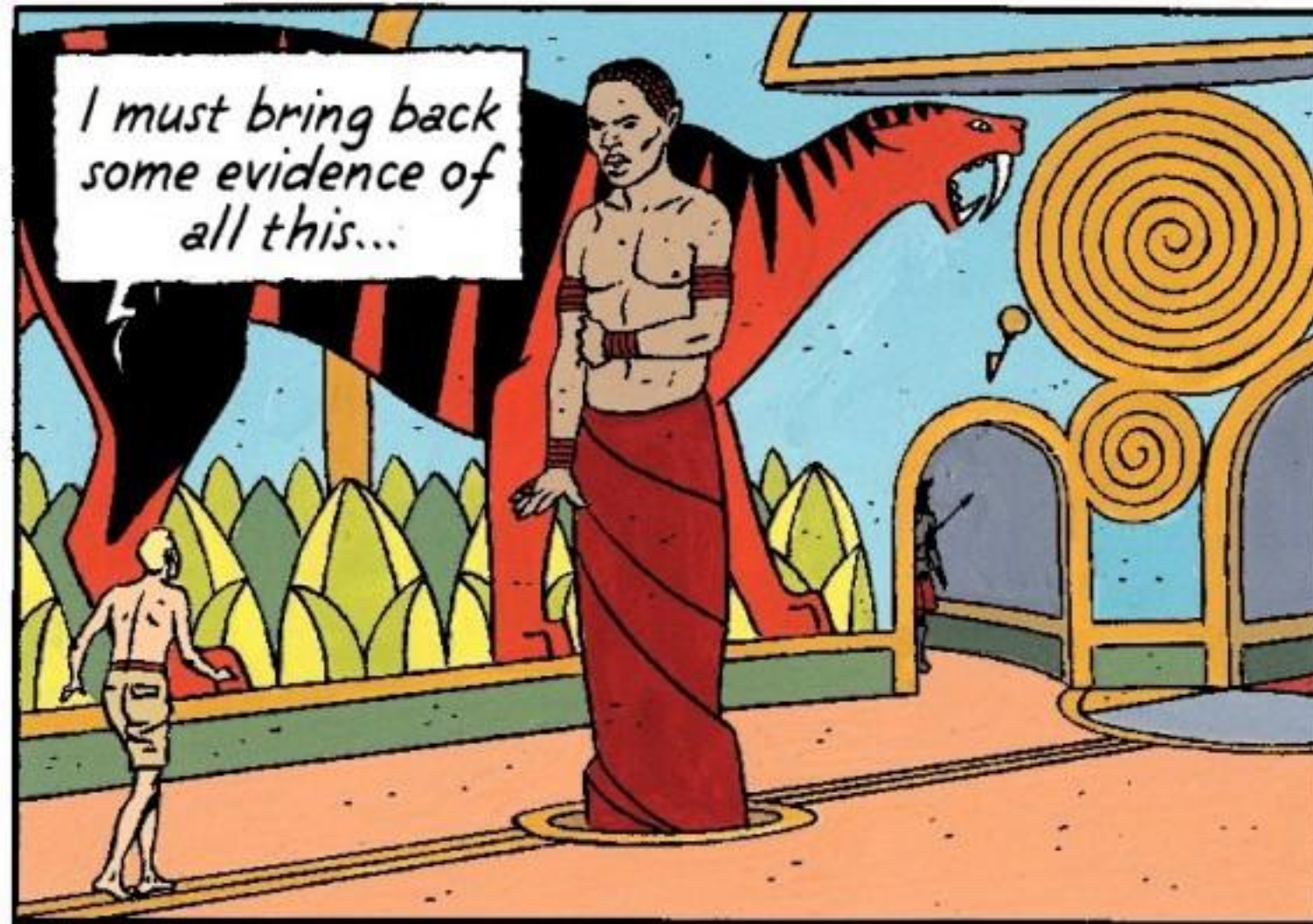
Colour work: Madeleine DeMille



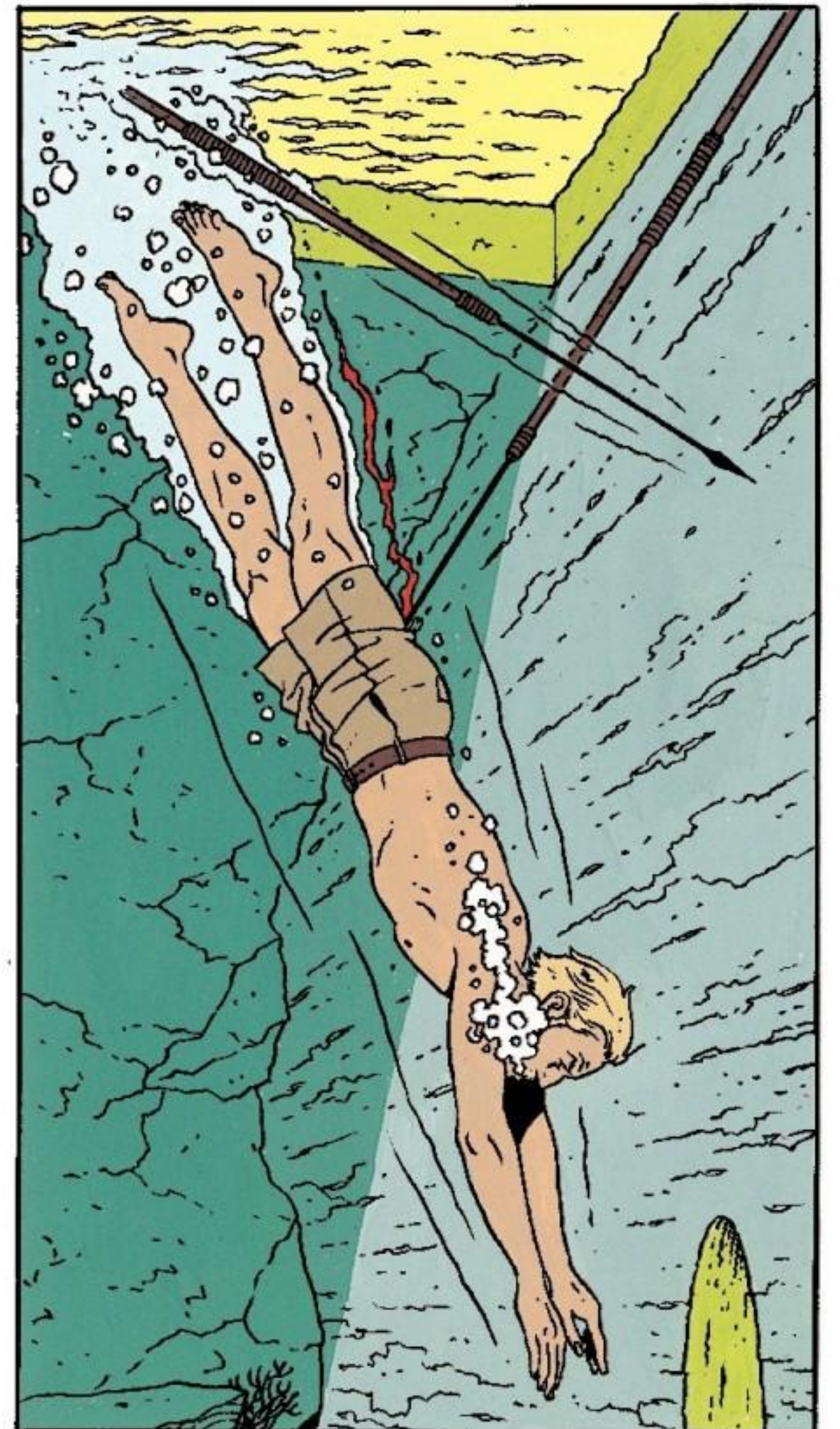
**Based on the characters of
EDGAR P. JACOBS**







THE ETHNOLOGIST HAS NO SOONER TAKEN THE IMPOSING STATUE'S RING THAN A LOUD, MOURNFUL WAIL ESCAPES THE FIGURE'S OPEN MOUTH.



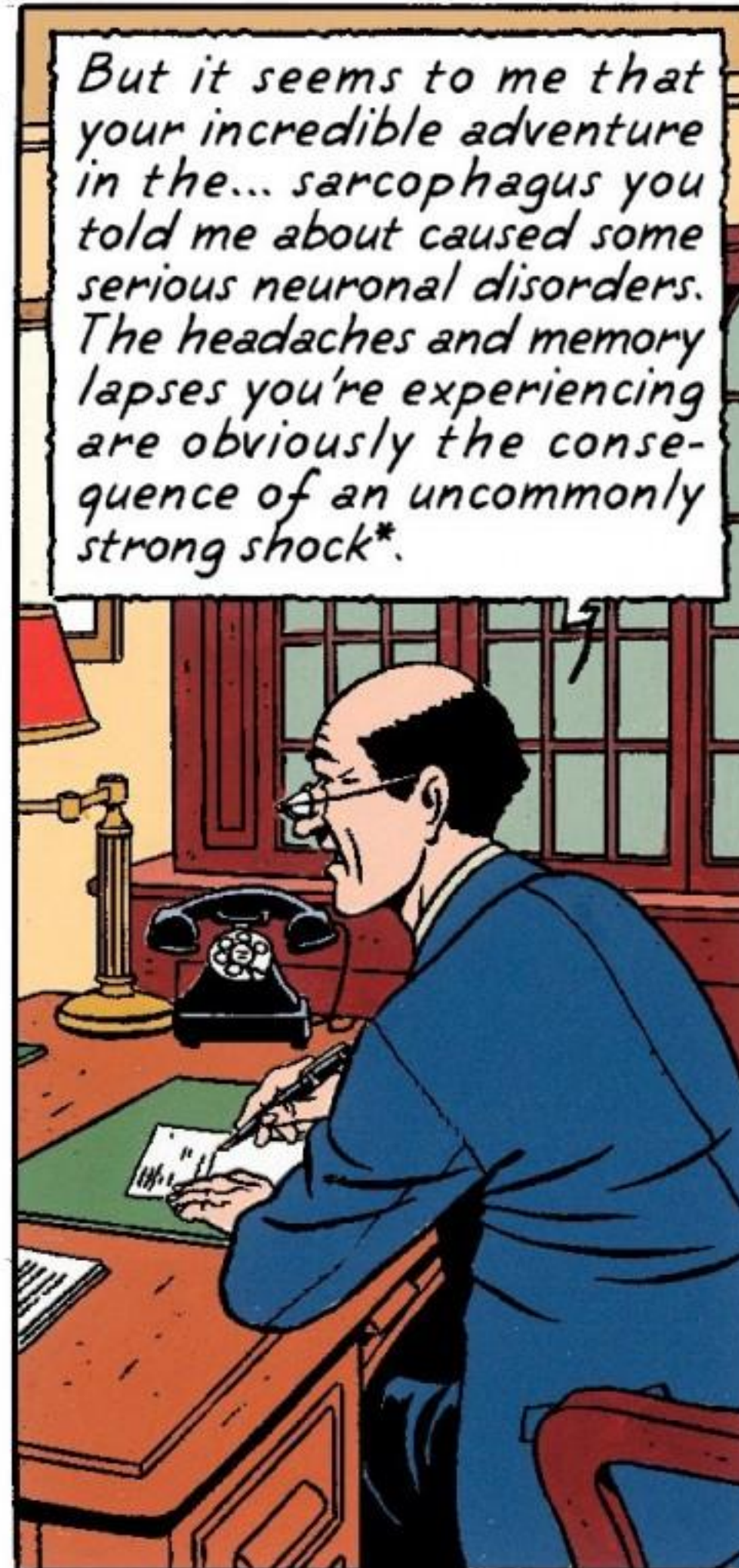
THREE MONTHS LATER, IN LONDON...



So, Doctor, what do you think?



My dear Philip, I think the good Mrs Benson was right to insist that you come see me. Physically, I cannot see any damage...

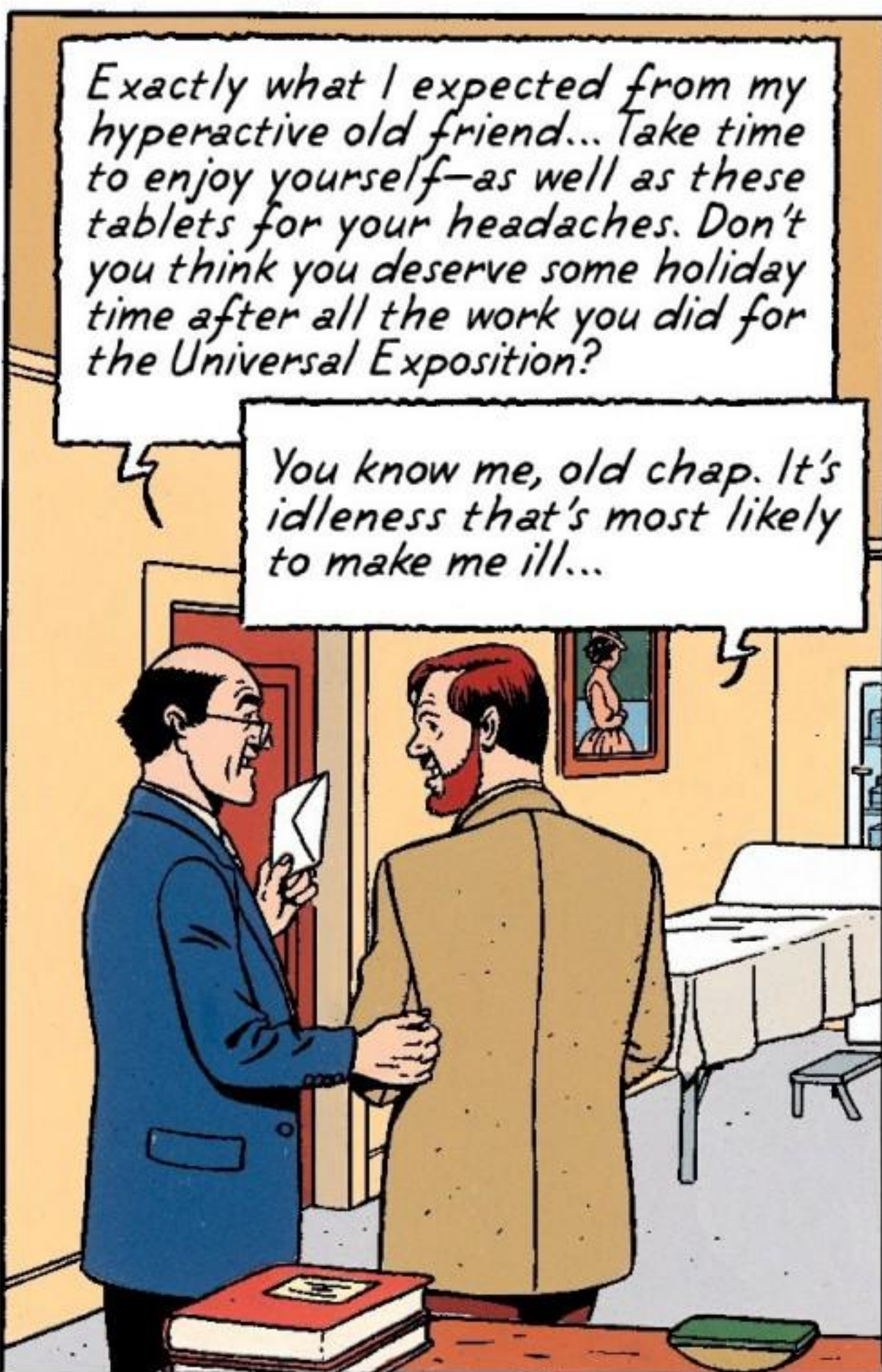


But it seems to me that your incredible adventure in the... sarcophagus you told me about caused some serious neuronal disorders. The headaches and memory lapses you're experiencing are obviously the consequence of an uncommonly strong shock*.



You need rest. I'm afraid I must forbid you from going back to work at the CSIR for a few weeks.

I'm forbidden to work!? Heavens, Mark! What on earth shall I do with myself?



Exactly what I expected from my hyperactive old friend... Take time to enjoy yourself—as well as these tablets for your headaches. Don't you think you deserve some holiday time after all the work you did for the Universal Exposition?

You know me, old chap. It's idleness that's most likely to make me ill...



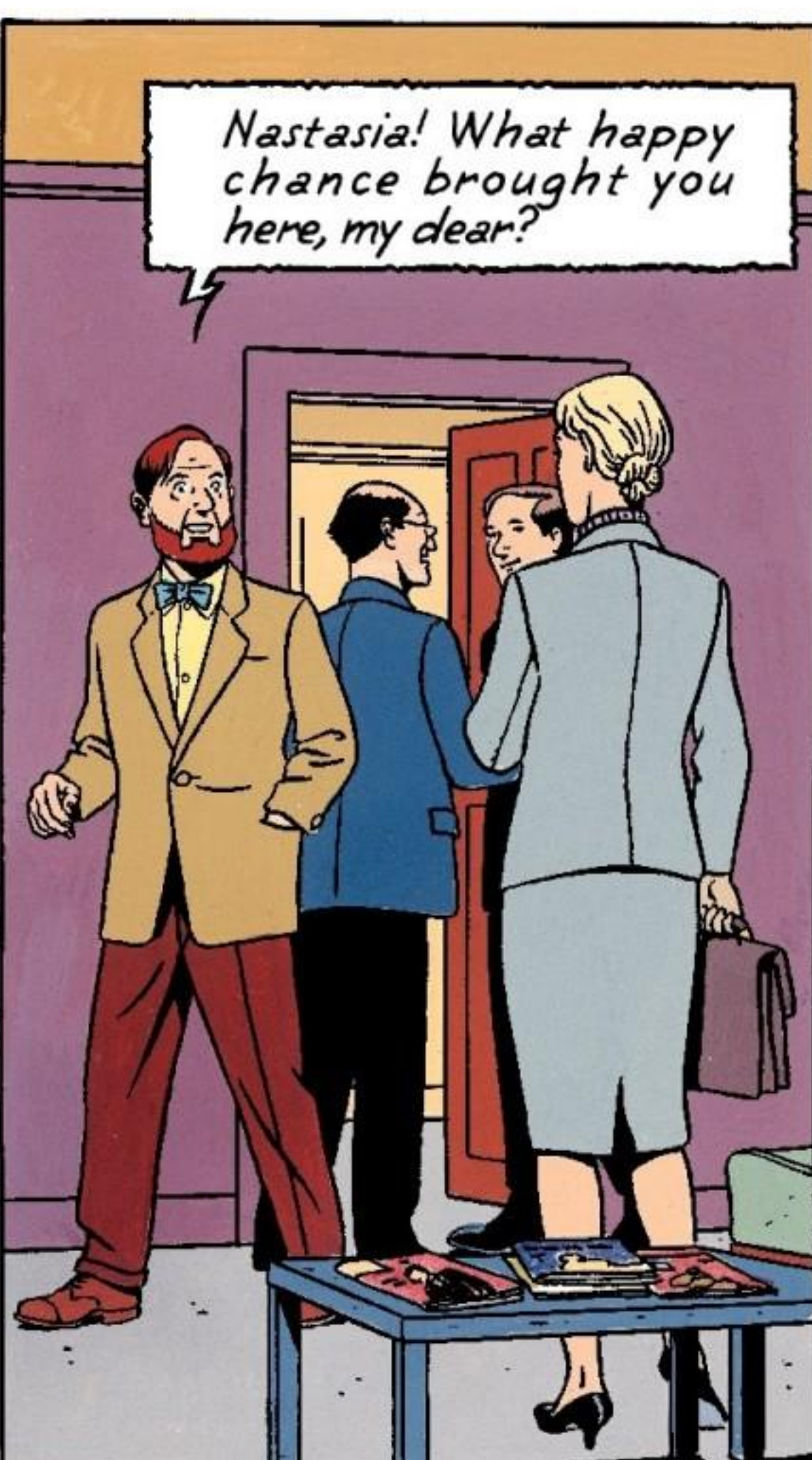
Well... Why don't you take advantage of this forced rest to resume writing those memoirs of yours? You did tell me one day that you regretted never having had the time to work on them.

My memoirs?... Yes... Why not?

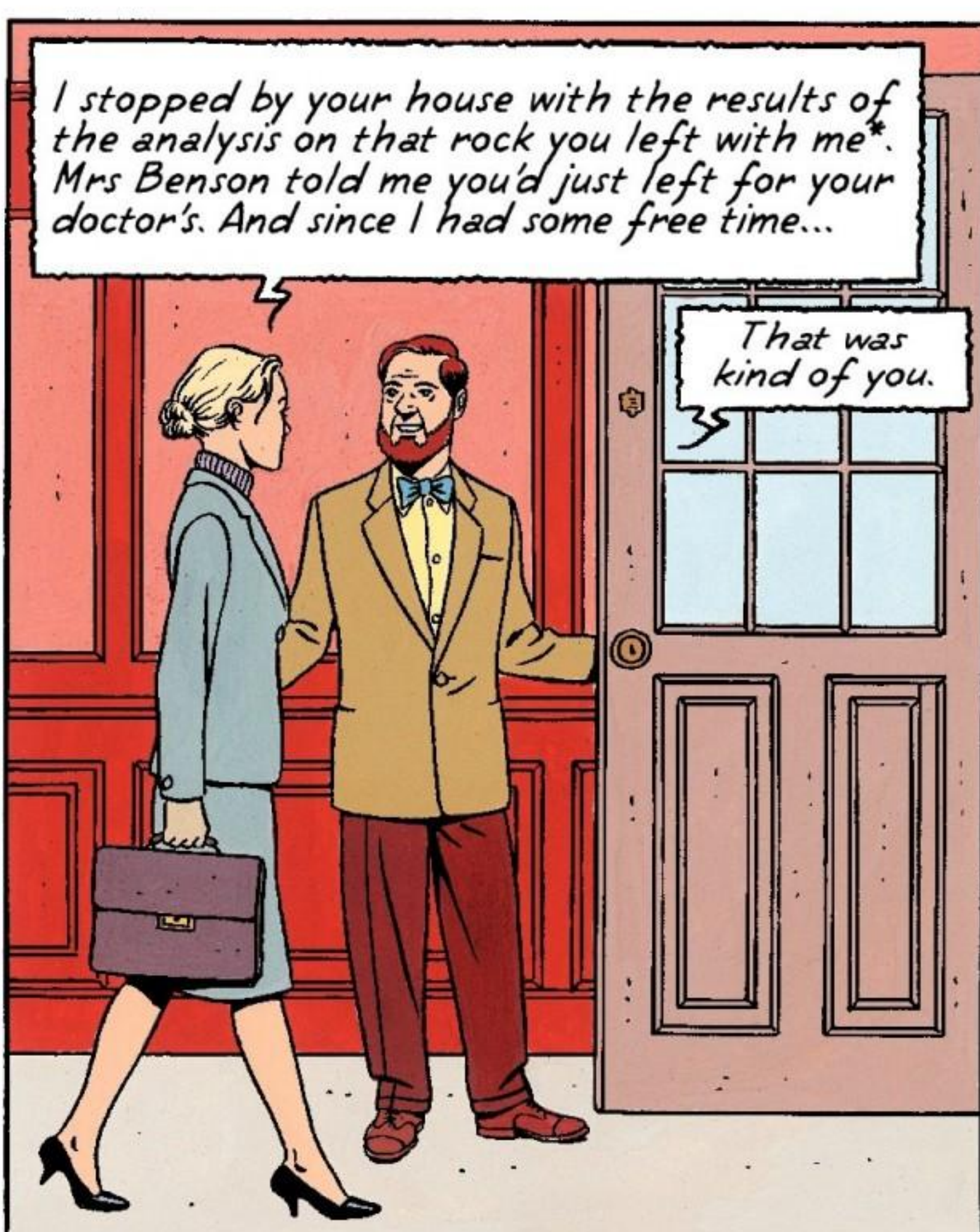


Exactly! Moreover, it will force you to exercise your memory before you come back to see me again. That's precisely what you need.

I'm sure you're right, Mark. As always. Thank you, my friend; I'll see you soon.



Nastasia! What happy chance brought you here, my dear?



I stopped by your house with the results of the analysis on that rock you left with me*. Mrs Benson told me you'd just left for your doctor's. And since I had some free time...

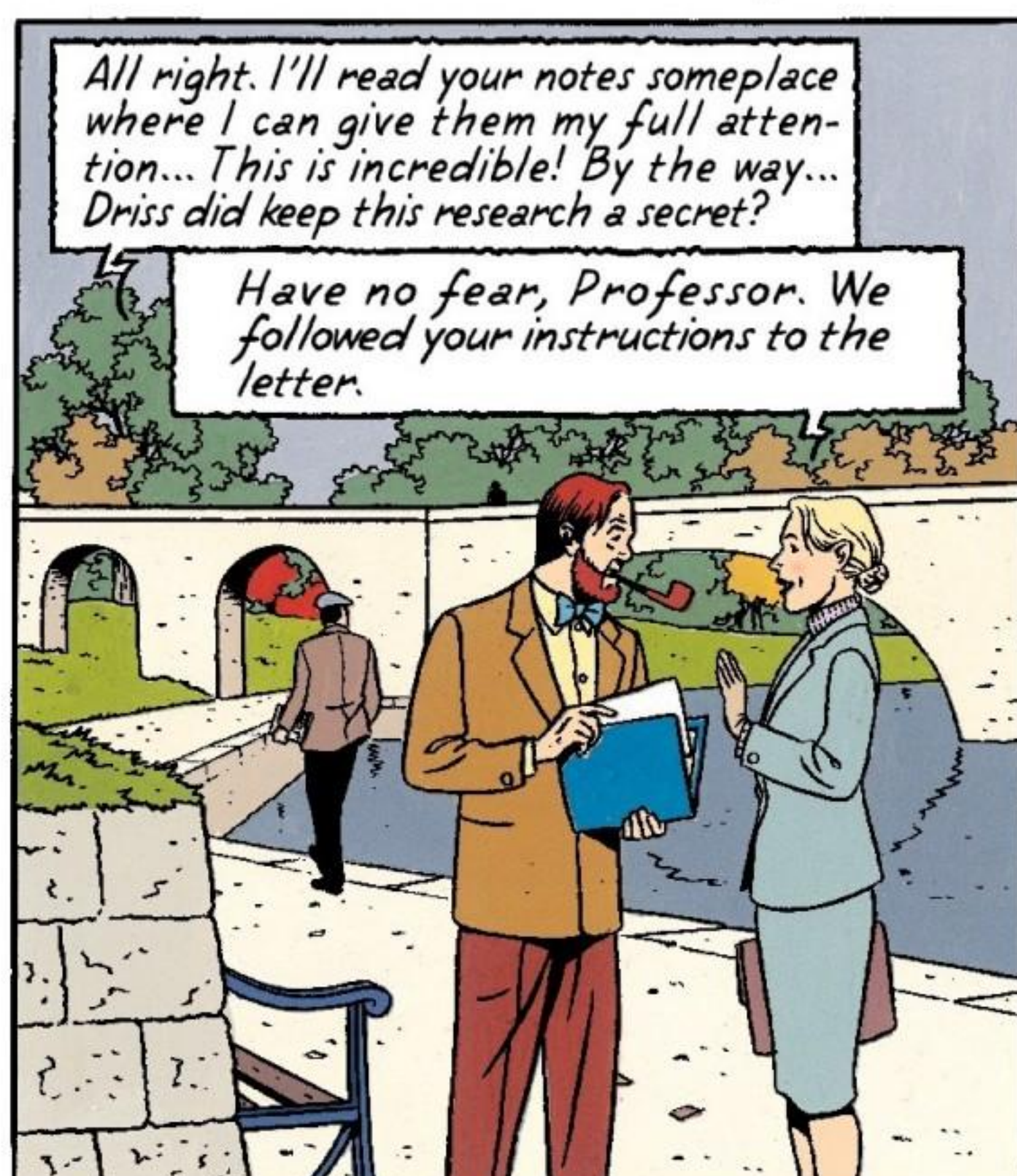
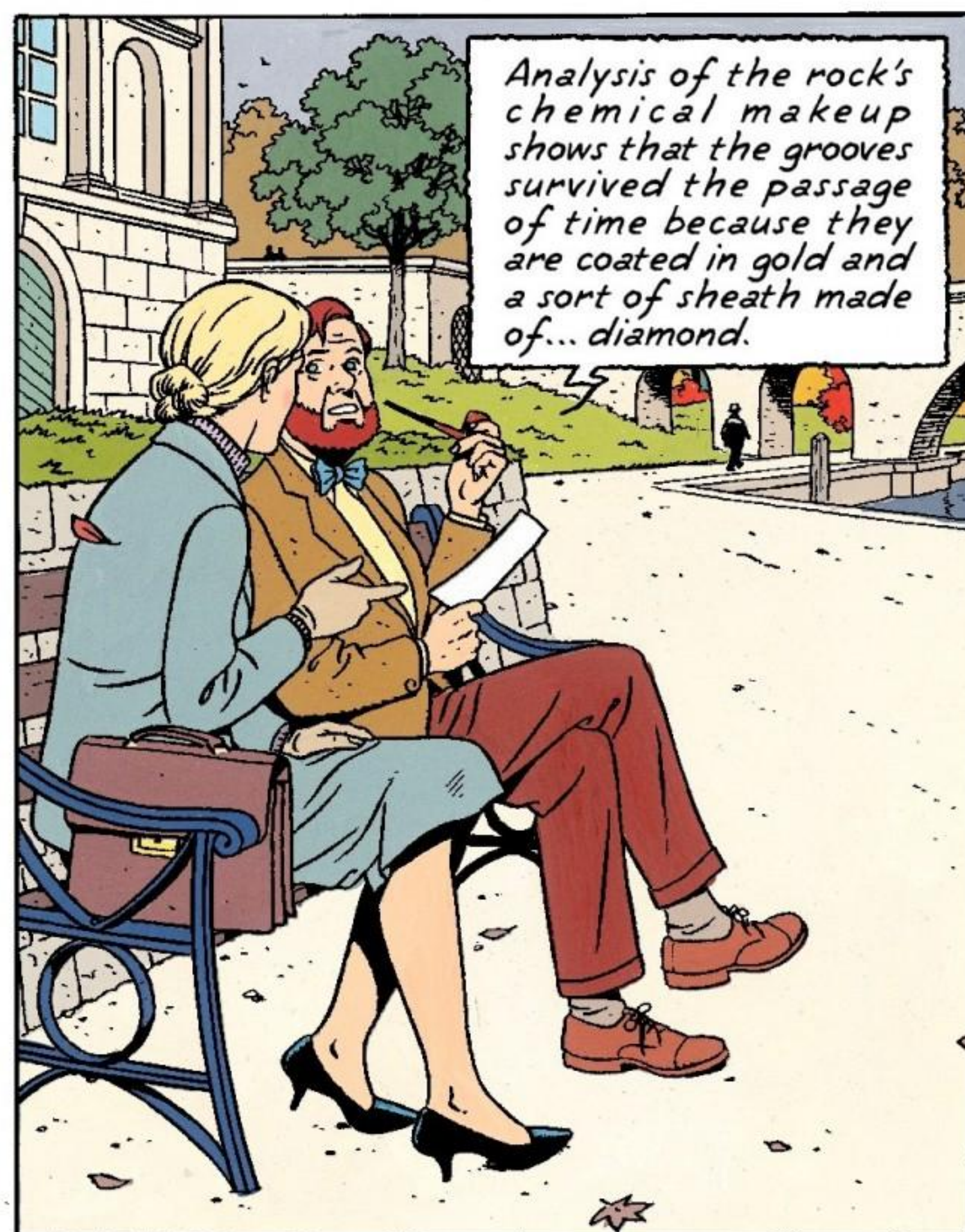
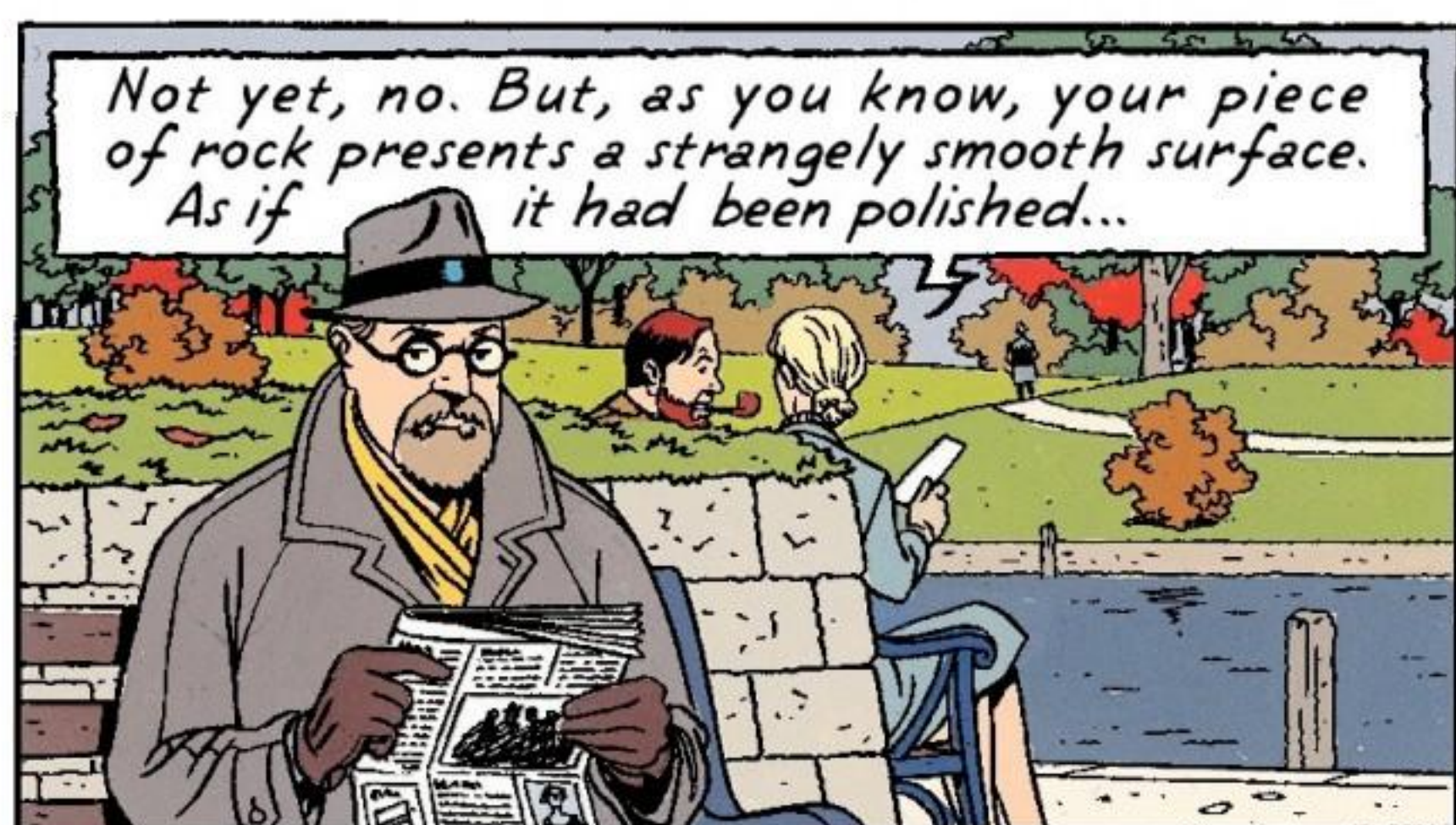
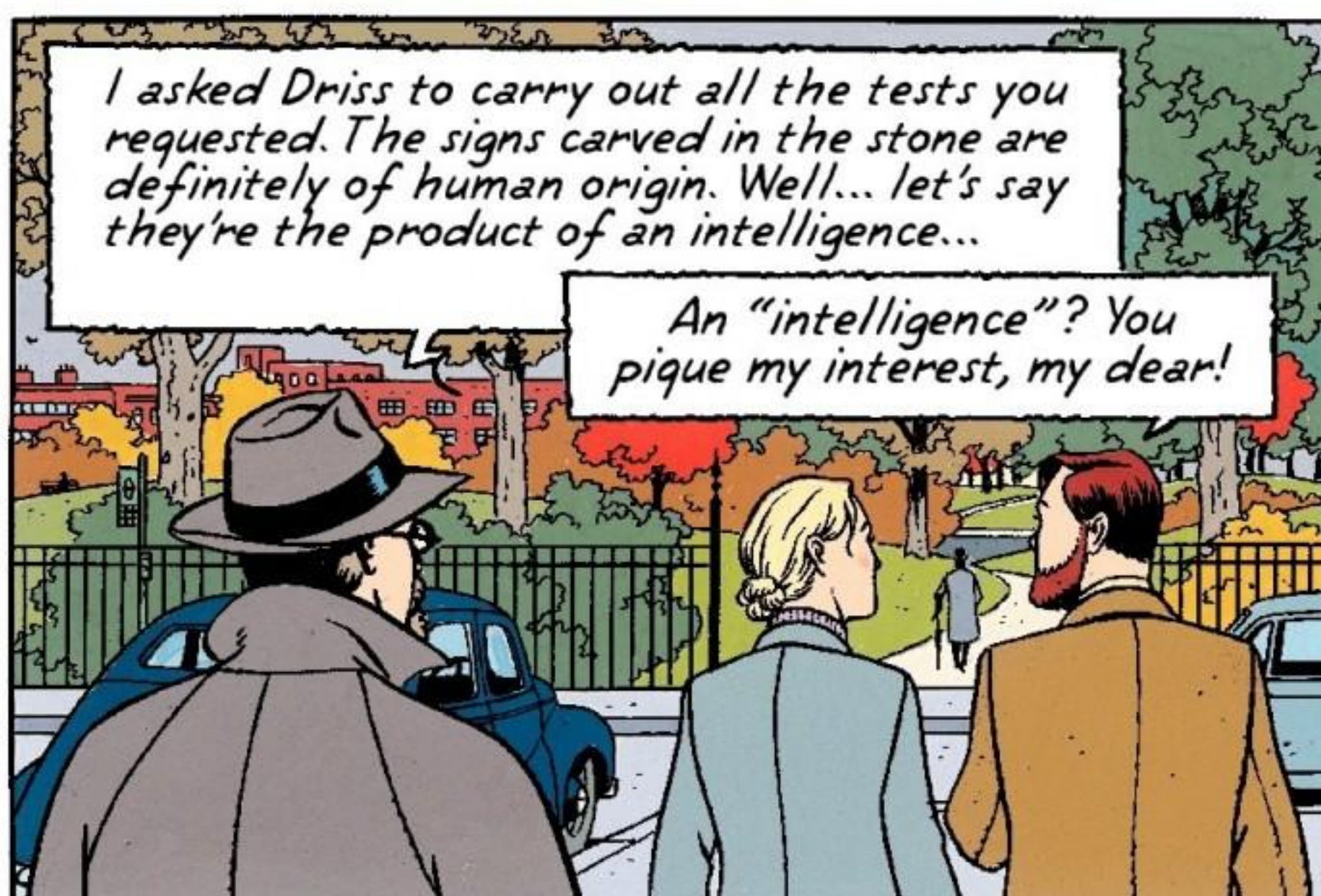
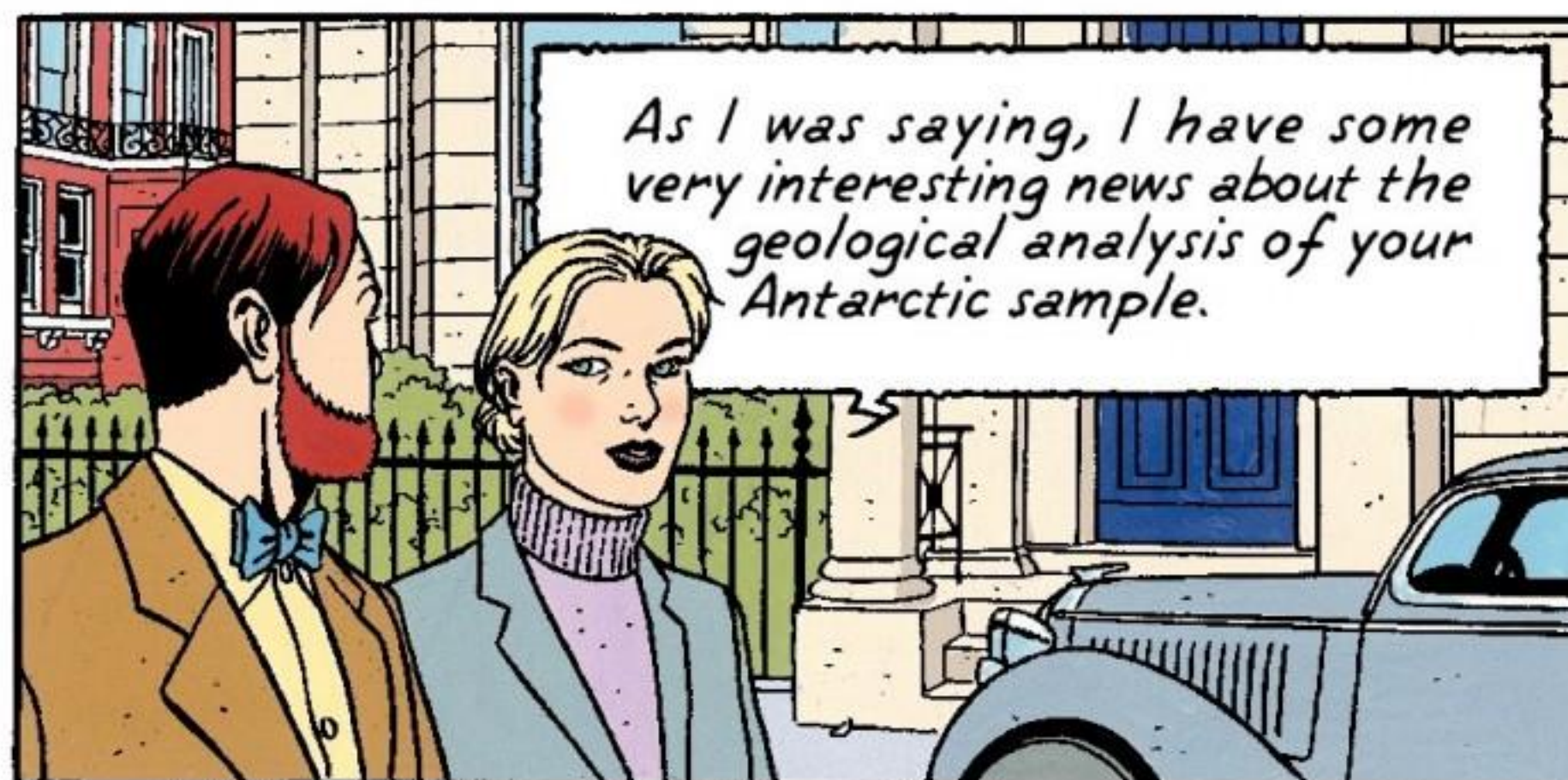
That was kind of you.



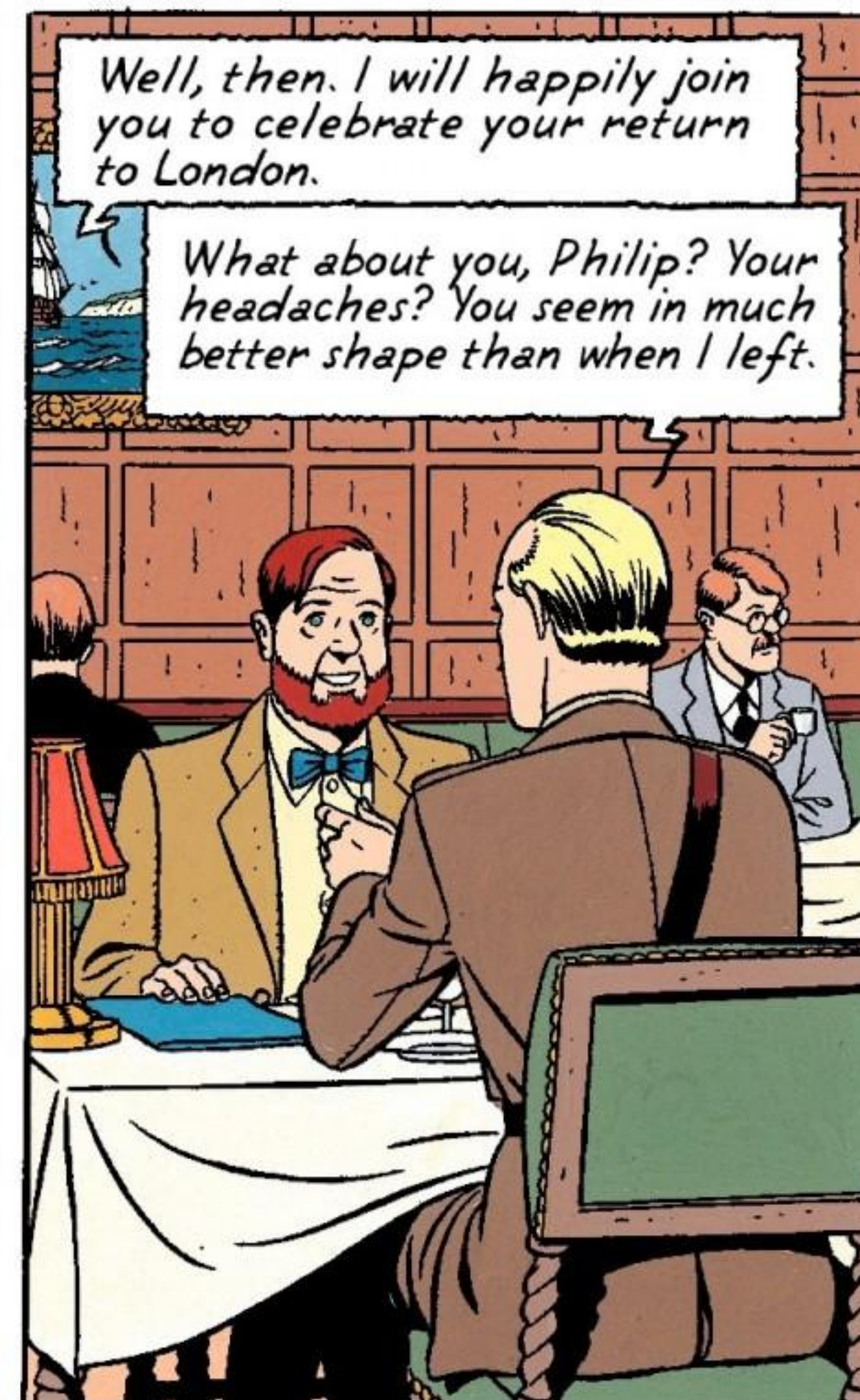
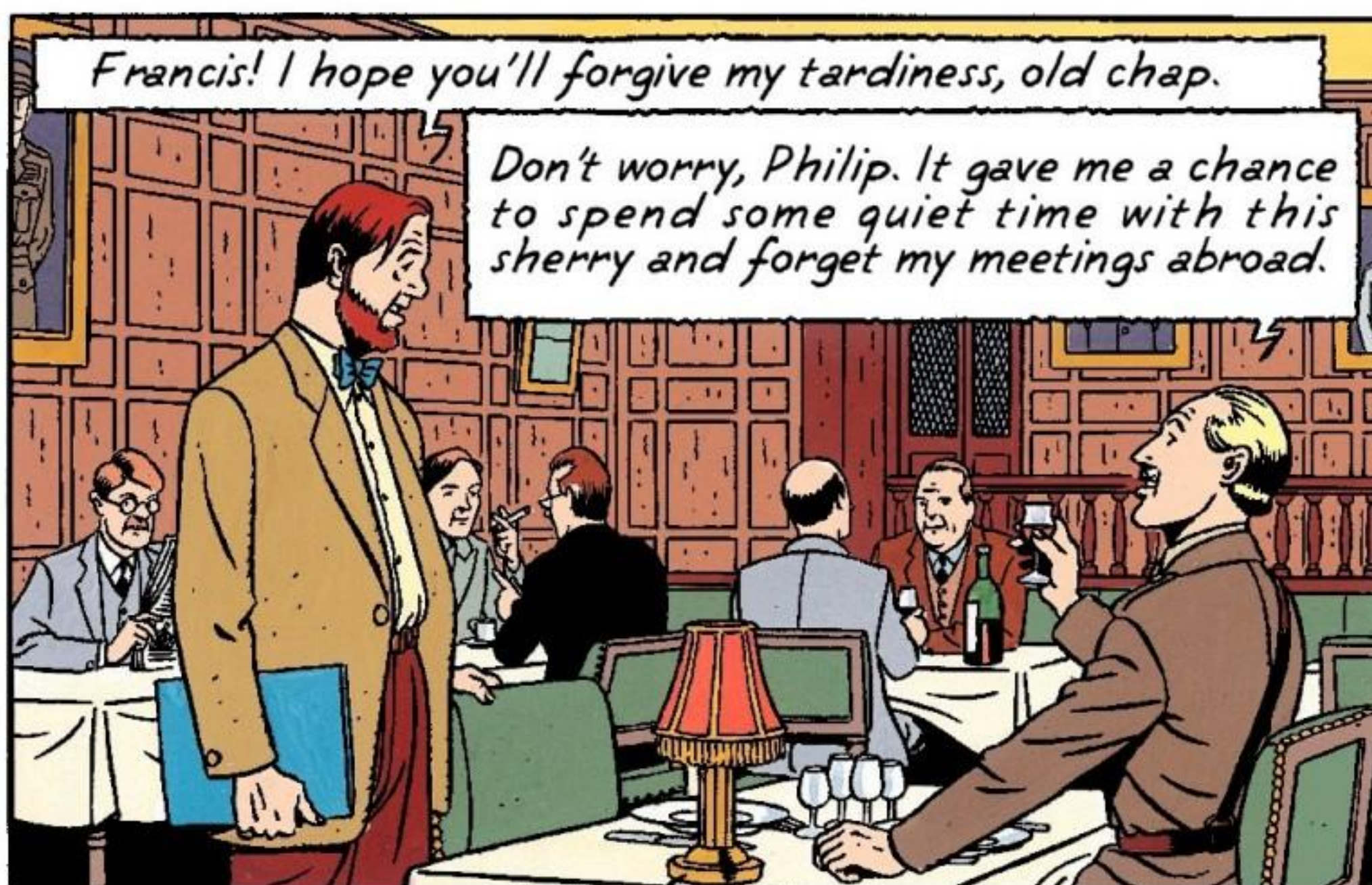
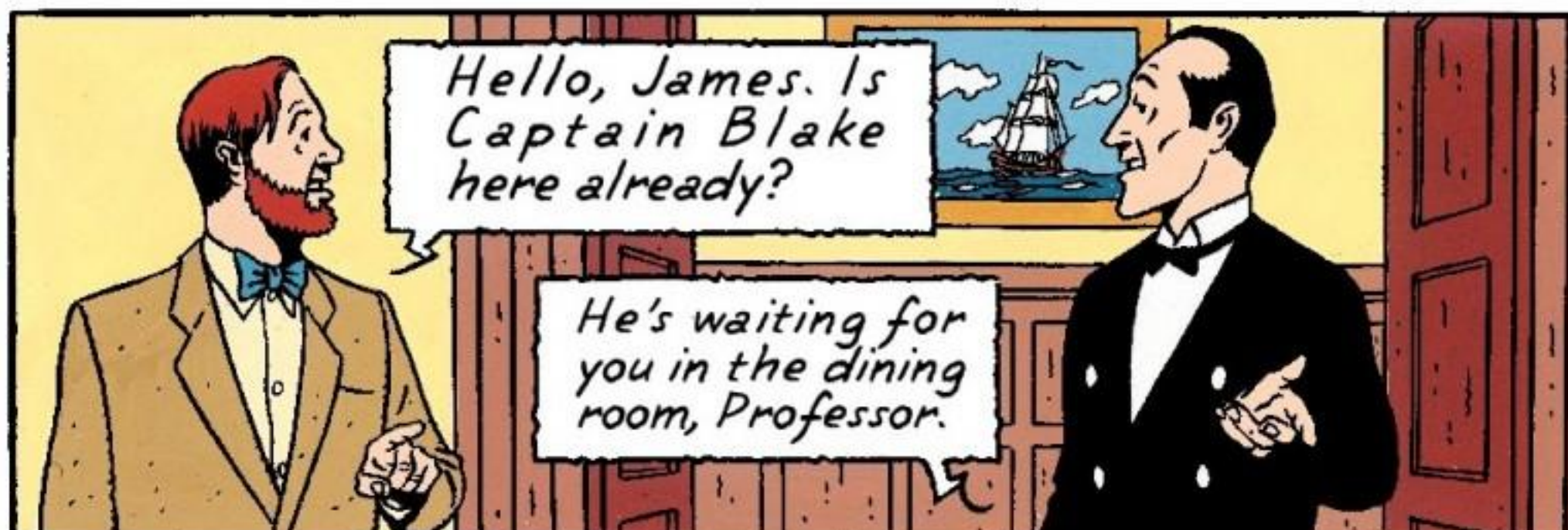
As it's not raining for once, why don't we walk a bit?

An excellent idea. I have a lot to tell you.

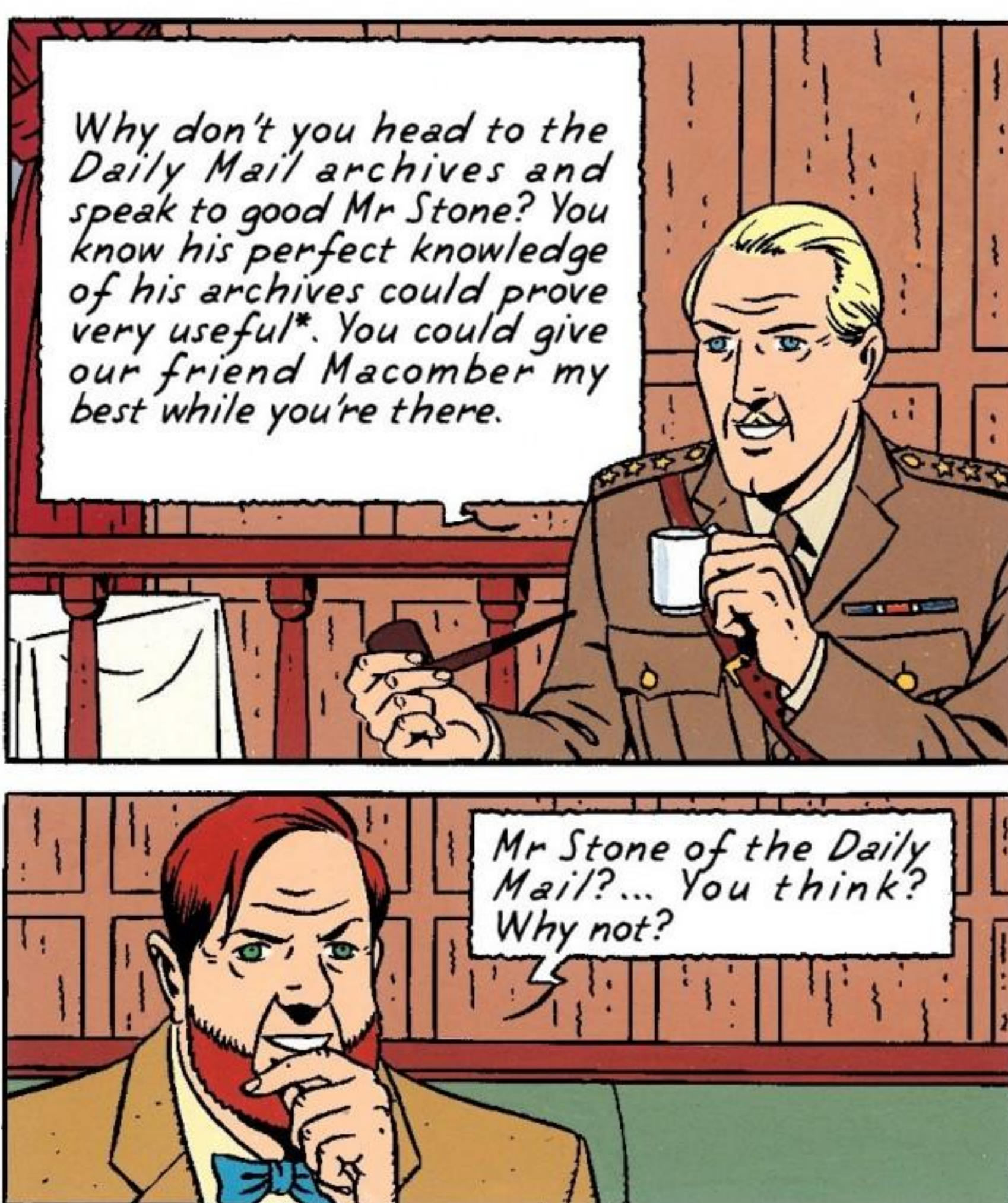
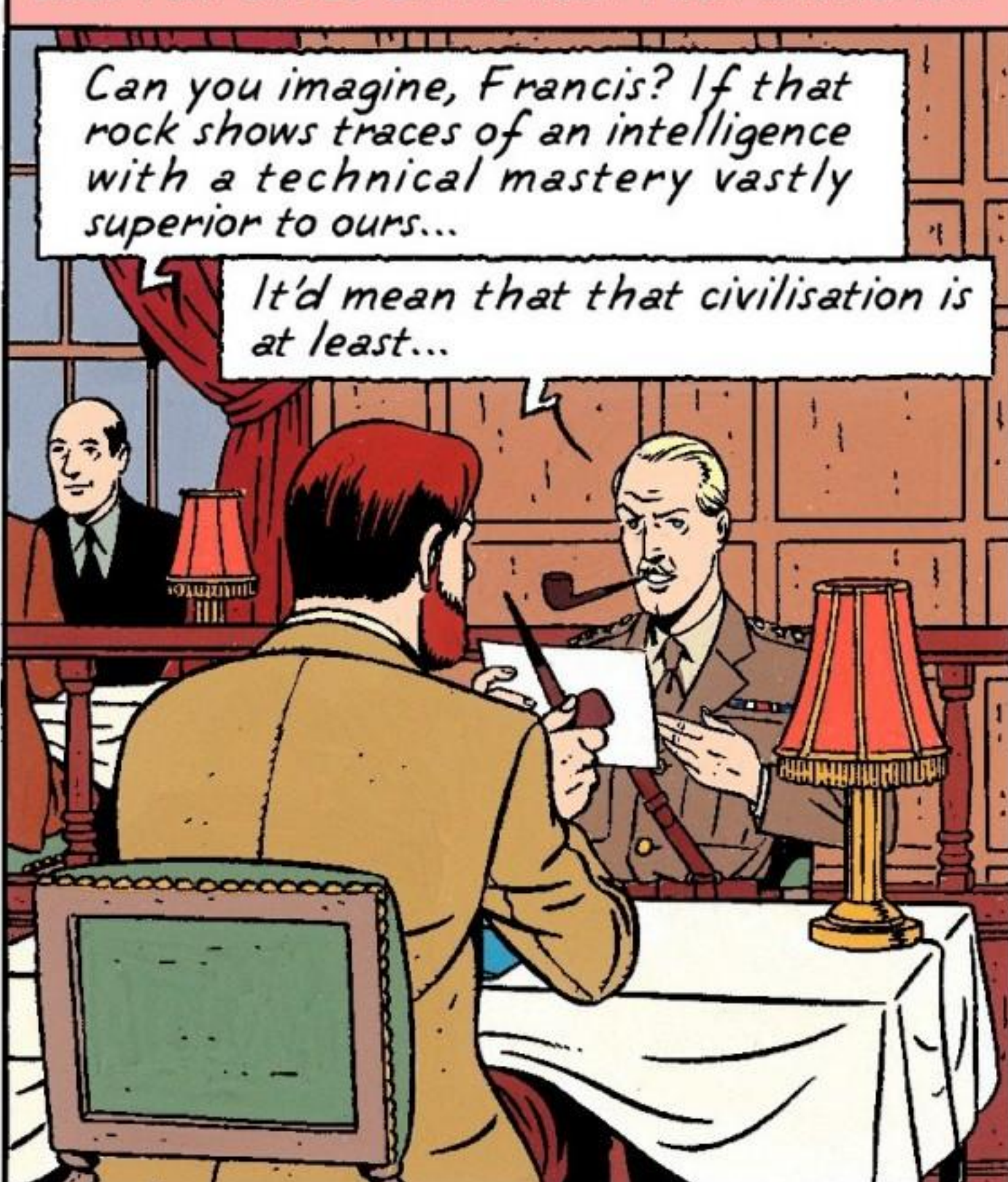
*SEE THE SARCOPHAGI OF THE SIXTH CONTINENT - PART 2.



HAVING TAKEN LEAVE OF HIS YOUNG COLLEAGUE, PROFESSOR MORTIMER GOES TO THE CENTAUR CLUB.

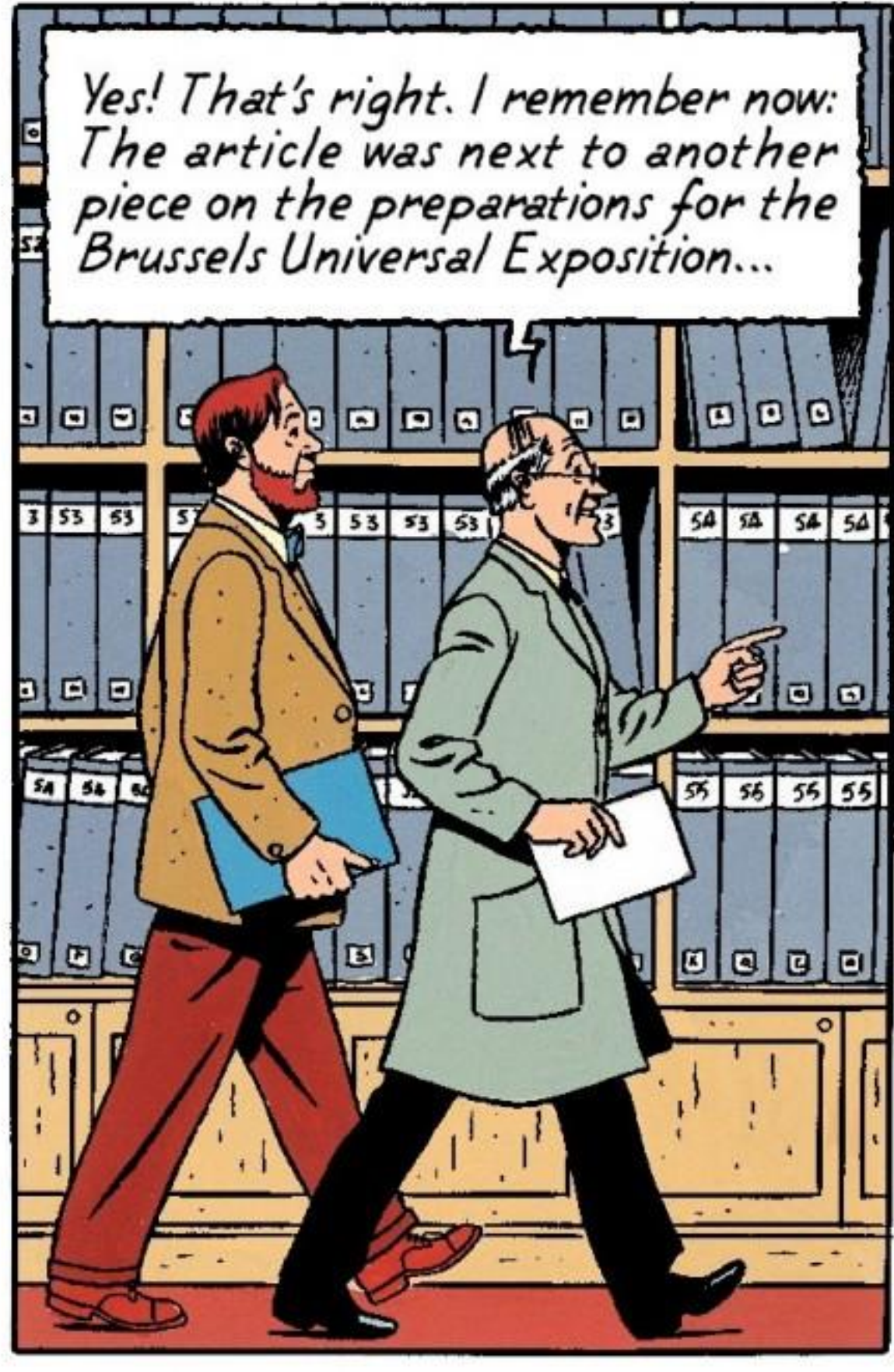
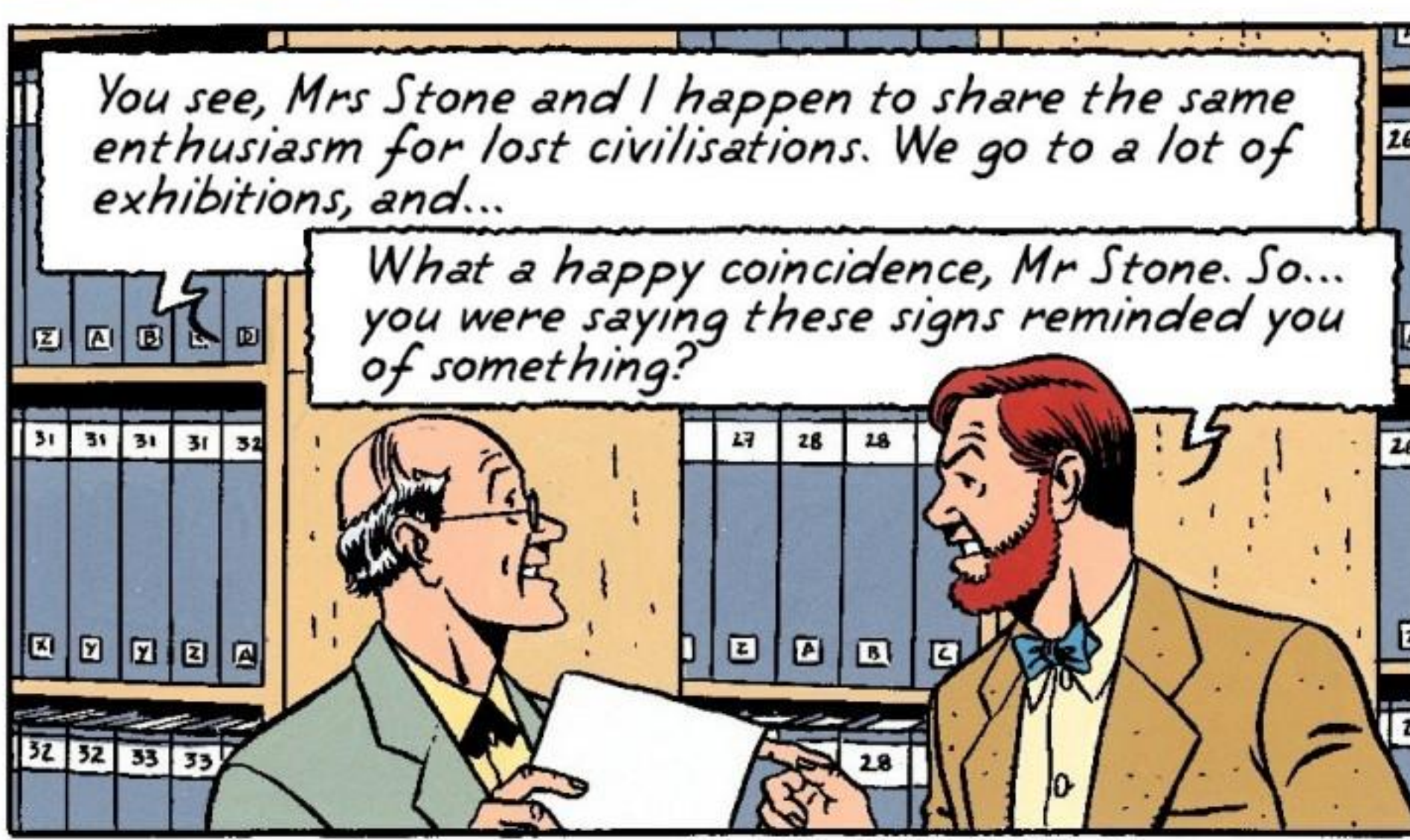
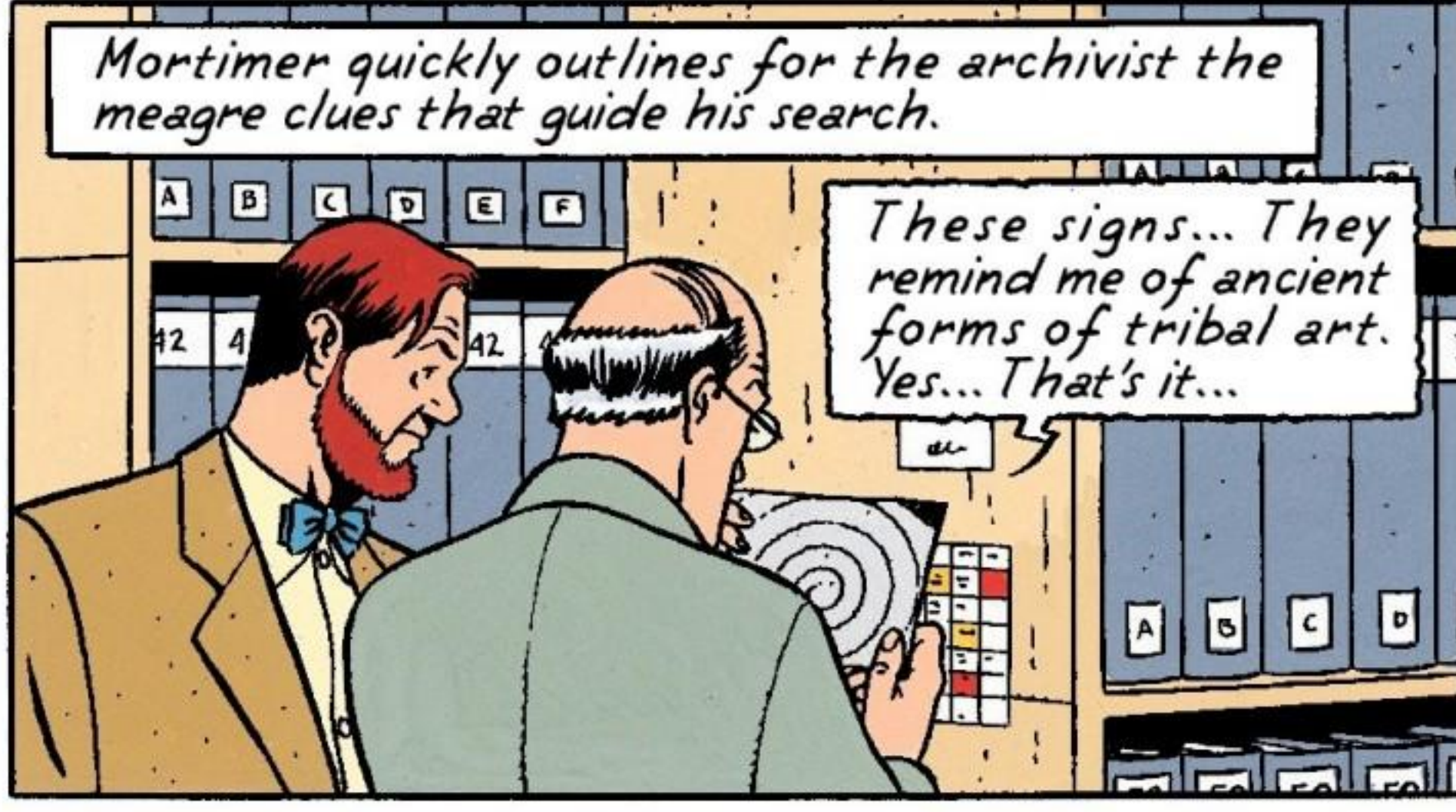
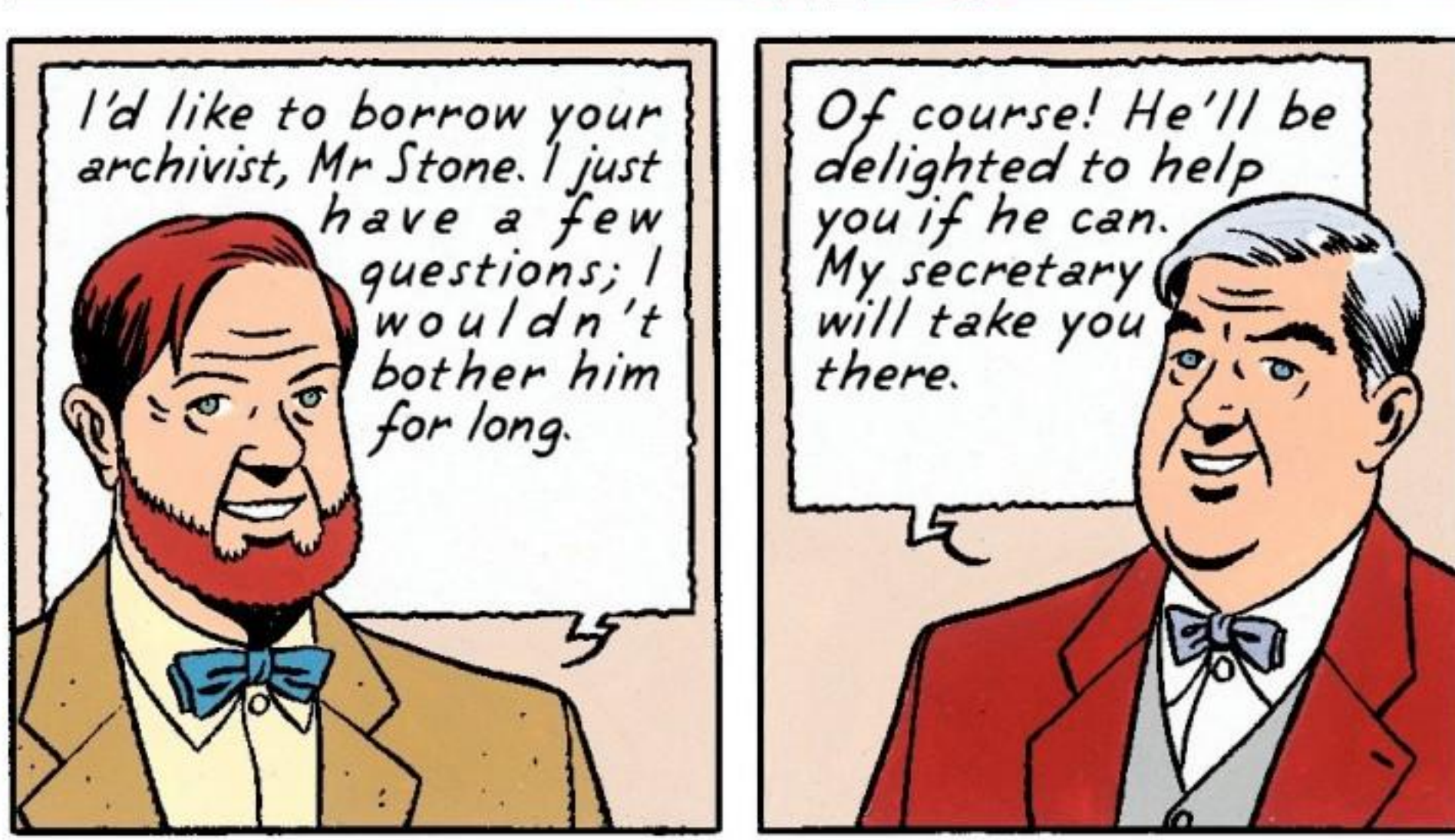


AS LUNCH PROGRESSES, PROFESSOR MORTIMER REASSURES HIS FRIEND AS TO HIS HEALTH, AND SHARES WITH HIM HIS REFLECTIONS ON THE ANALYSES PERFORMED ON THE ROCK FROM ANTARCTICA.



*SEE THE YELLOW M.

SOON, A TAXI IS DROPPING PROFESSOR MORTIMER OFF ON FLEET STREET, JUST IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING HOUSING THE DAILY MAIL OFFICES...



MYSTERIOUS DISCOVERY IN THE HEART OF TANGANYIKA

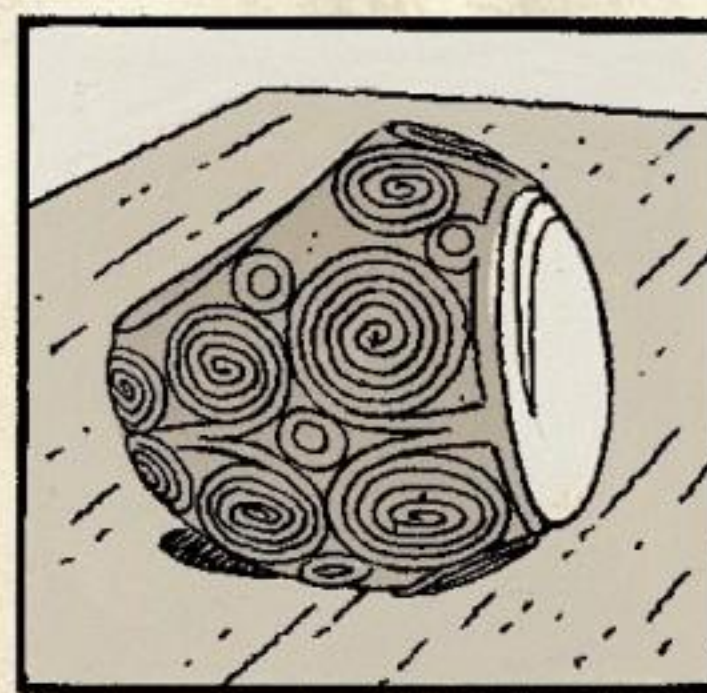
By Godfrey Seeger – Permanent *Daily Mail* correspondent in Eastern Africa



A strange story it is that comes to us from a region of the Serengeti very popular with our most eminent ethnologists! A renowned German archaeologist, Professor Ulrich Heidegang from Munich University, was travelling by boat with two local guides, exploring the banks of the lake located in the Ngorongoro crater, an extinct volcano. According to the testimony of the two guides, the exceptionally low level of the water, caused by the extreme drought of the past few months, allowed the German ethnologist to locate the entrance to a previously undiscovered cave. He went in to explore it, against the advice

of his guides, who, frightened by the sudden arrival of a violent storm, fled and abandoned the unfortunate scientist to his solitary exploration. A few hours after the two men's return to their neighbouring village, Professor Heidegang reappeared, in a state of acute physical and mental distress. A serious leg wound seemed to cause terrible pain to the man, while his body was being overwhelmed by a kind of paralysis. He was muttering incomprehensible words, his eyes filled with uncontrollable fear. As luck would have it, Louis and Mary Leakey, the well-known British palaeontologists, had lately set up their camp near the same village.

Informed of the situation, they rushed to the help of their German colleague and tended to his wounds as best they could. It was Professor Louis Leakey who discovered, tightly held in the victim's clenched fist, a mysterious ring. Our correspondent managed to photograph it (see right). According to our countryman's declarations, the ring doesn't belong to any of the local tribes. Professor Leakey generously offered to keep the piece of jewellery safe until it can be returned to Professor Heidegang—once he has recovered both physically and mentally and is able to give some explanation regarding his mysterious



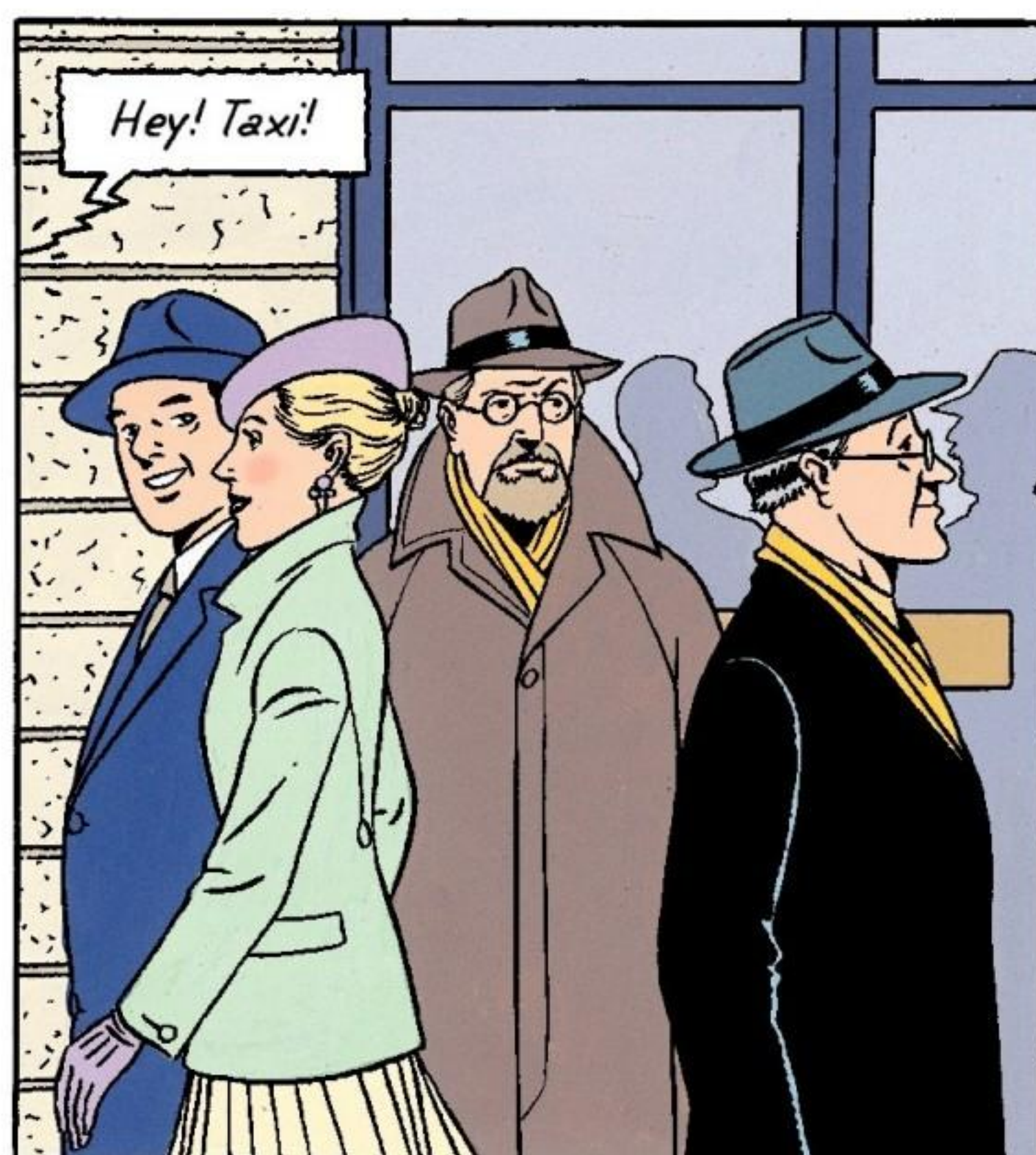
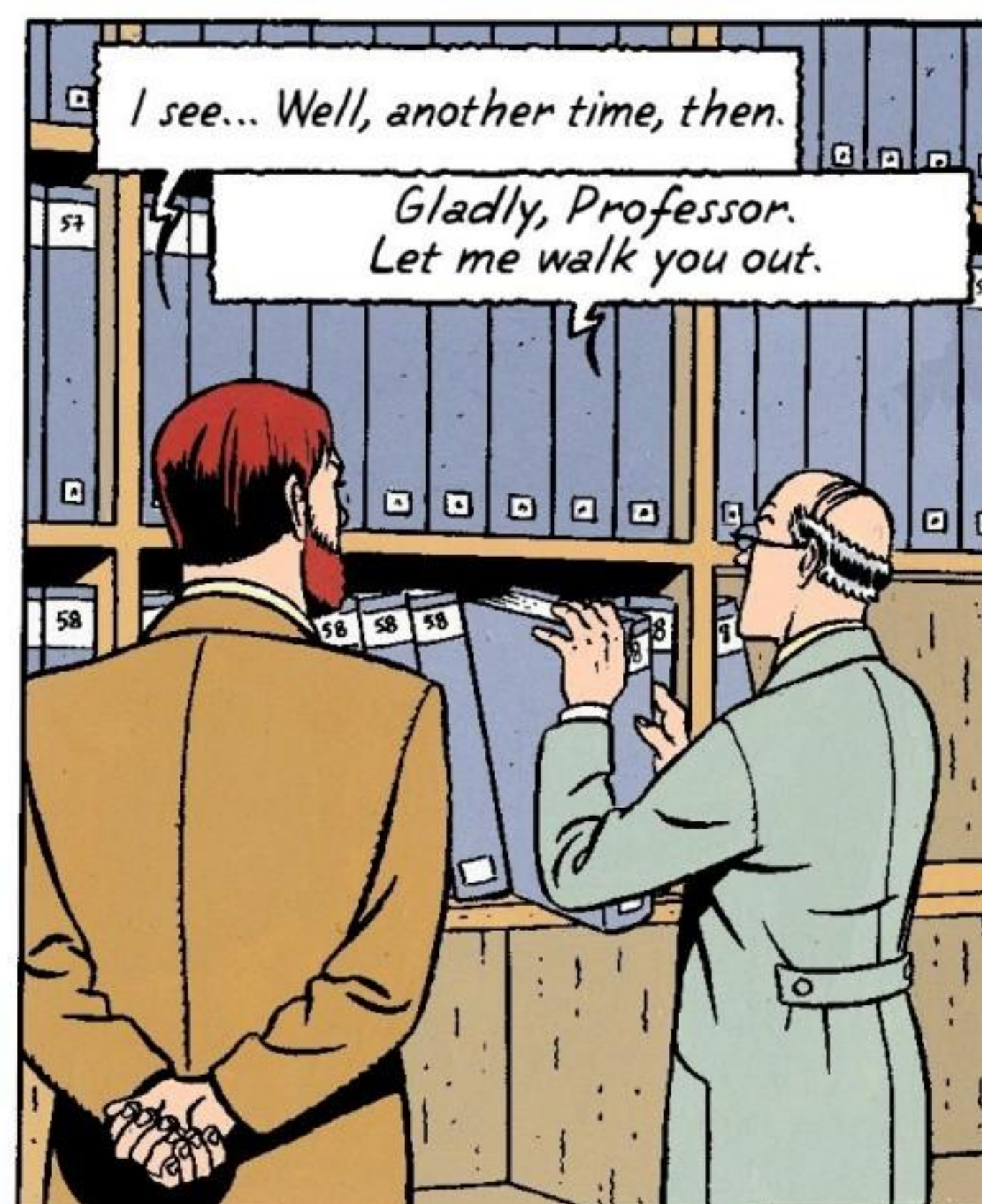
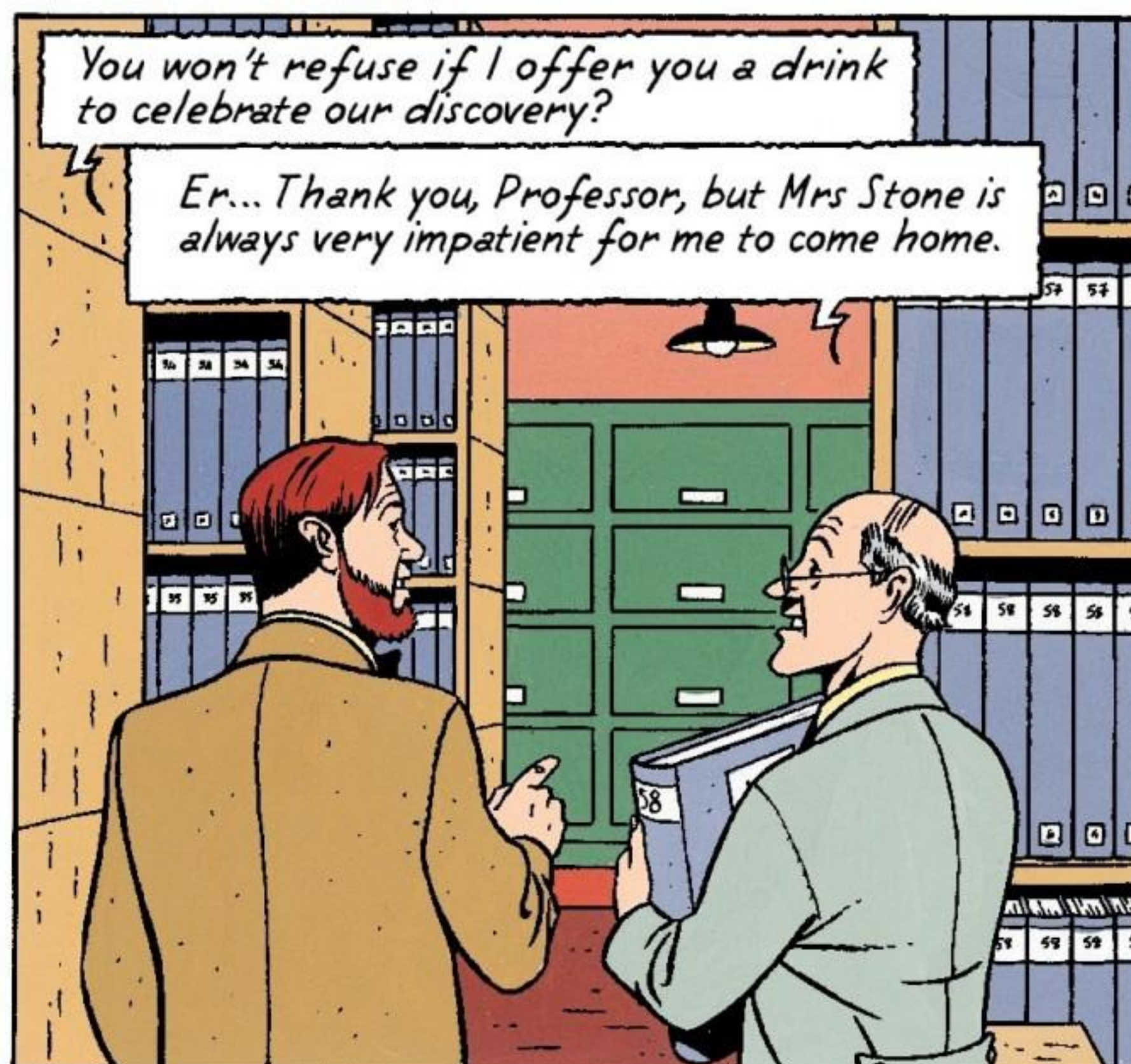
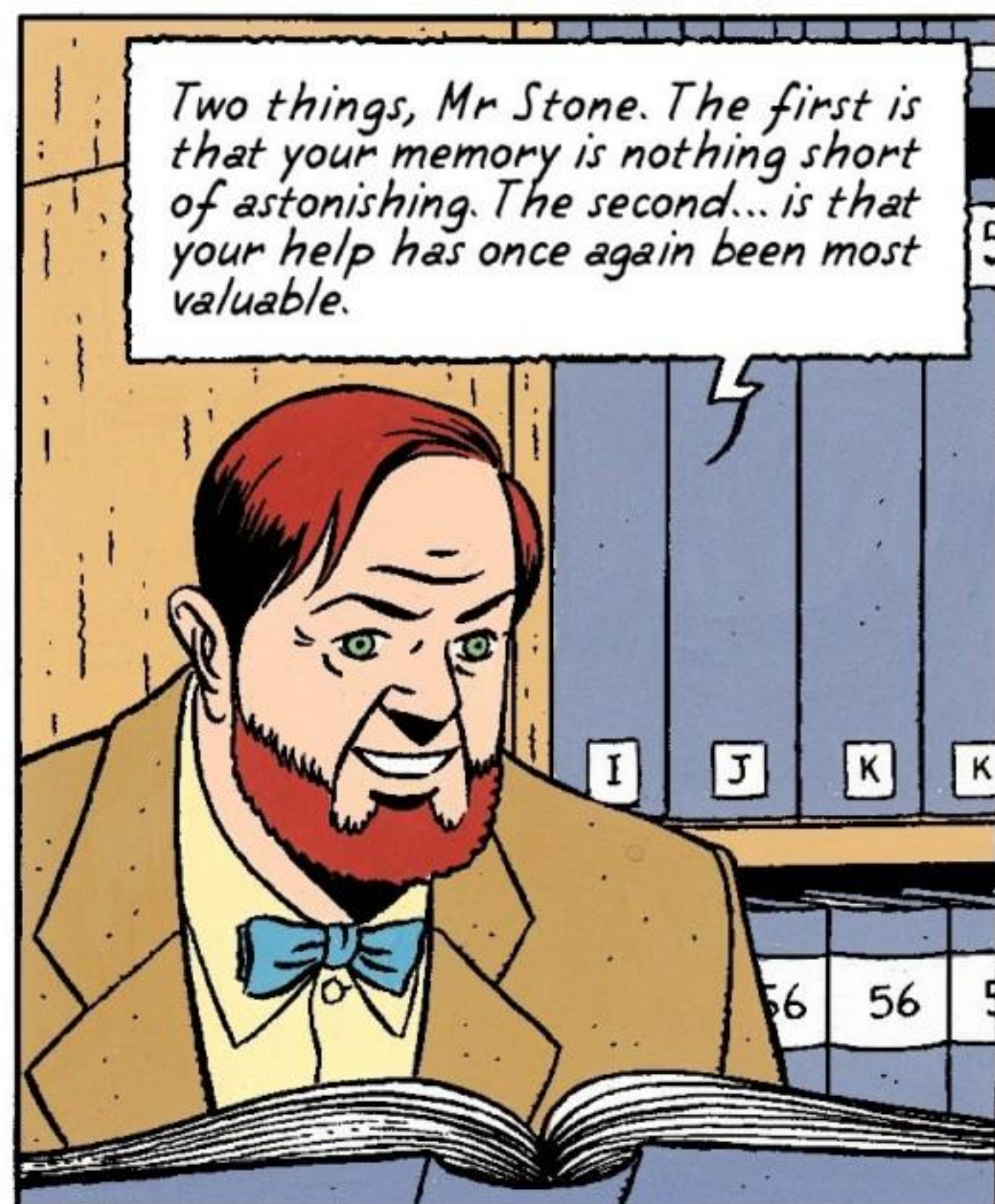
adventure. In the meantime, the German scientist has been taken to Arusha, where the best care can quickly be given to him. This journal will bring you more information on this strange affair as soon as possible.

Godfrey Seeger

THE BRITISH PAVILION: Star Attraction of the Brussels Universal Exposition!

It is under the leadership of the most eminent Professor Philip Mortimer that our country is preparing to defend the first-rate reputation of its scientific research institutions at the next Universal Exposition. This year, it will take place on our Belgian neighbour's soil, in

Brussels. When interviewed by our reporters, the professor declared that his teams were putting together an exhibition aimed at the lay public that will allow it to establish direct contact between Brussels and... the Antarctic continent!...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THE PROFESSOR IS BACK IN PARK LANE.

Good evening, Professor. I'm glad to see your doctor didn't decide to keep you.

Don't worry, Mrs Benson. The news is rather good. According to Dr Levy, my current troubles should only be temporary. Some time away from my laboratory should get me back on my feet.

I'm delighted, Professor. Would you like me to prepare you a little something to eat?

Very much so. In the meantime, I think I'll go have a gin in my office.



Well, my dear Mr Stone, I will toast your discovery alone.

Here's your tea, Professor.

You're an absolute gem, Mrs Benson. You can put it on the side table.

By the way, you wouldn't happen to know where I put my memoirs, would you? I can't seem to find them.

You really are in need of rest! Isn't it the big red folder here? You've always asked me to take the utmost care with it while cleaning your office.

Why, yes, of course. Am I going blind, or could this be the first onset of senility?

Neither, Professor. I simply believe, like Dr Levy, that you need rest. Do try to turn in early, for once...

You're right, Mrs Benson. Good night, and thanks again.

Well, Philip, old boy, let's follow medical advice and see if reading these memoirs...

... can help you restore your mind.

AS HOURS GO BY, PROFESSOR MORTIMER DIVES INTO HIS PAST...



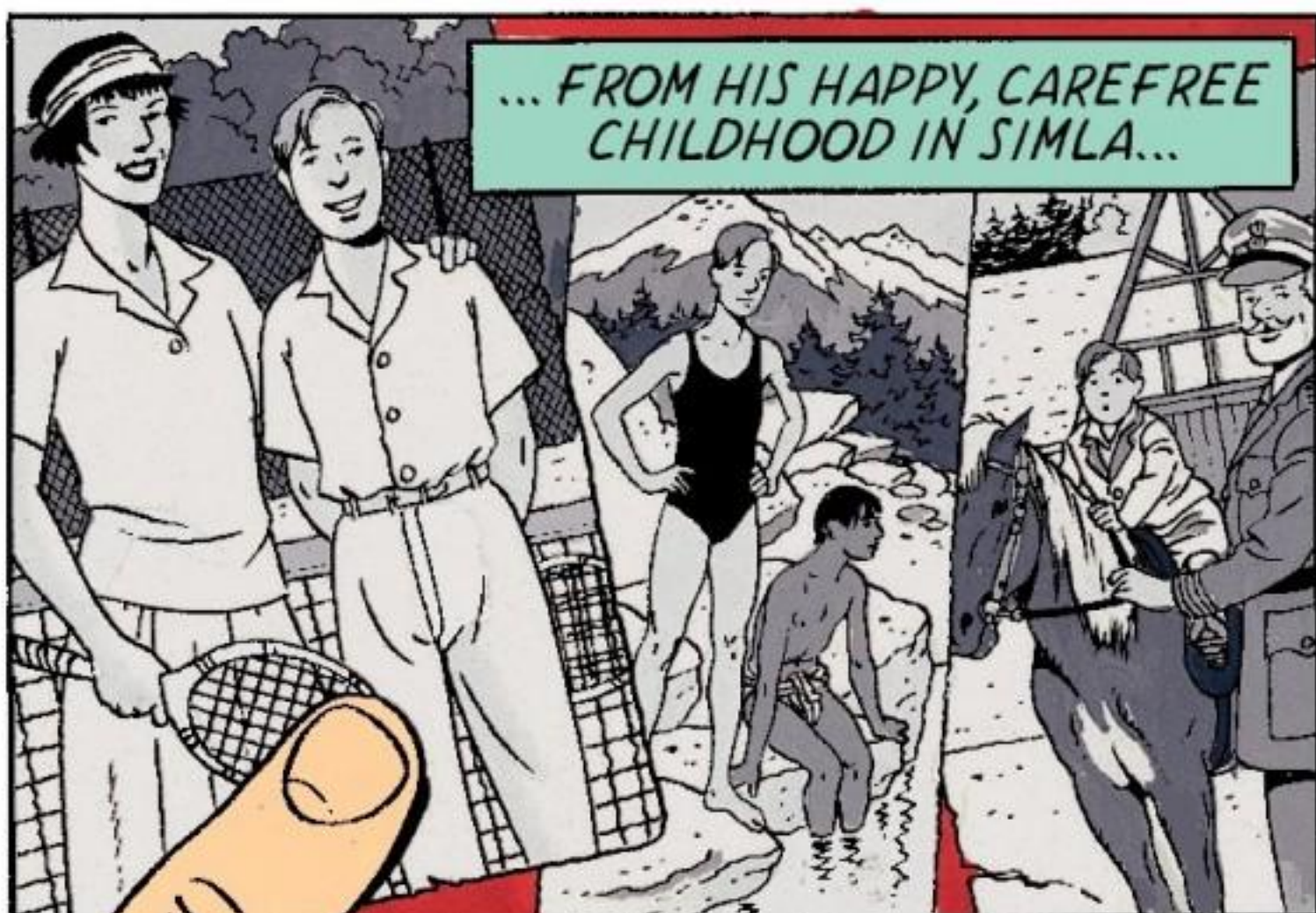
... TO HIS FINAL RETURN TO GREAT BRITAIN AND HIS FIRST STEPS THROUGH LIFE AS A MAN.



OPENING A NEW FOLDER OF HIS MEMOIRS, THE PROFESSOR SEEMS TO TENSE UP, AS IF EAGER TO IMMERSE HIMSELF IN ONE OF THE MOST SECRET PARTS OF HIS SOUL.



... FROM HIS HAPPY, CAREFREE CHILDHOOD IN SIMLA...



My dear Philip,
I was so sad to see you leave Simla so early. I hope you took advantage of your trip back to Edinburgh to think about the situation that your father is facing here. I hope that you took the time to try and understand him... and understand that he only wants the best for you. I know that you are

"... and so it was that, ordered by my father to leave India and forget about Princess Gita, I boarded the ship that would take me back to Scotland, my heart heavy. All my feelings stayed behind in Simla. I have no memories of that trip, or the weeks that followed my return to the land of my ancestors..."



"I only managed to pull out of that melancholy on the day I read an article that reminded me of my encounter with Miss Sarah Summertown in Bombay. I suppose that my subconscious pushed me towards the lovely celebrity then, in an attempt to cast from my mind the now inaccessible dream of my poor Princess Gita..."

SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF THE PRIVATE COLLECTION OF MISS SARAH SUMMERTOWN

For the first time, Miss Sarah Summertown has agreed to open to the public her small but already well-regarded collection of tribal art, brought back from her many travels. For those of our



Miss Sarah Summertown, dazzling alliance of talent, scientific rigor... and charm.

readers who may not know, it is customary for Miss Summertown to travel to the countries where she sets the plots of her "archaeological thrillers." However, not content with writing best-sellers that are translated into many languages, the young writer and explorer also moonlights as an amateur archaeologist who has already surprised many an expert. Recently, Miss Alexandra Path, an old college friend who owns the famous Beyond Away gallery, convinced Miss Summertown to lend her her collection of tribal artefacts—much to our pleasure.

"Whatever the case, I hastened to call her. Much to my delight, she immediately invited me to the grand opening of an exhibition of her collection of tribal artefacts. It was scheduled for three weeks later—just enough time to grow the first promise of a beard..."



"From that one night was born a mutual passion as secret as it was unwise, for I was only 18 and she had just celebrated her 27th birthday. I'd like to say those were wonderful years..."



"... but I was only granted a few short yet extraordinary months before Sarah suddenly announced that we had to break things up. The burgeoning rumours could have ruined both our lives. She left England a week later. I never saw her again, aside from a few press clippings..."



What?... Well, talk about a coincidence...



After all, it's been so long... Isn't this an excellent pretext to meet again, dear Sarah? The good Dr Levy was right, after all. Reading these memoirs could turn out to be quite beneficial indeed...



Miss Elizabeth McGrenough, Miss Sarah Summertown, Mr and Mrs Louis and Mary Leakey, Dr Oscar Fieldinch, Lord Arthur Wintchanson and Lady Julia... apparently having a well-deserved aperitif after visiting the famous Olduvai Gorge site.



THE NEXT MORNING, THE LANDLADY GIVES THE TIRED PROFESSOR A GENTLE ADMONISHMENT.

I can see you've been working all night, Professor. Dr Levy would disapprove, I'm sure.

That may be, Mrs Benson, but I'm convinced that your breakfast is going to make a very positive contribution to my energy requirements.



Hello? The Yard? This is Professor Mortimer. Could you connect me with agent Honeychurch?... That's right, Captain Blake's deputy. Thank you.



Hello?... Yes, hello, my young friend. I'm sorry to bother you, but the captain's abroad and I need something urgently. The contact details of an old friend I just came across in a press clipping... Really? Perfect. Her name is Miss Sarah Summertown. I'll wait, thank you.



MEANWHILE, THE DENIZENS OF THE CITY ARE GOING BACK TO WORK. FOR INSTANCE, MR STONE, WHO RELISHES THE THOUGHT OF RETURNING TO HIS BELOVED ARCHIVES AT THE DAILY MAIL.



Pardon me, sir. You're Mr Stone, aren't you?

Indeed I am. And who am I addressing, sir?...



My name's George Liver. I'm one of Professor Mortimer's assistants. He believes that he forgot some notes he took yesterday while in your archives. As I live nearby, he asked me to check with you. And, if needed, to recover the notes.



Notes, you say? I don't remember seeing the professor take notes, but if he said he did... Follow me. We can find out in no time.



I'd like to take the opportunity to tell you how deeply Professor Mortimer respects you. He told me the crucial role you played in the Yellow M affair.

Really? All I did back then was give him access to the archives, you know.



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

See for yourself. No notes left between these pages.

Indeed... At the risk of imposing, Mr Stone... Would you allow me to read the article in question? That way, maybe I could make up for anything the professor might have forgotten.

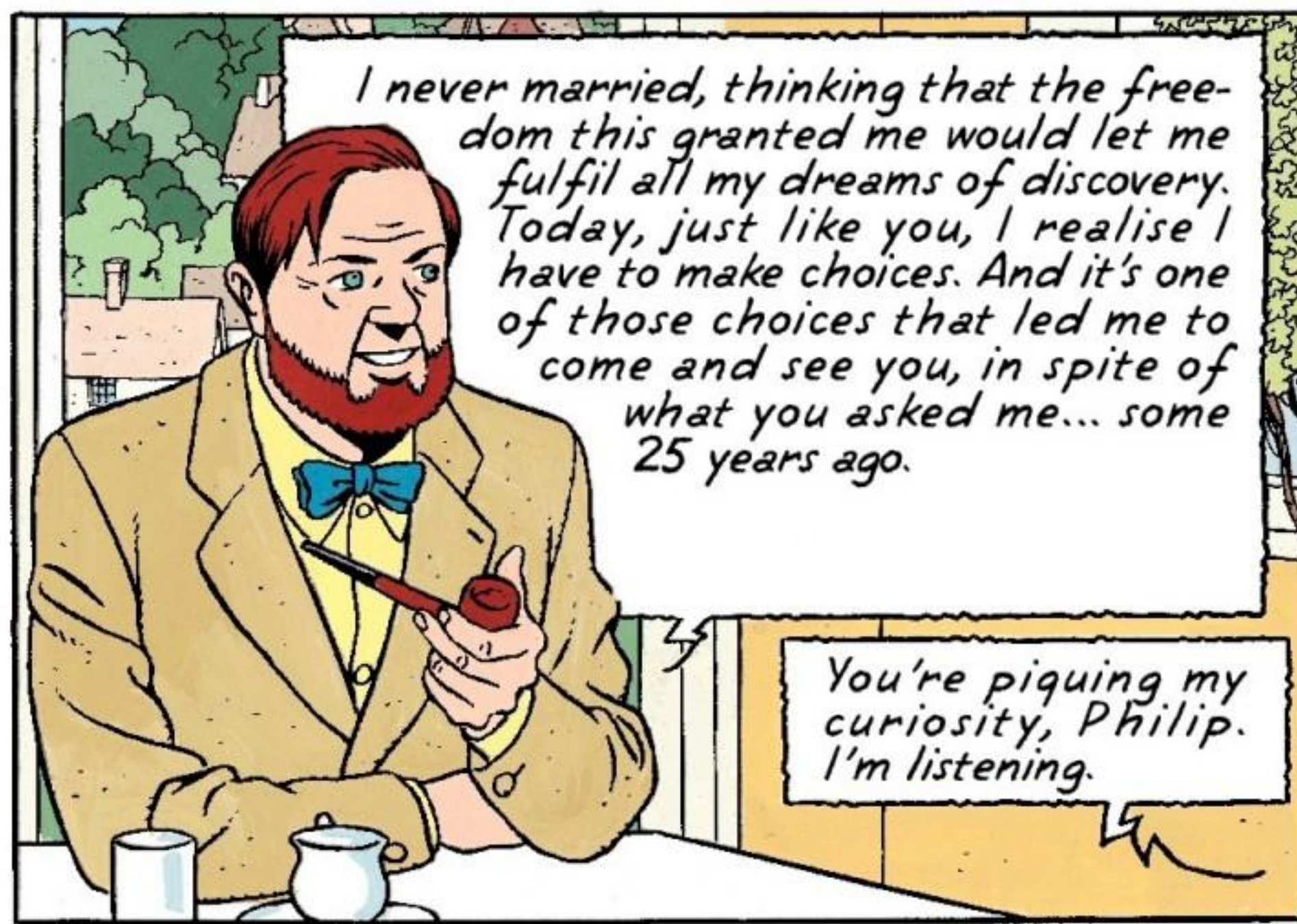
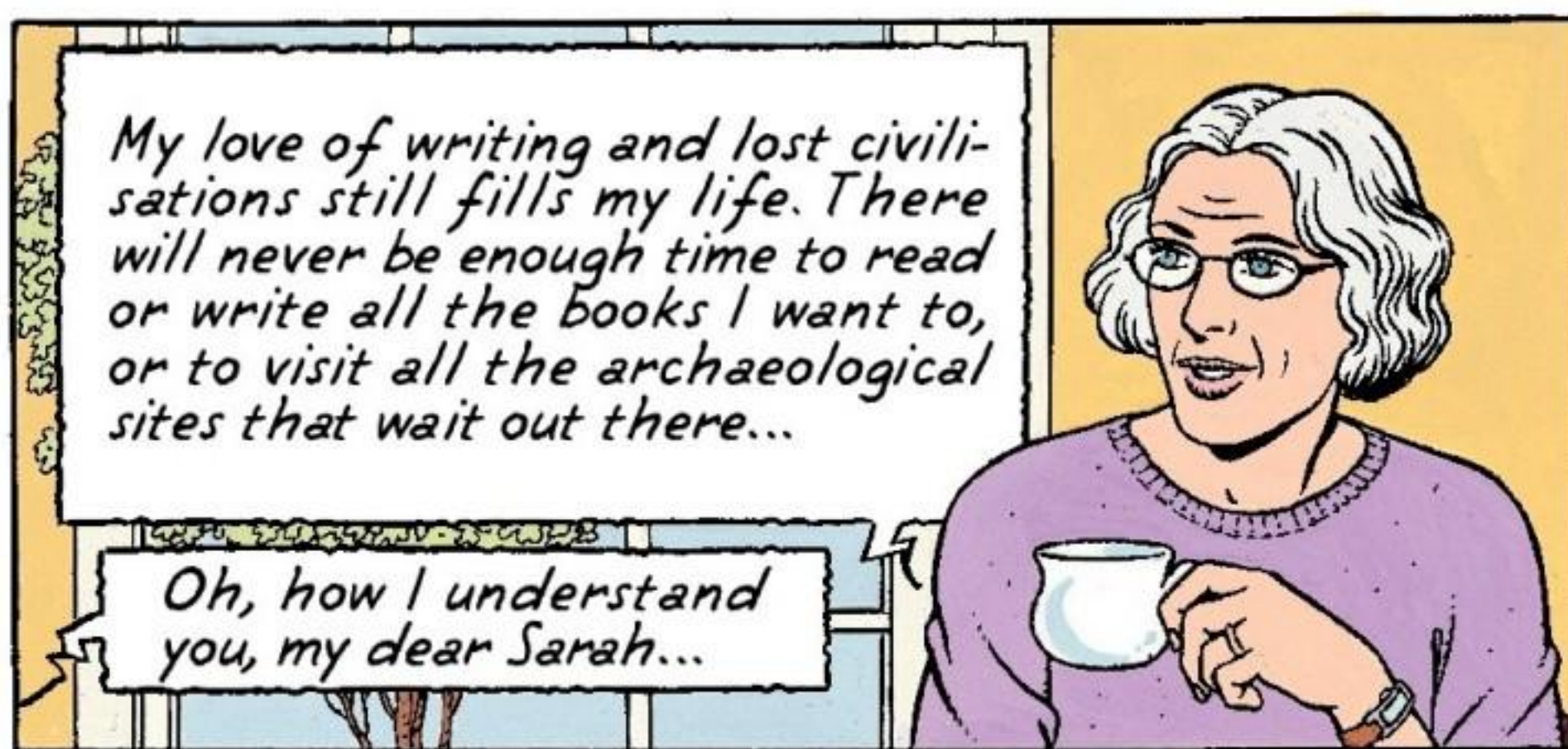
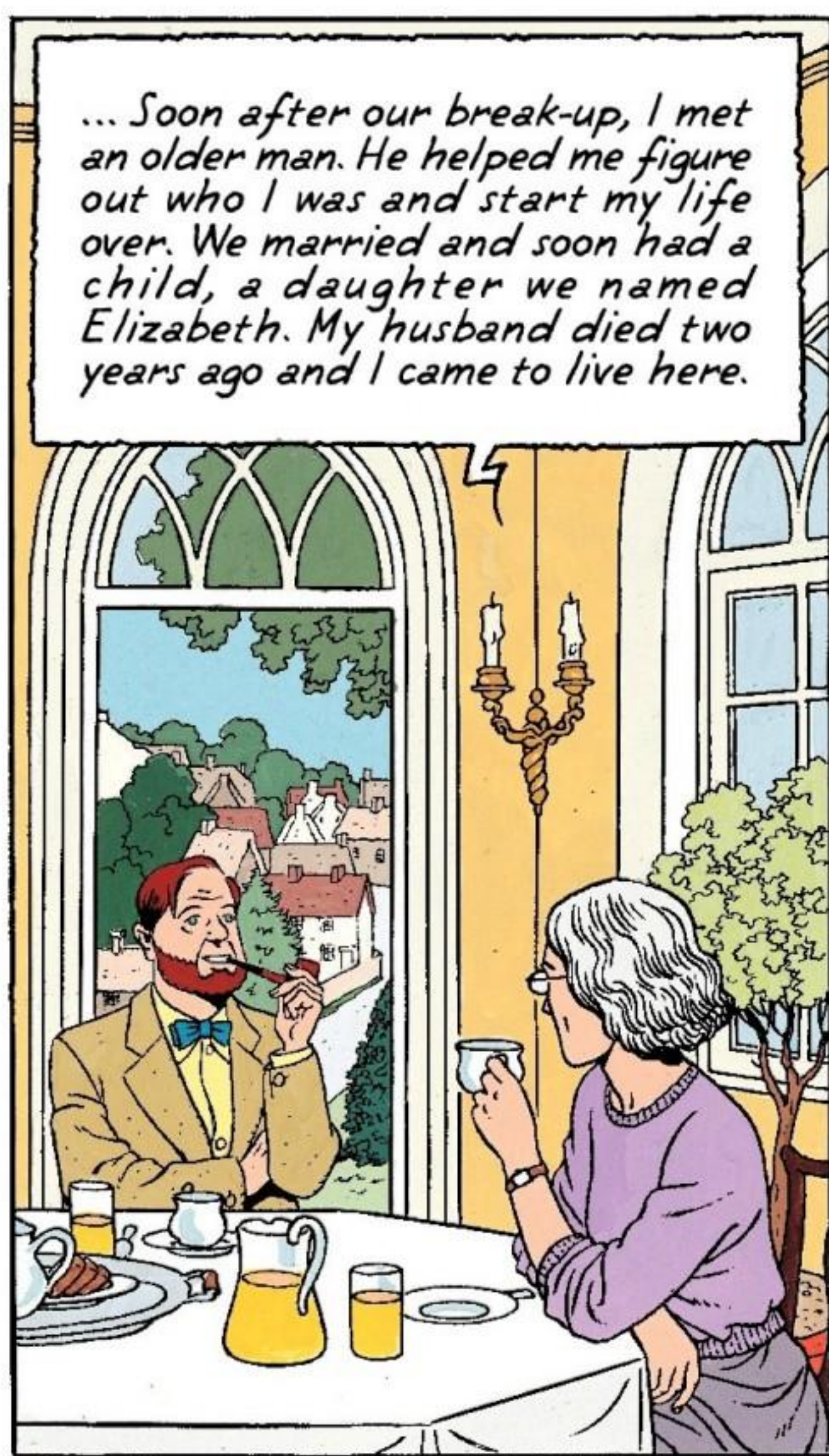
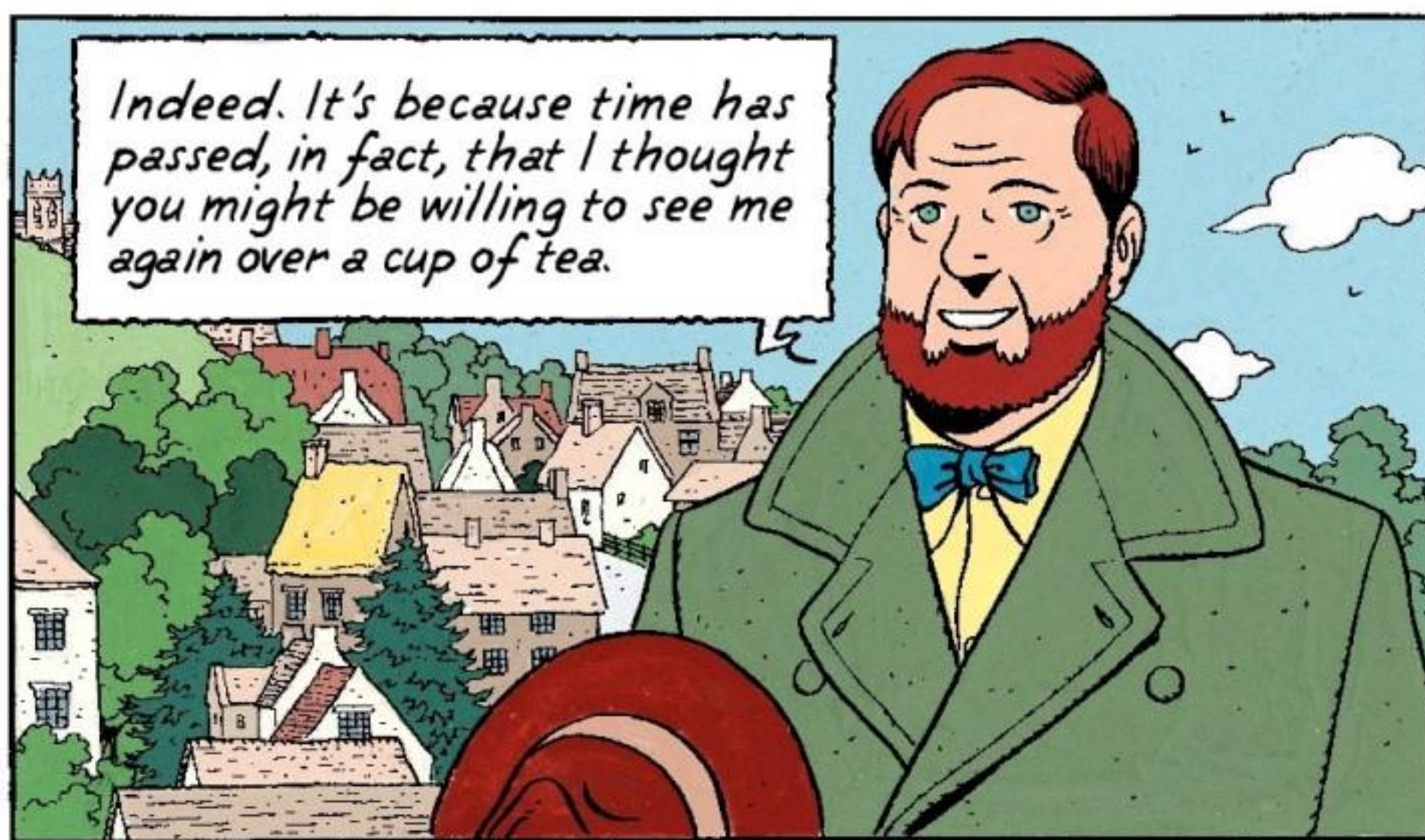
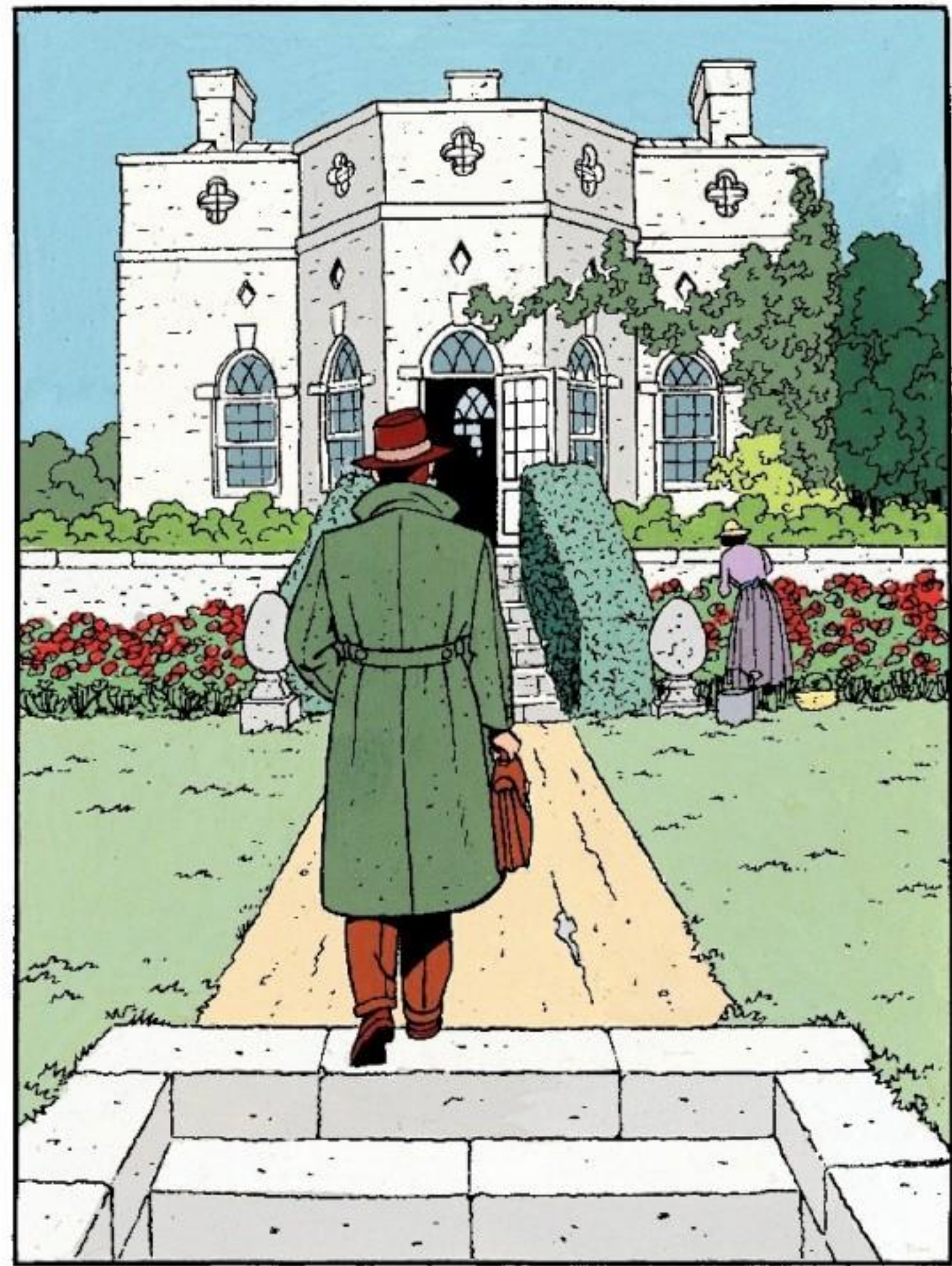
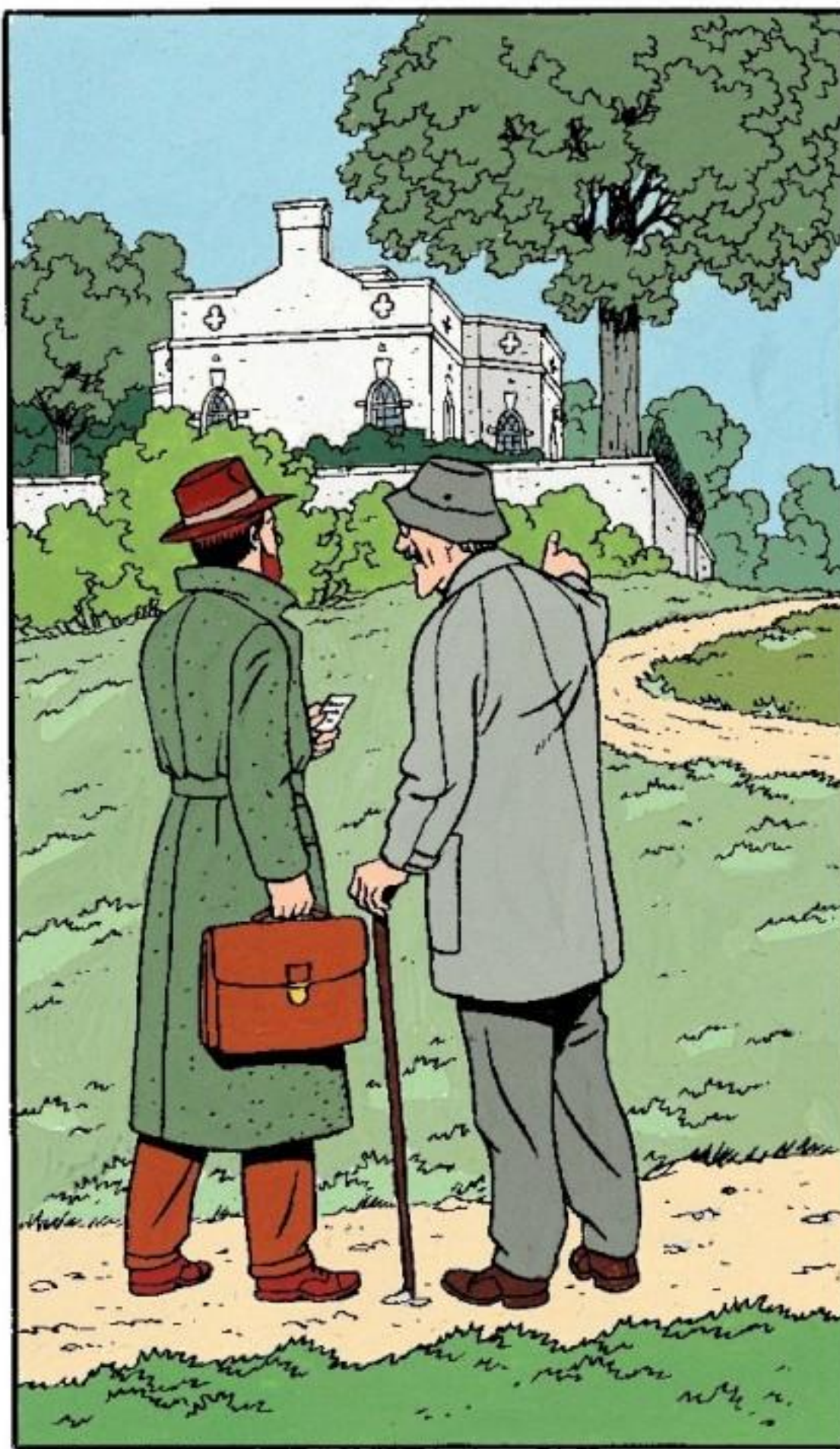
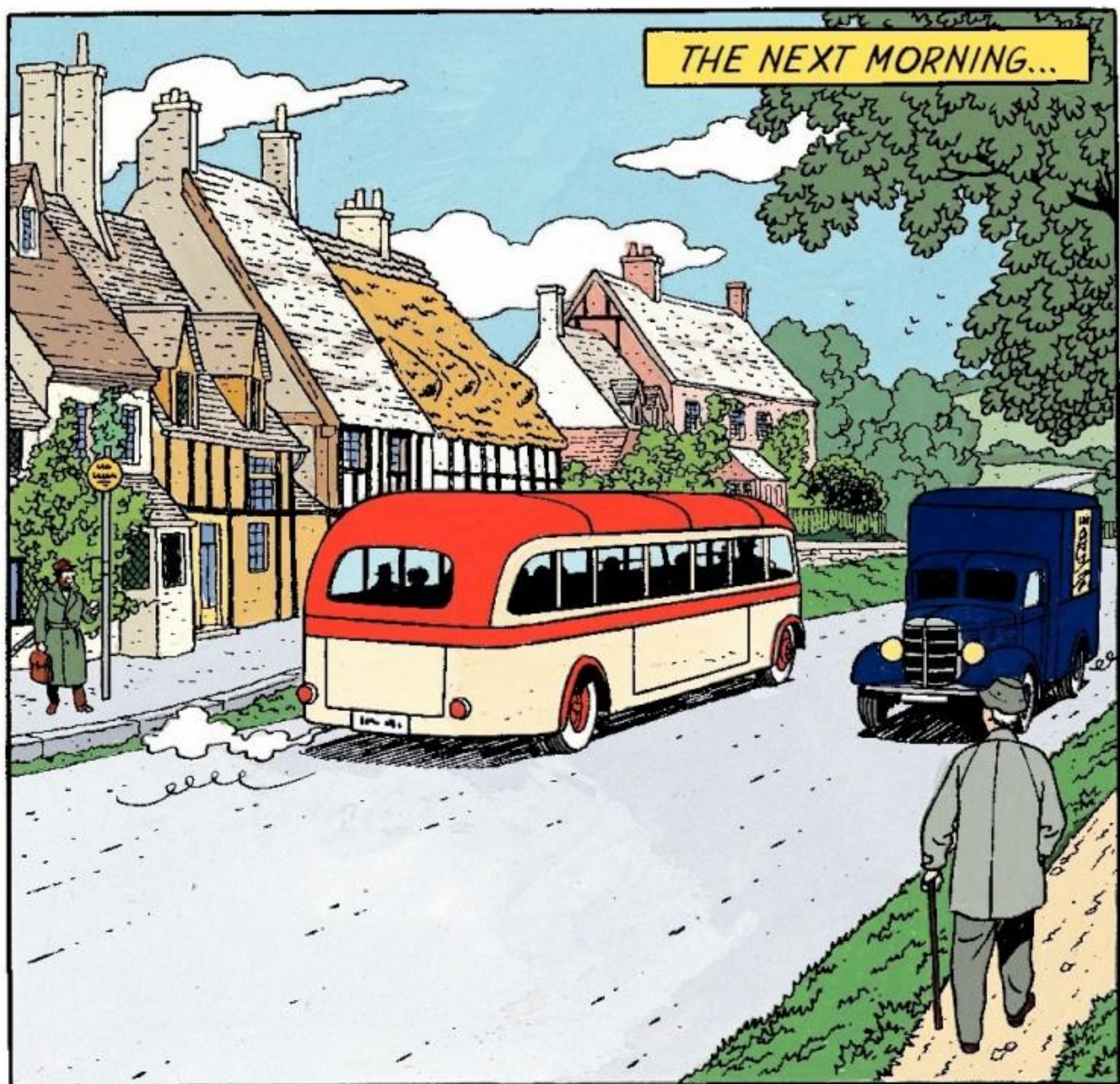


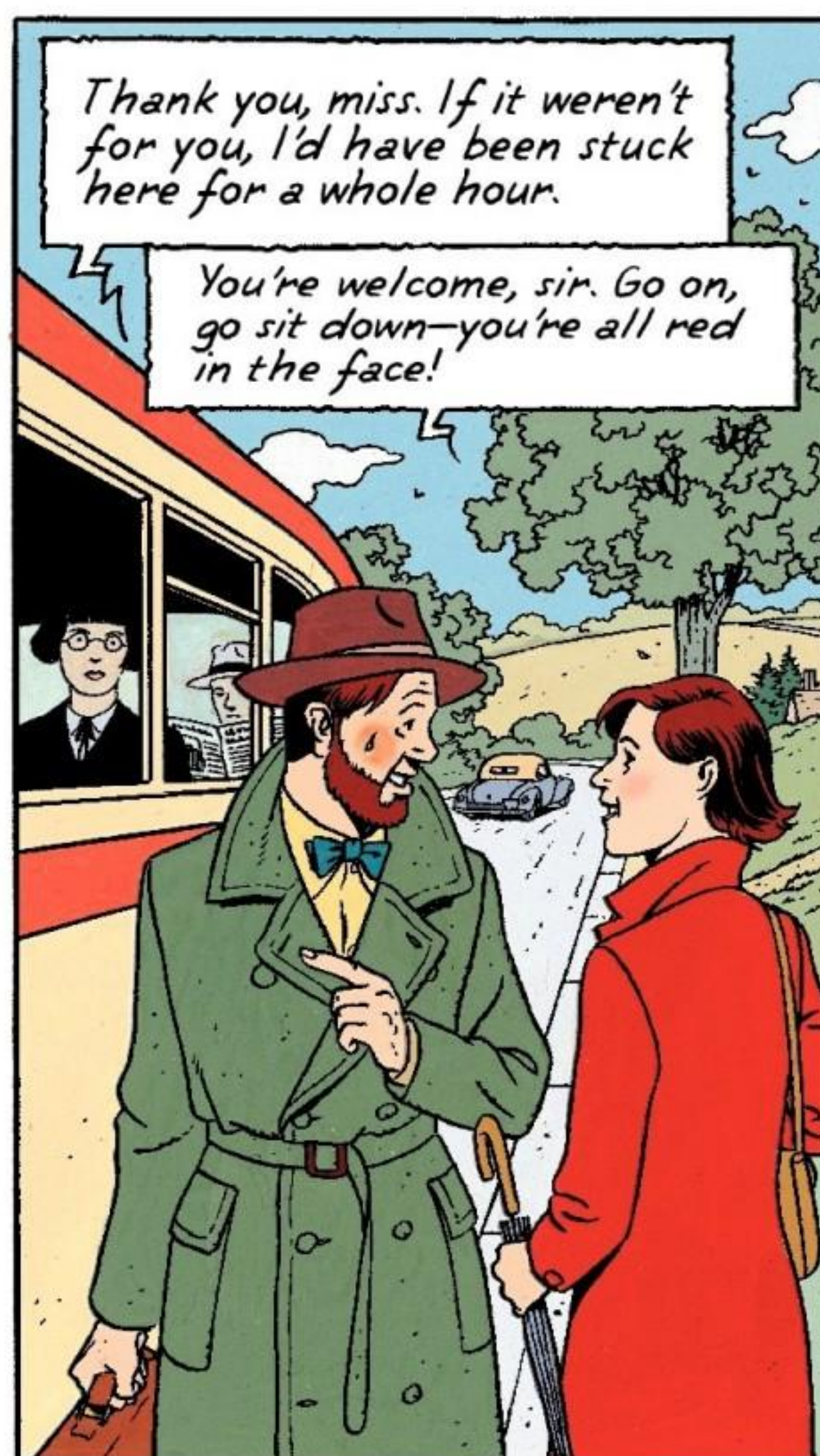
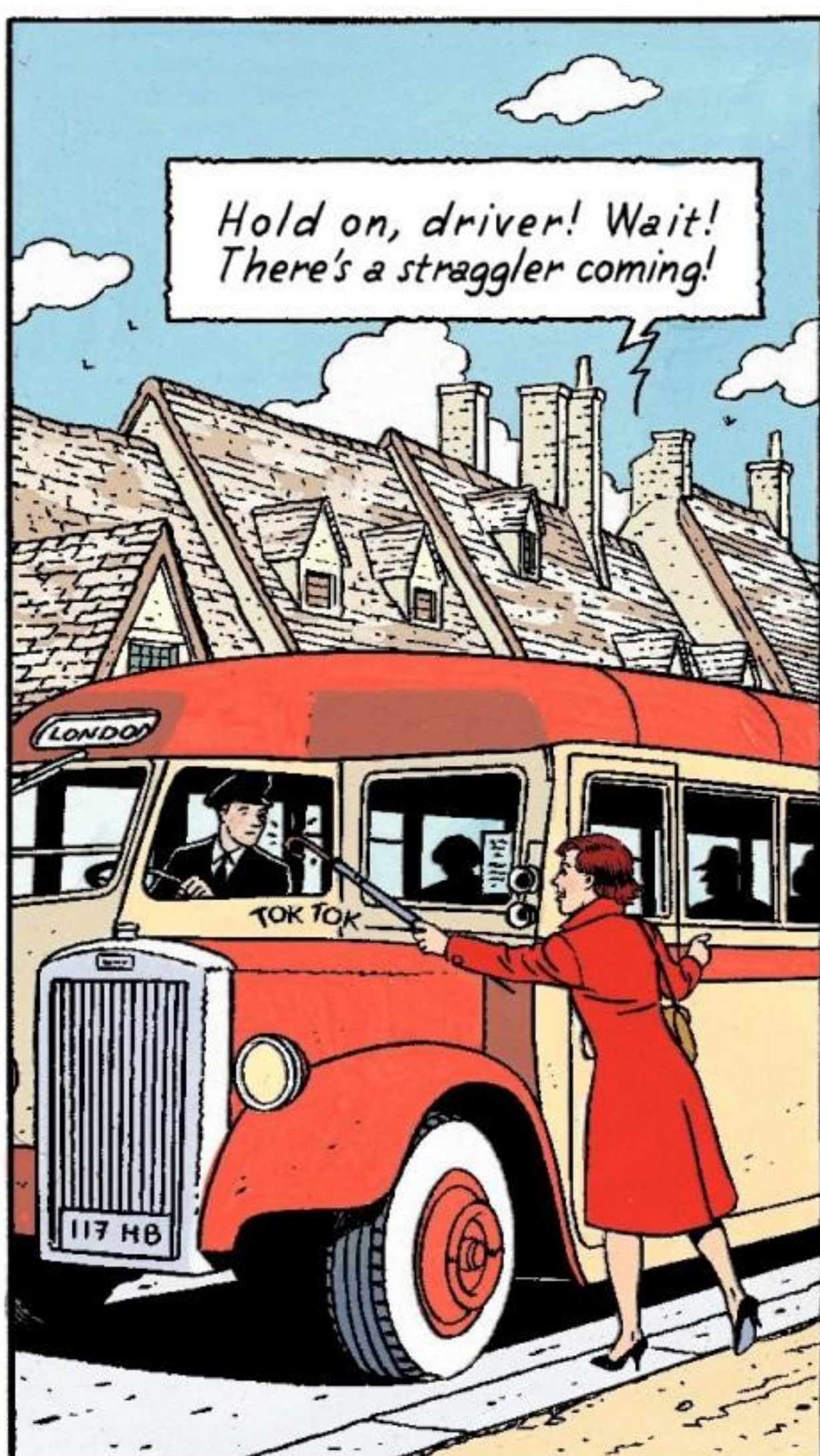
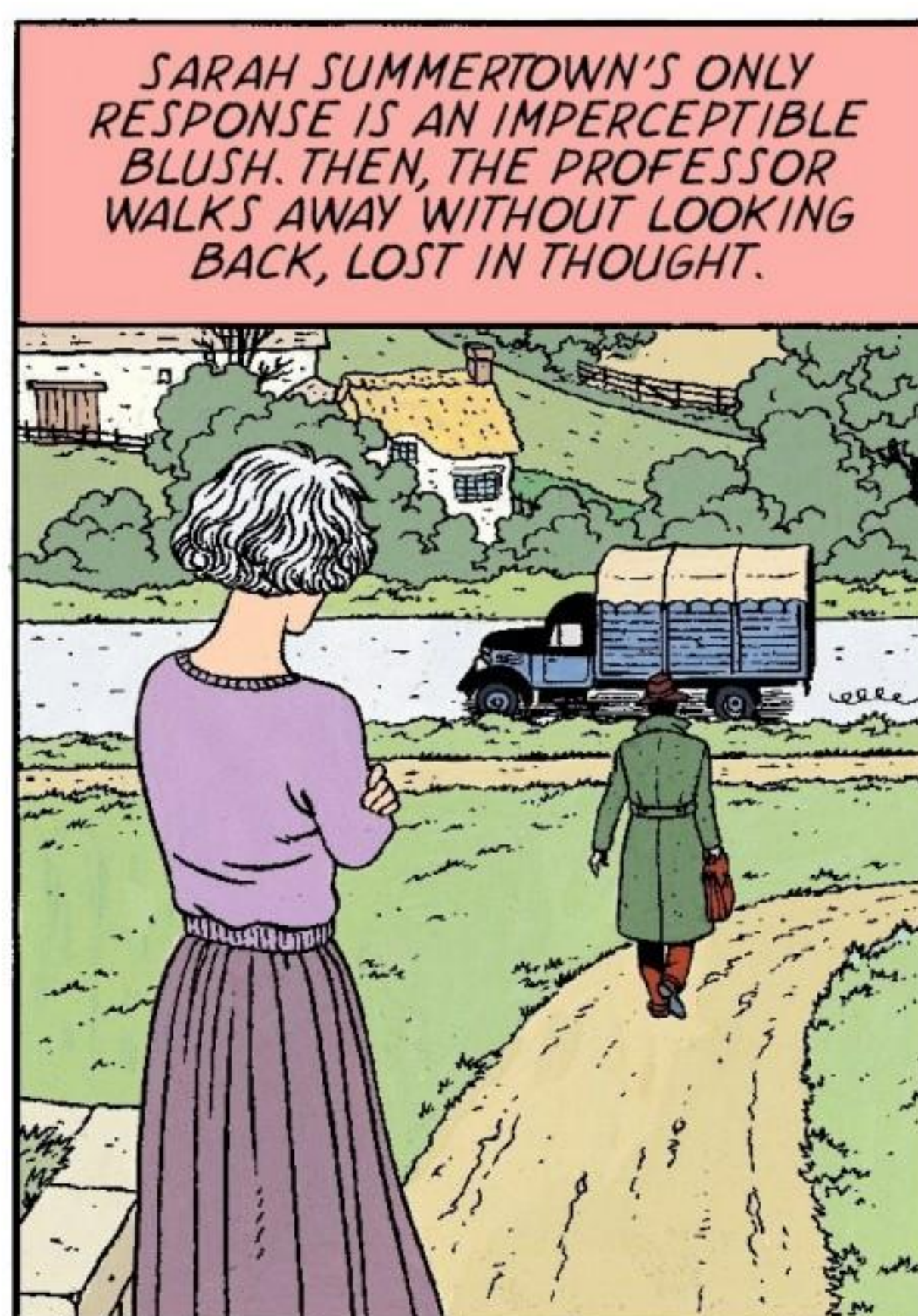
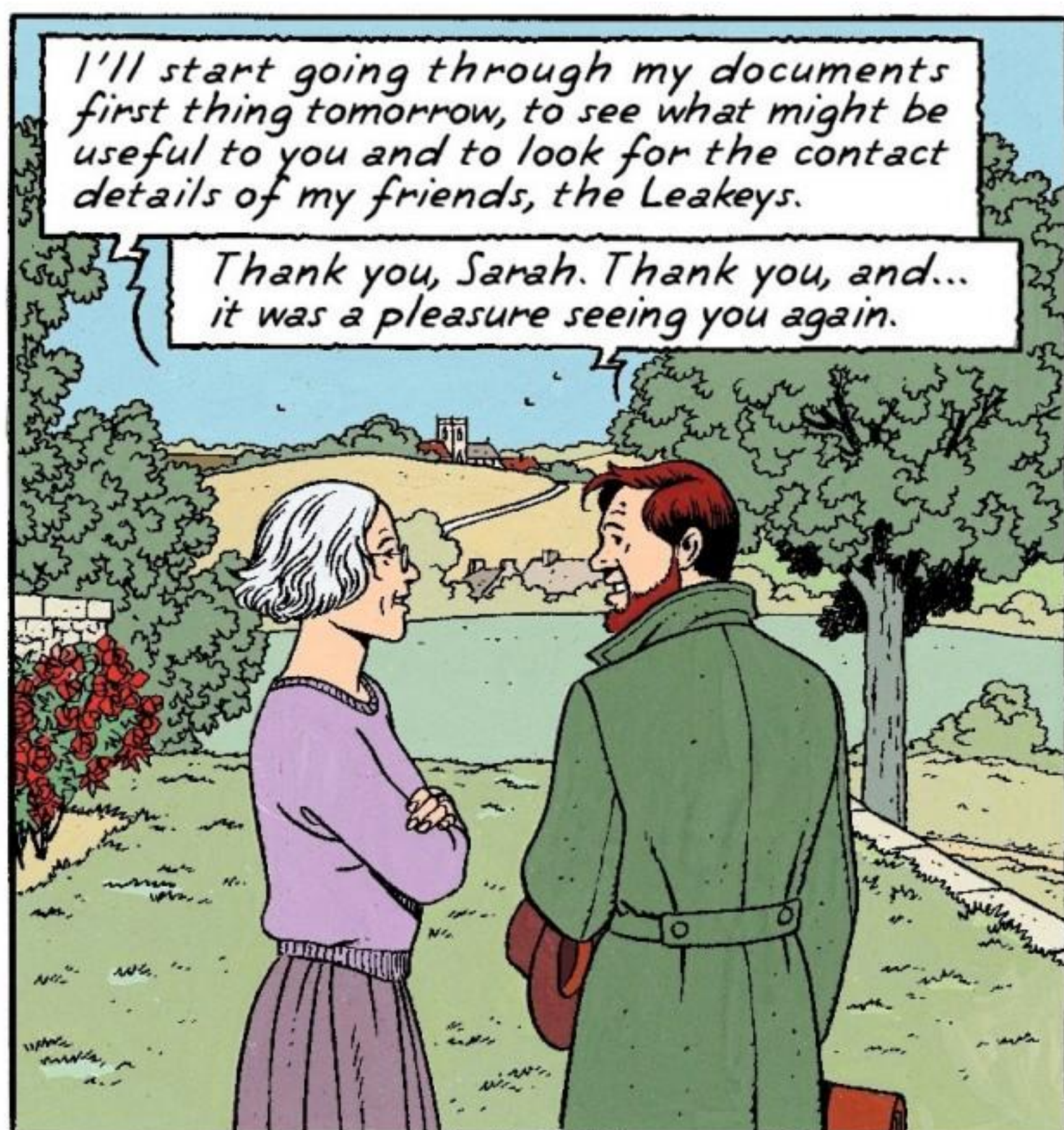
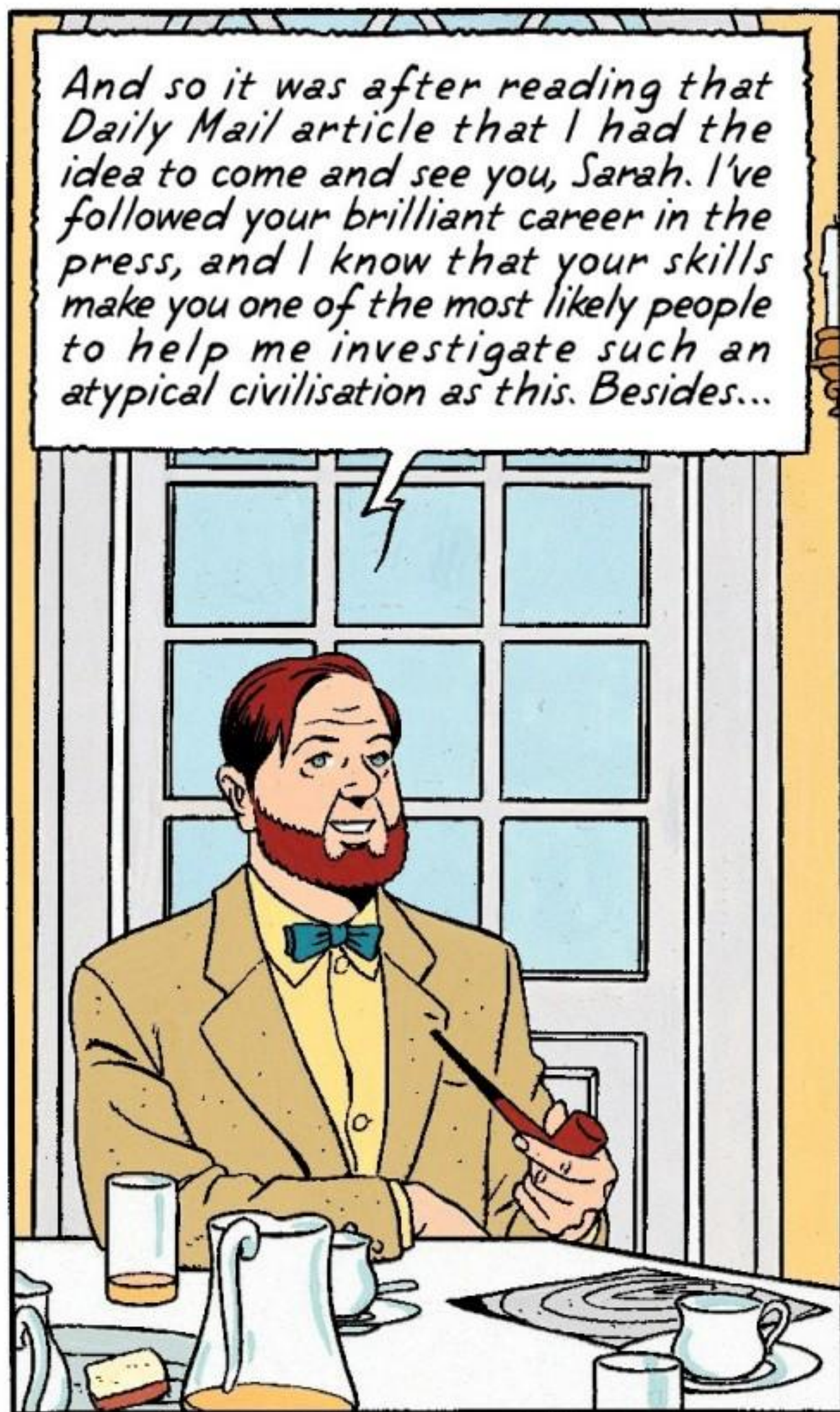
Of course, Mr Liver. This is the article. I remember that the signs carved on this ring were very similar to those on the rock he'd brought back from Antarctica. The professor had brought a photograph.

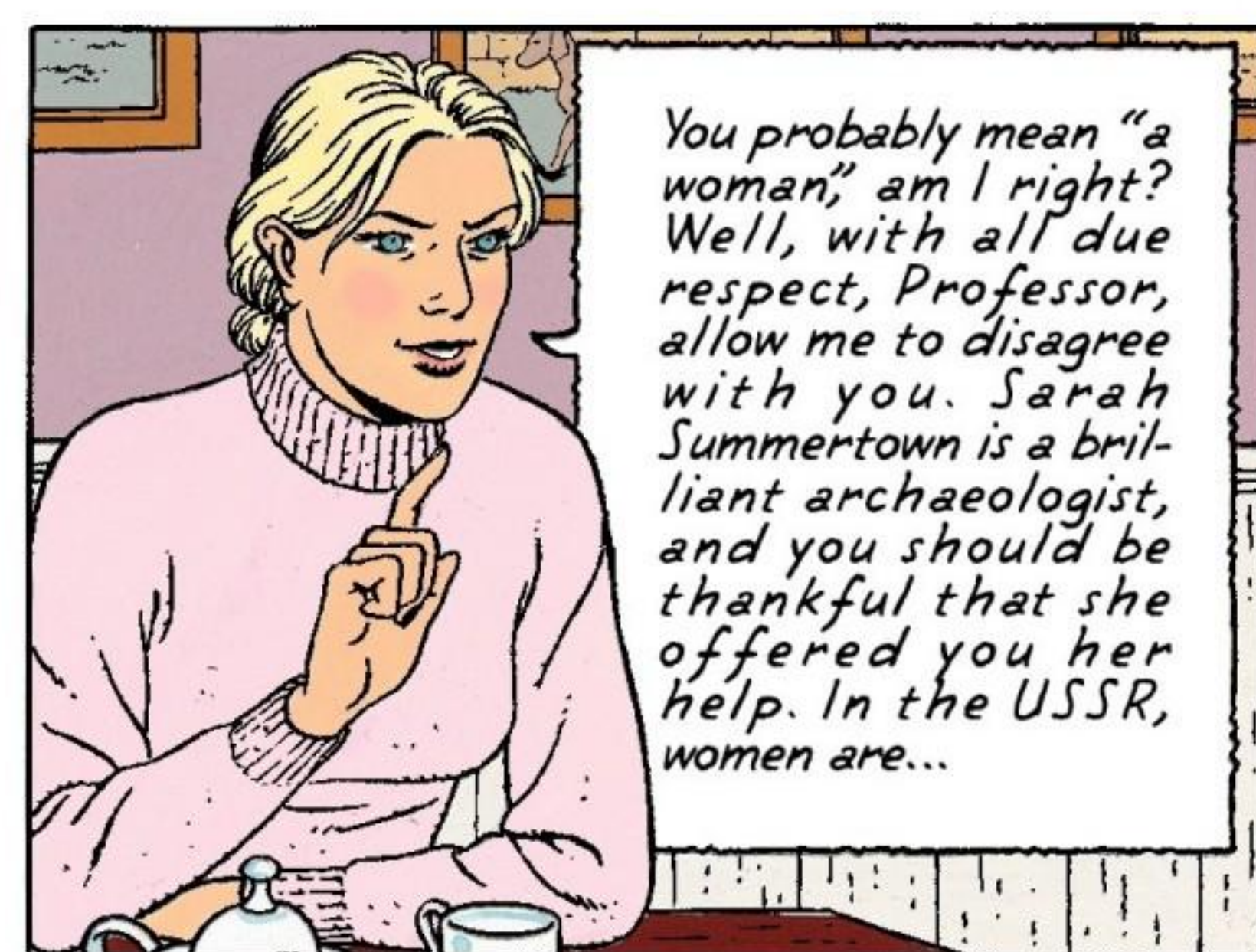
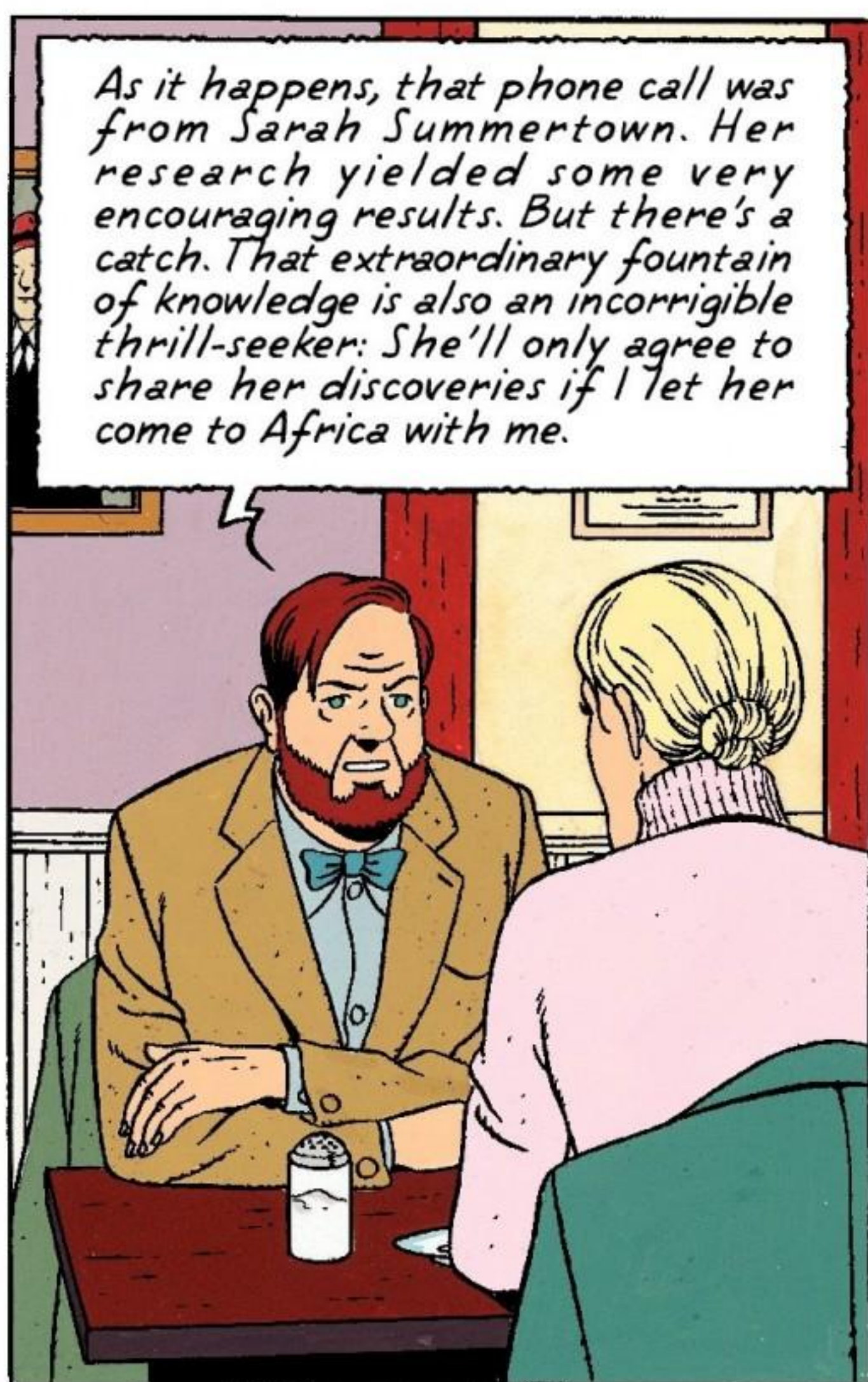
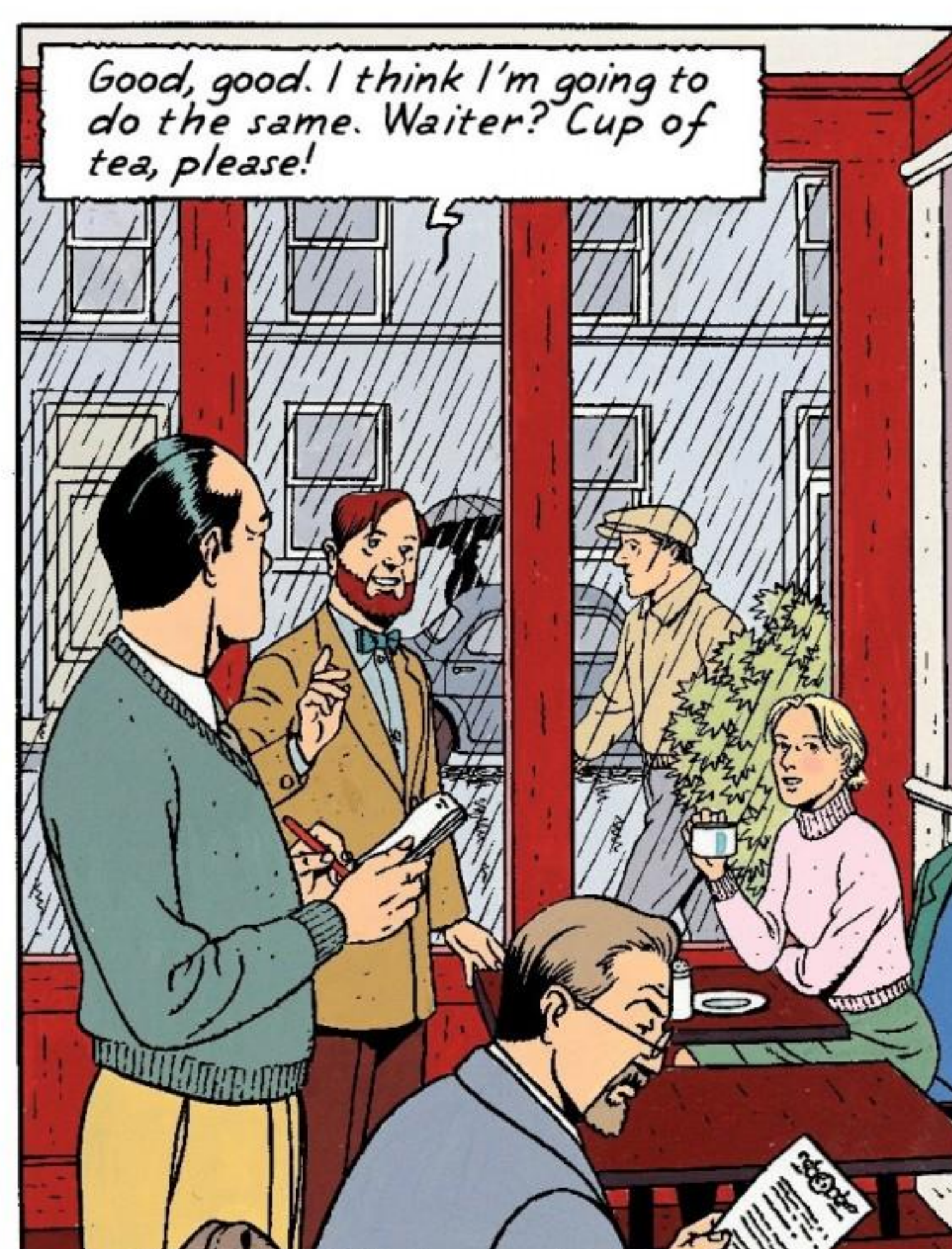


Very interesting, Mr Stone. Extremely interesting indeed.



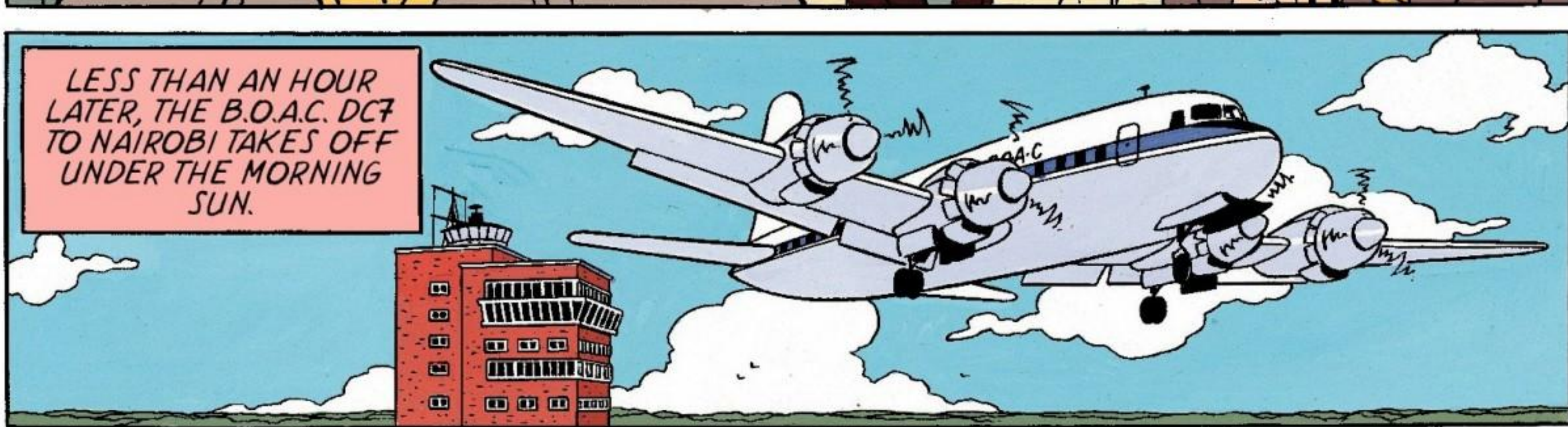
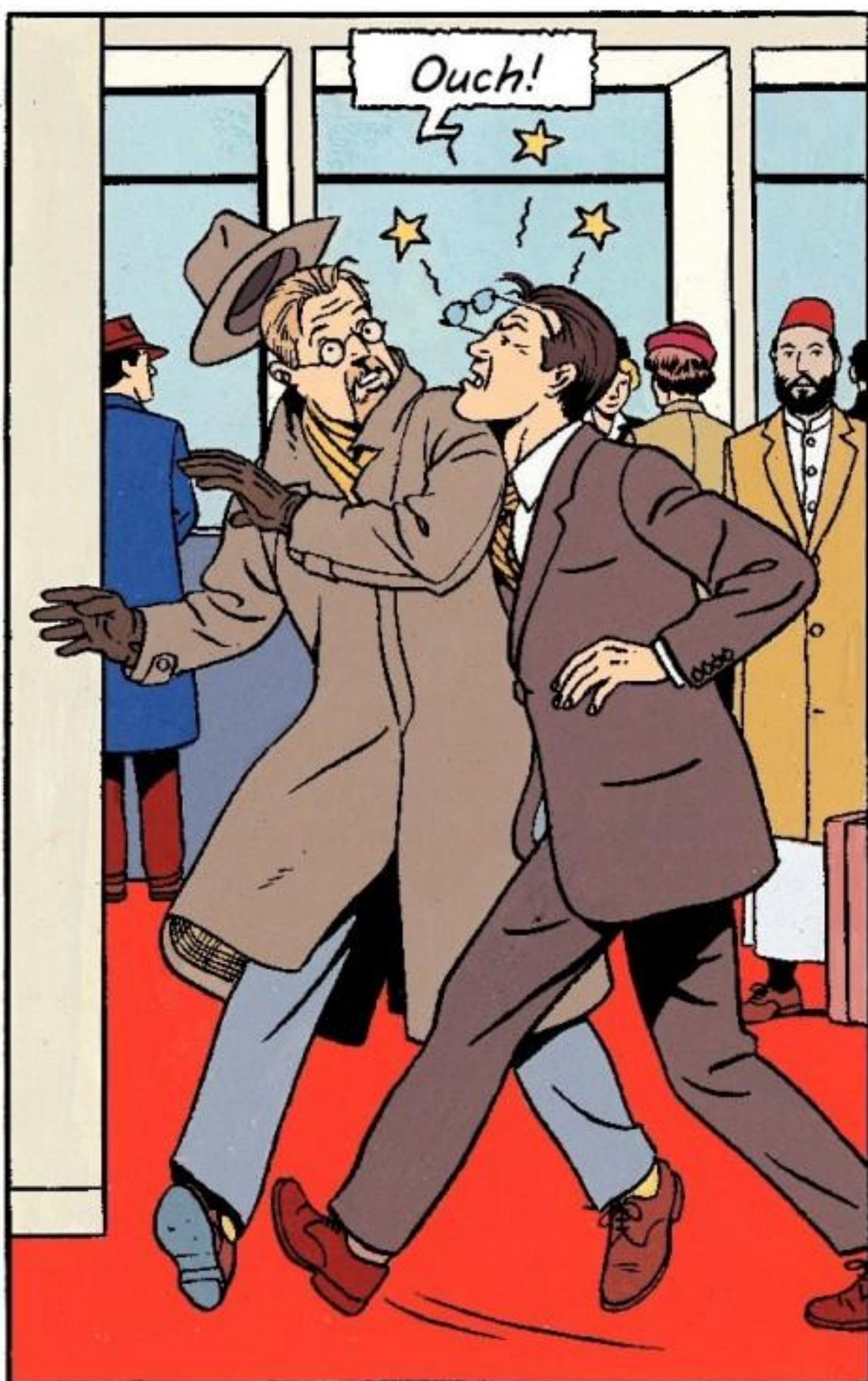
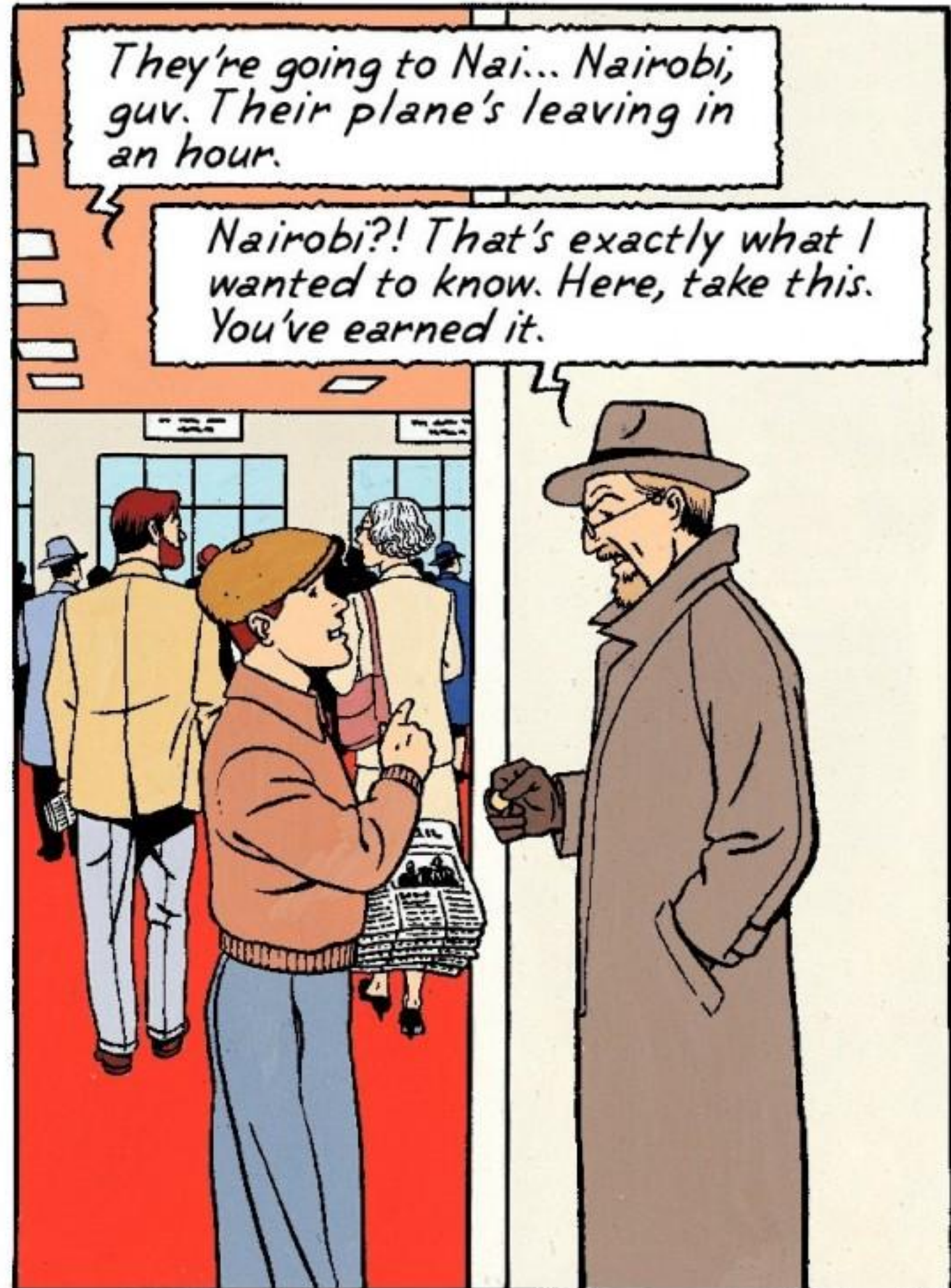
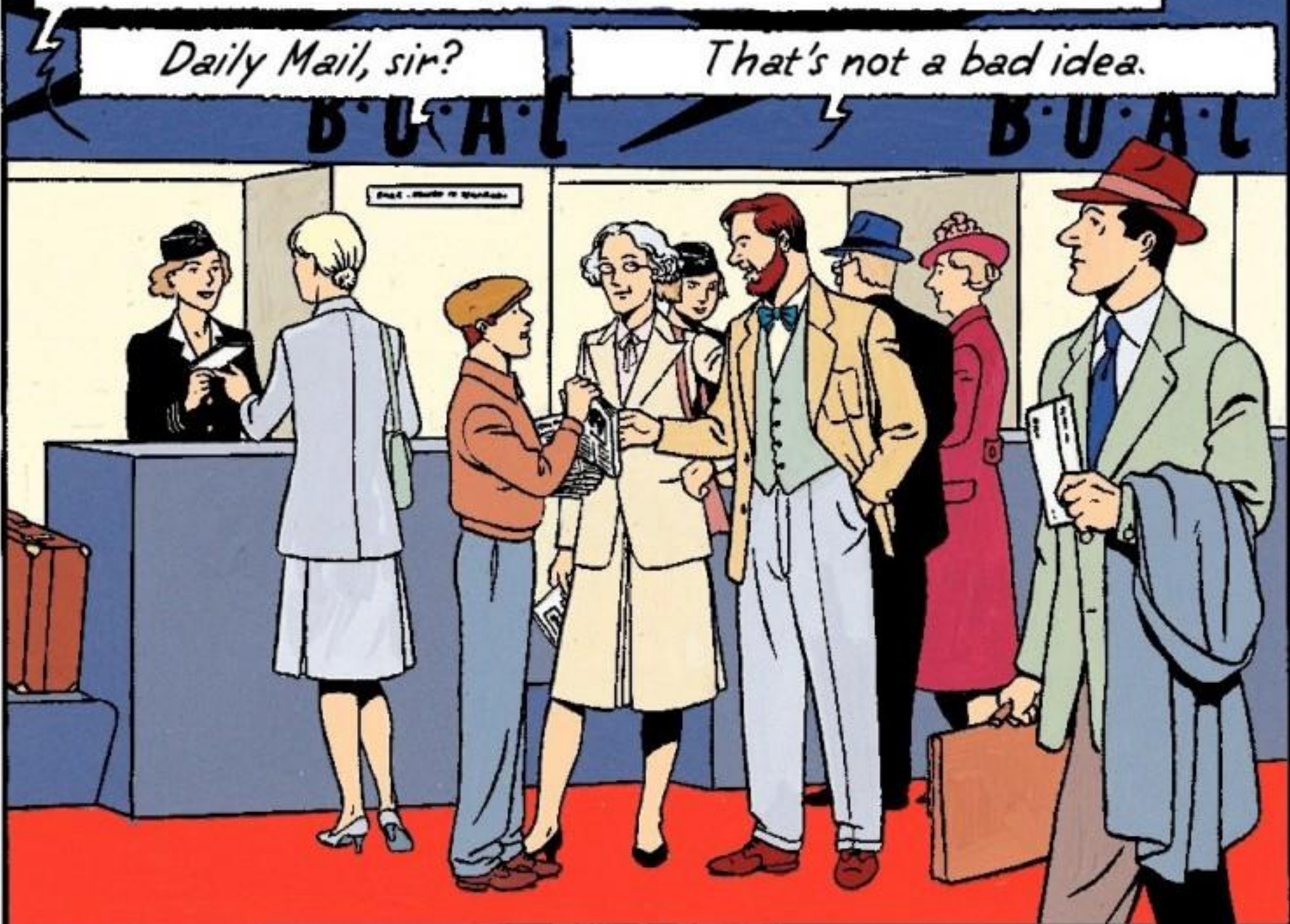


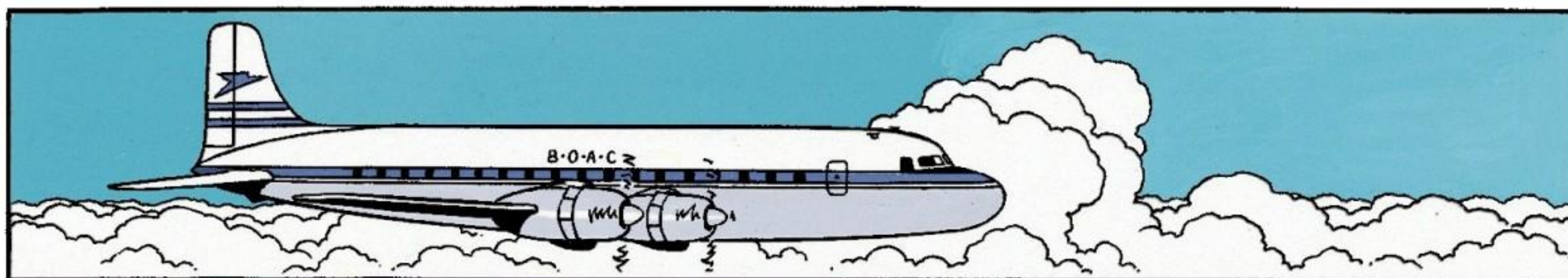




ANOTHER TWO DAYS HAVE PASSED WHEN LONDON HEATHROW AIRPORT SEES PROFESSOR MORTIMER AND HIS TWO FRIENDS APPROACH THE CHECK-IN COUNTER OF THE B.O.A.C.

... And here are your tickets to Nairobi. Your luggage has been checked in. Boarding will begin in one hour. Have a wonderful flight.





MAKING THE BEST OF THE LONG HOURS OF FORCED IMMOBILITY THAT AWAIT THEM, SARAH SUMMERTOWN BEGINS SHARING THE FRUITS OF HER PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATIONS WITH HER TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.



If you wouldn't mind holding these documents while I grab these others, my dear Nastasia...

Of course, Miss Summertown.

My dear Nastasia, since even Philip eventually came around to calling me by my first name, I invite you to do the same. All those "Misses" and "Missuses" make me sound older than I am—and at my age, every little bit counts in that regard.

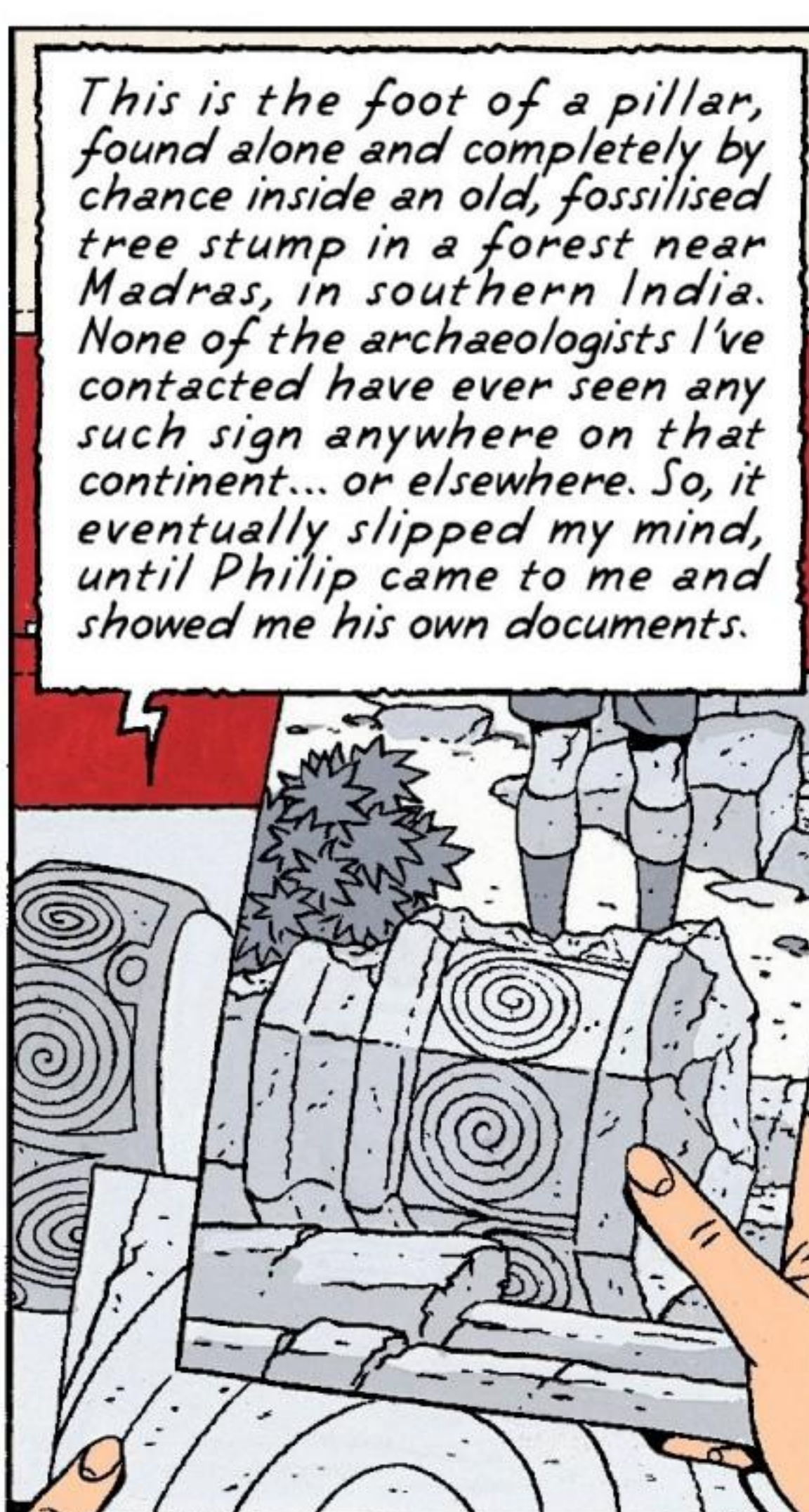
With pleasure... Sarah.



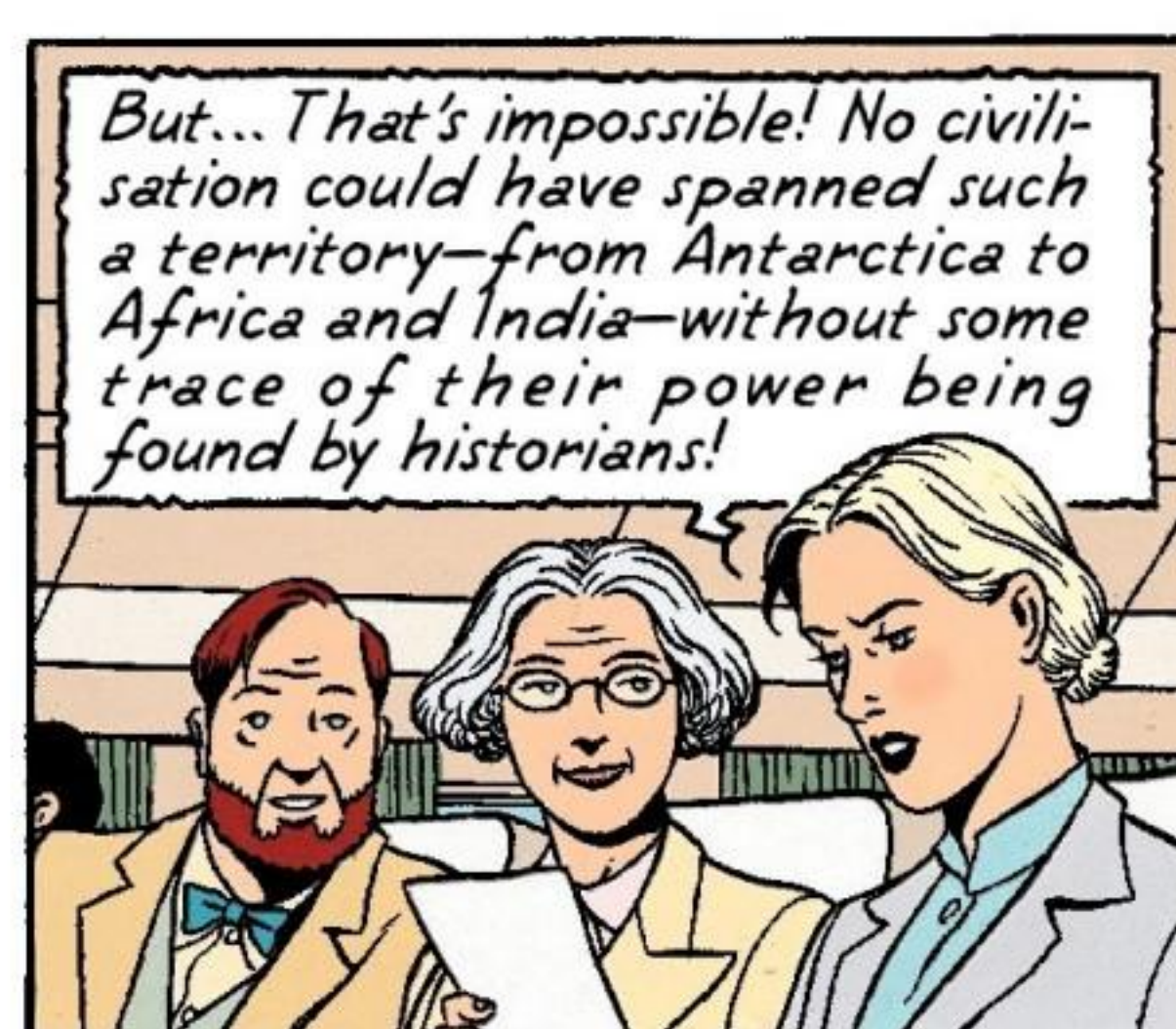
Right. Now, if you please, let's start by recapping all the details we have at our disposal for reflection.



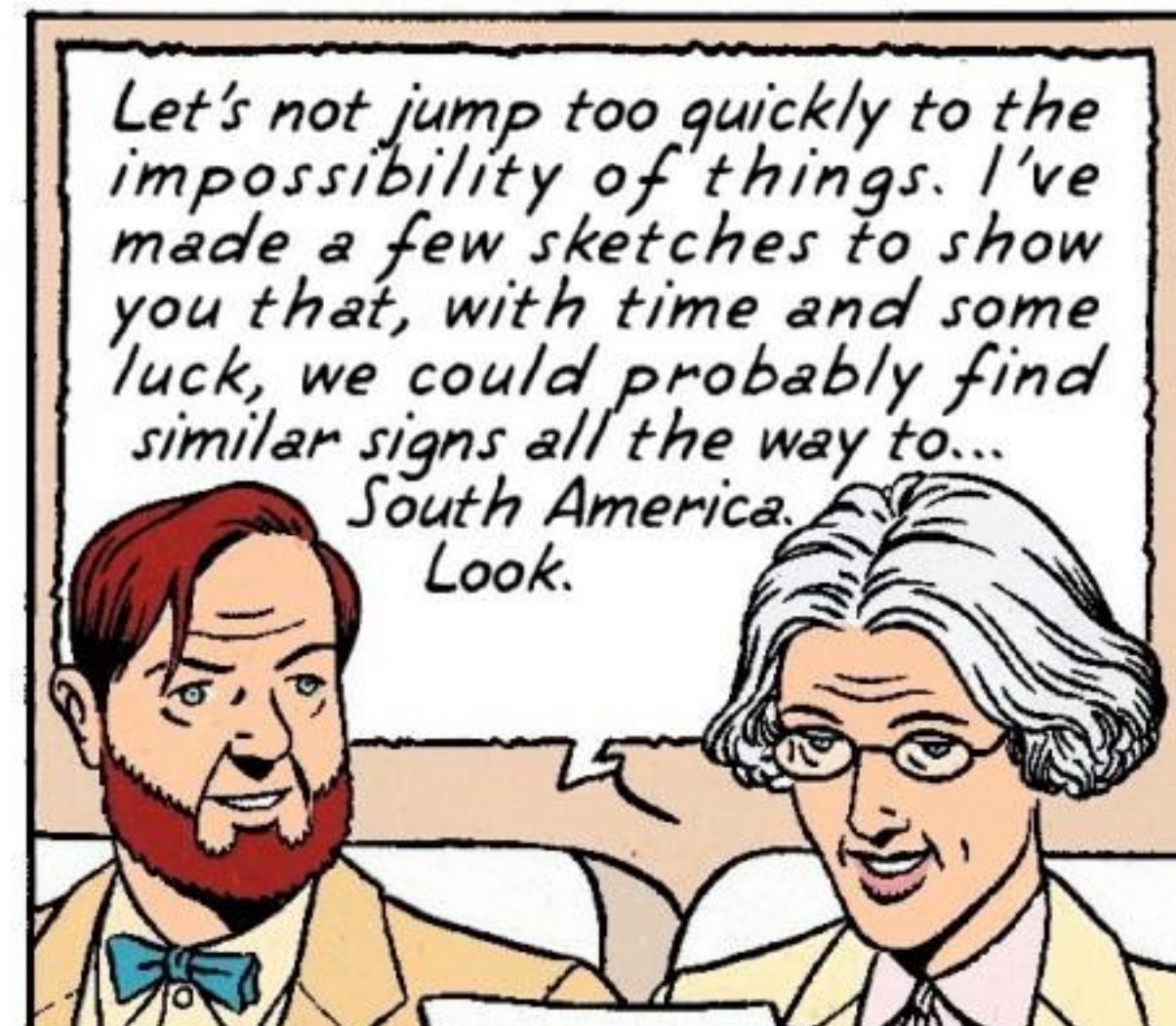
The signs found on the rock that Philip brought back from Antarctica are indeed the same as those carved on that ring Professor Heidegang found somewhere deep inside the Ngorongoro crater. What's more, I also found a picture in a section of my private collection that I call the "unclassifiables."



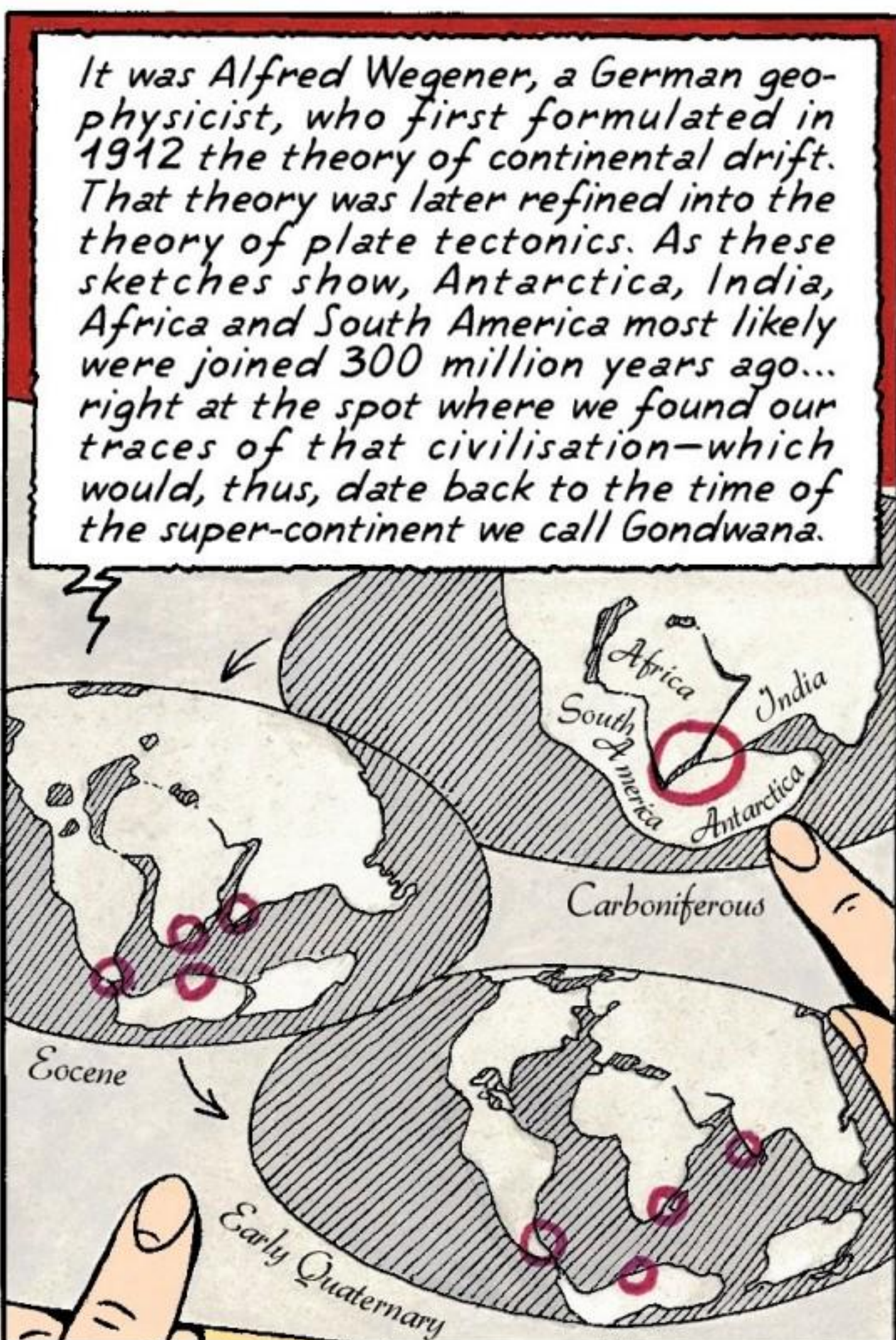
This is the foot of a pillar, found alone and completely by chance inside an old, fossilised tree stump in a forest near Madras, in southern India. None of the archaeologists I've contacted have ever seen any such sign anywhere on that continent... or elsewhere. So, it eventually slipped my mind, until Philip came to me and showed me his own documents.



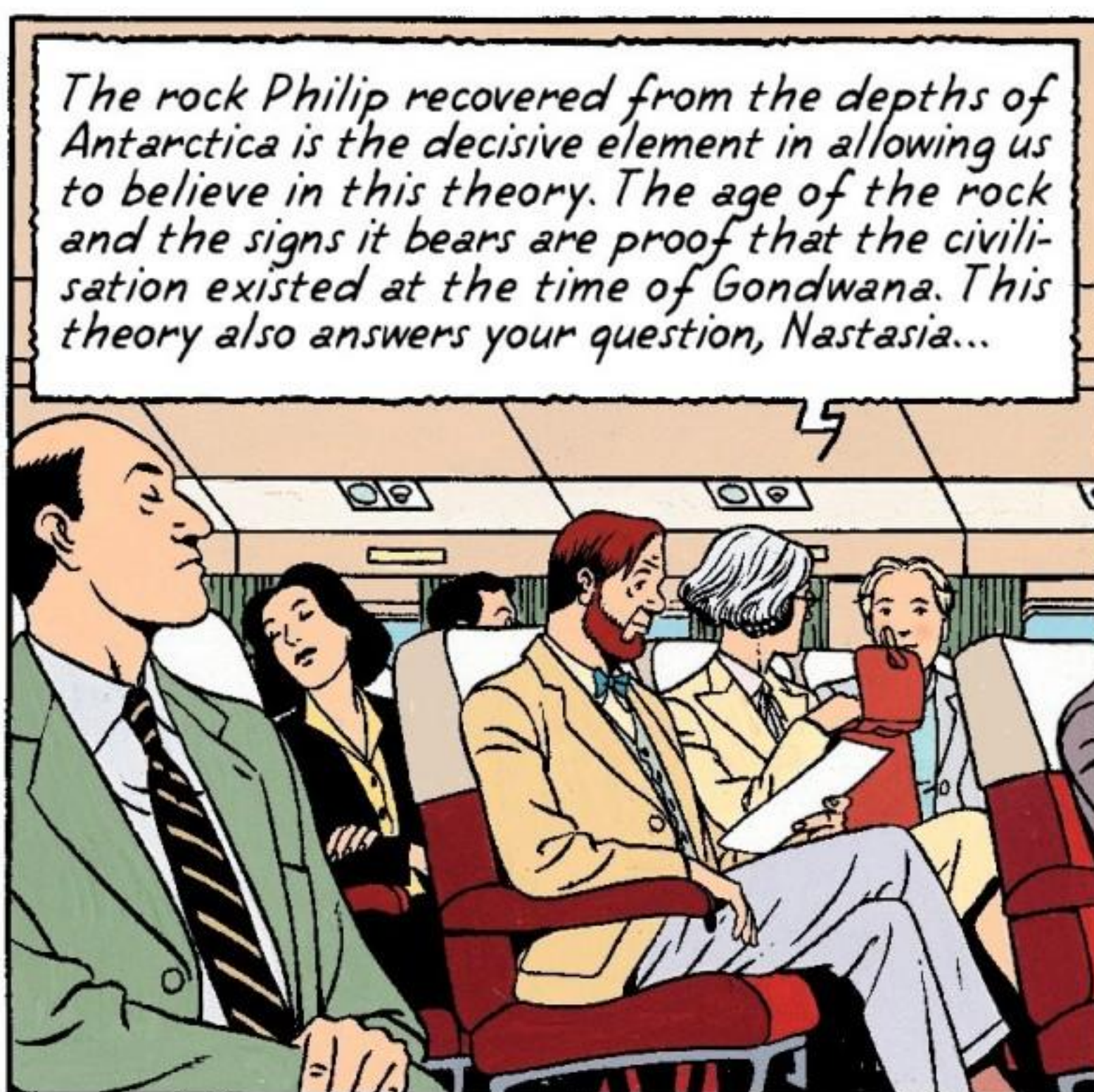
But... That's impossible! No civilisation could have spanned such a territory—from Antarctica to Africa and India—without some trace of their power being found by historians!



Let's not jump too quickly to the impossibility of things. I've made a few sketches to show you that, with time and some luck, we could probably find similar signs all the way to... South America. Look.



It was Alfred Wegener, a German geophysicist, who first formulated in 1912 the theory of continental drift. That theory was later refined into the theory of plate tectonics. As these sketches show, Antarctica, India, Africa and South America most likely were joined 300 million years ago... right at the spot where we found our traces of that civilisation—which would, thus, date back to the time of the super-continent we call Gondwana.



The rock Philip recovered from the depths of Antarctica is the decisive element in allowing us to believe in this theory. The age of the rock and the signs it bears are proof that the civilisation existed at the time of Gondwana. This theory also answers your question, Nastasia...



If that civilisation existed before the continents separated, then it could have been of a more modest size than the spread of its remains would have us believe. I prepared for you a synthesis of the most serious theories on the subject.

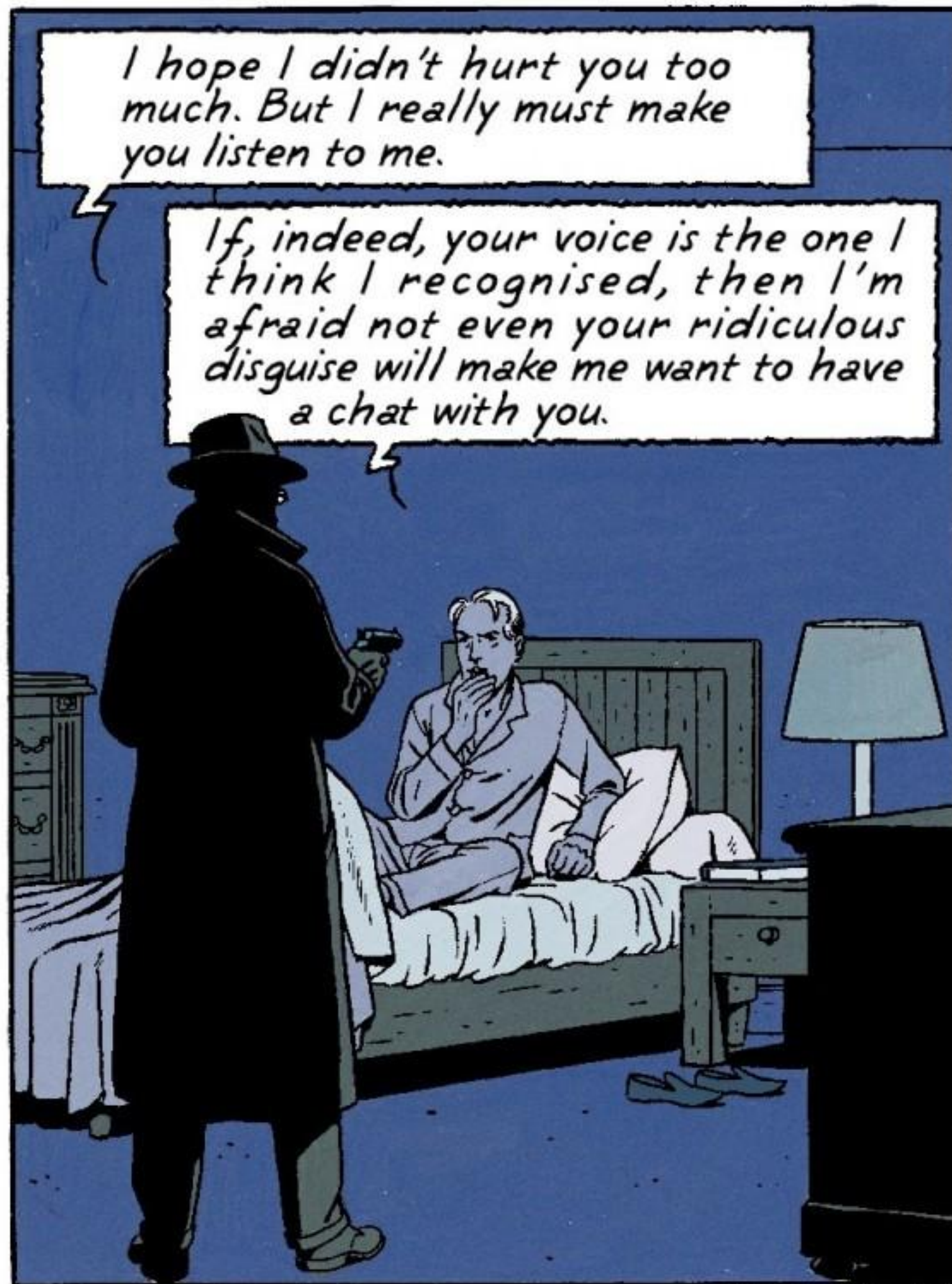


Listen to this...





Sorry, Captain.



I hope I didn't hurt you too much. But I really must make you listen to me.

If, indeed, your voice is the one I think I recognised, then I'm afraid not even your ridiculous disguise will make me want to have a chat with you.



The situation is infinitely more complicated than you could imagine, Captain. Please, trust me.

You want me to trust someone who's pointing a gun at me?



I know you to be a man of honour. If you give me your word that you'll listen to everything I have to tell you, I'm willing to give you my pistol.

Hmm. Fine... You have my word.

CLICK



Very good...



Well... Go ahead, old boy. And you'd better make it convincing if you don't want to finish the night in jail.



THE NEXT MORNING...

Captain! You're leaving without having breakfast!

I'm afraid I'm in an awful hurry, Mrs Benson. I must go back to France immediately.



Could I ask you to call my deputy, David Honeychurch, at the Yard around 8:00 am, and ask him to come pick up this envelope?

Of course, Captain. Count on me.



Ah, my cab's here. Goodbye, Mrs Benson.

Safe journey, Captain.

To the airport, please.



NAIROBI AIRPORT, 6:30 PM LOCAL TIME...

AFTER HAVING RECOVERED THEIR LUGGAGE AND CLEARED CUSTOMS, PROFESSOR MORTIMER, SARAH SUMMERTOWN AND THEIR YOUNG COMPANION NASTASIA HAVE GONE TO THE DOMESTIC FLIGHTS BOOKING COUNTER.



There's only one possibility in the next few days. A small six-seater that can take us to Arusha in two days. The problem is that it will only leave if it's full.

What are we waiting for, then? Offer to book all six seats.



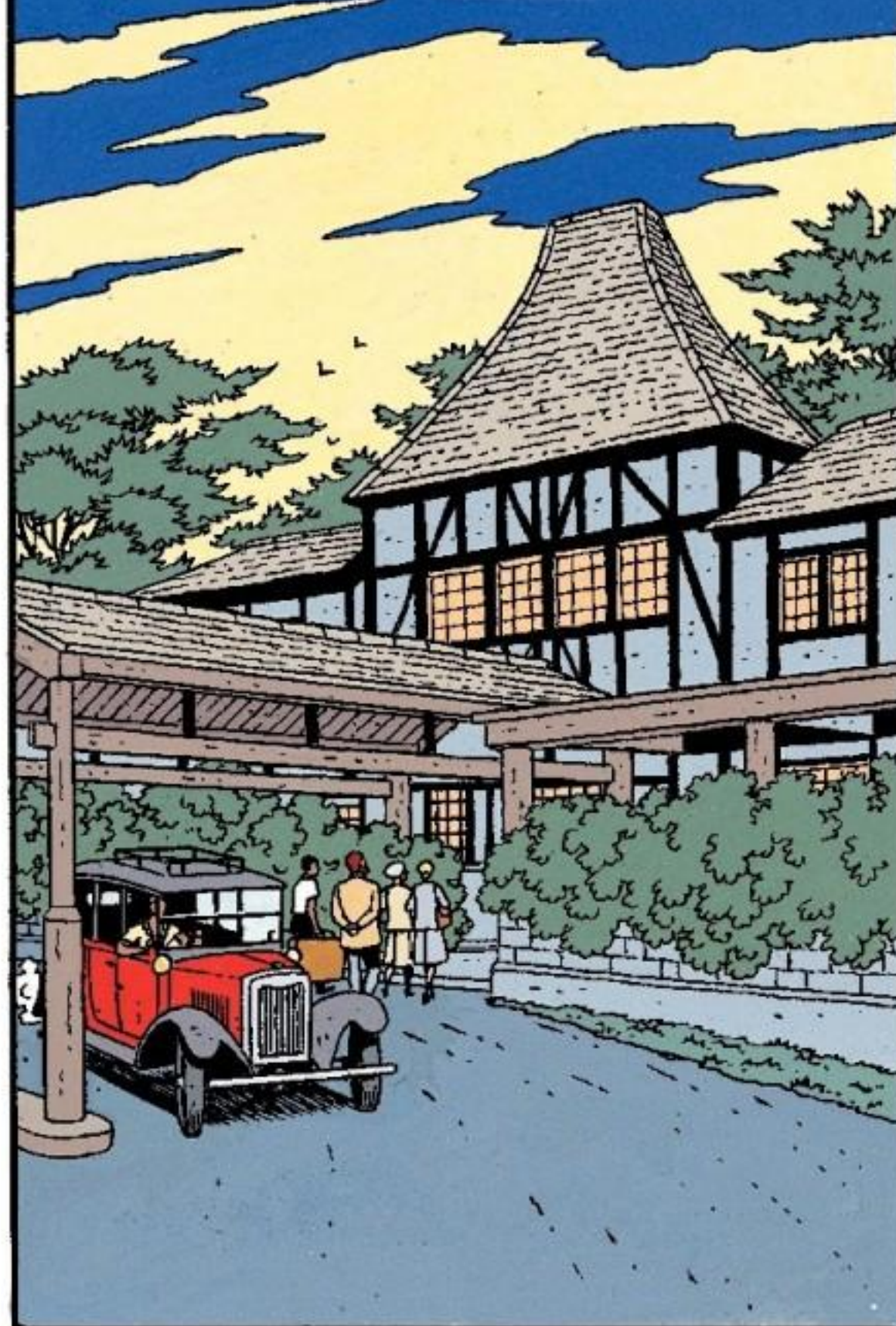
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE THREE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS CLIMB ABOARD A TAXI...



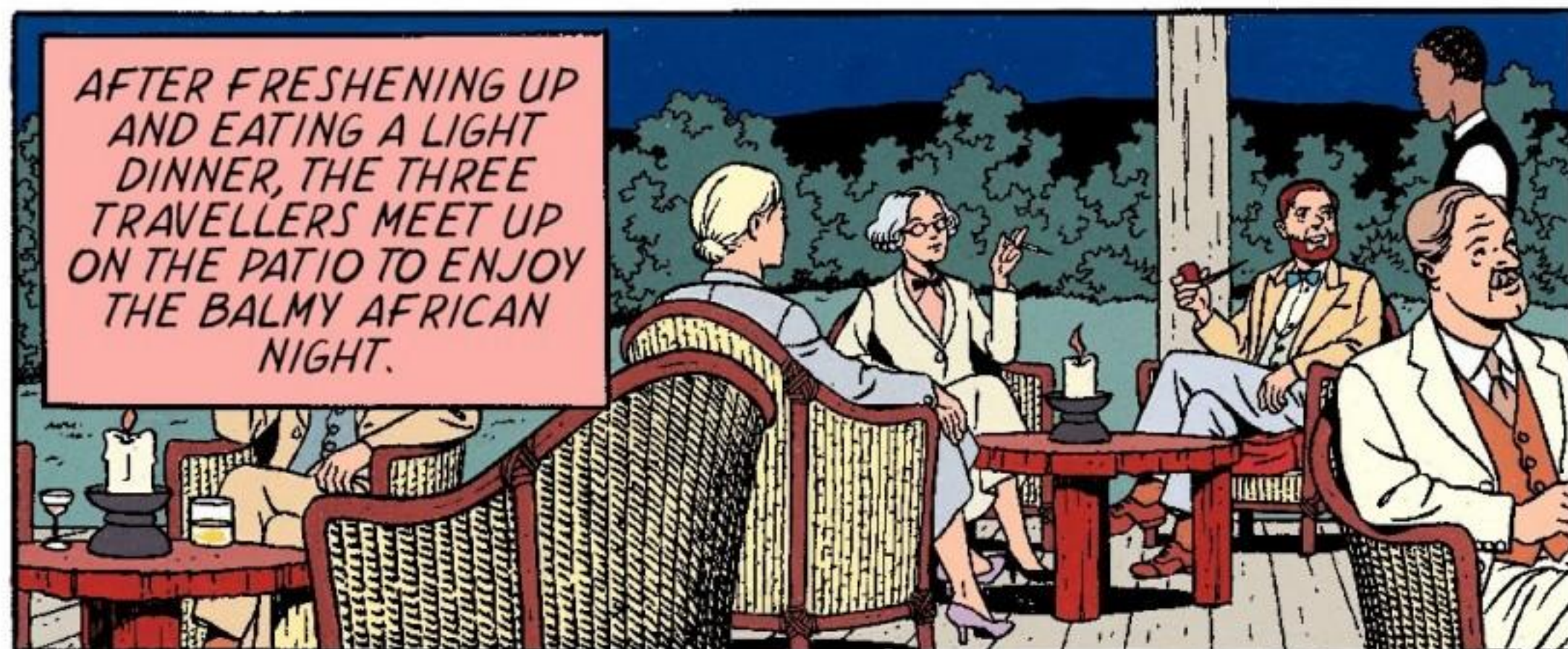
... THAT PULLS AWAY AS QUICKLY AS ITS OLD ENGINE, EXHAUSTED BY THE DAY'S HEAT, WILL LET IT...



... AND HEADS OFF TOWARDS THE HOTEL, WHERE IT LEAVES ITS FARES A HALF-HOUR LATER.

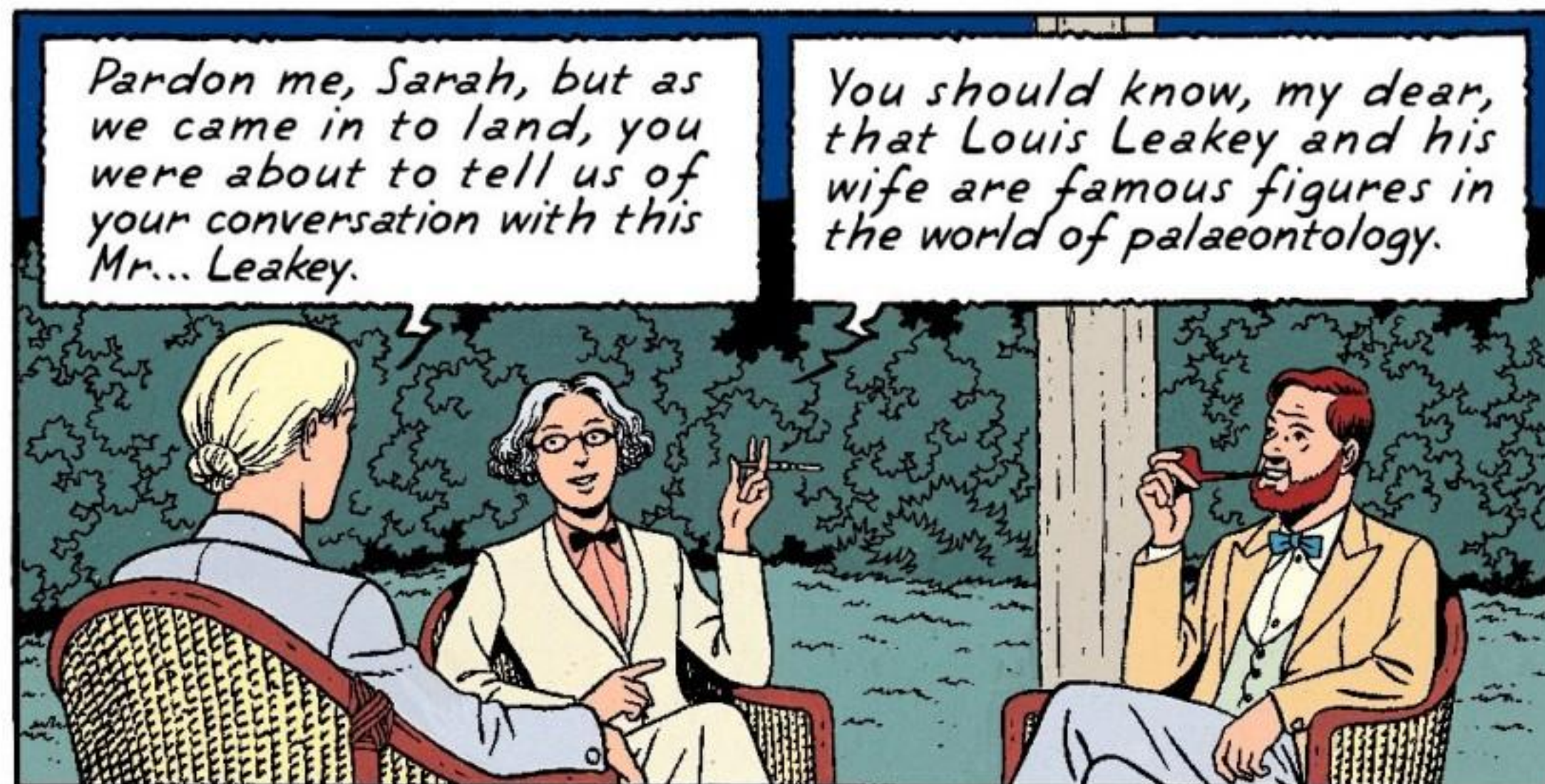


AFTER FRESHENING UP AND EATING A LIGHT DINNER, THE THREE TRAVELLERS MEET UP ON THE PATIO TO ENJOY THE BALMY AFRICAN NIGHT.



Pardon me, Sarah, but as we came in to land, you were about to tell us of your conversation with this Mr... Leakey.

You should know, my dear, that Louis Leakey and his wife are famous figures in the world of palaeontology.



Louis Leakey graduated from Cambridge at the same time as I, almost 30 years ago. He immediately decided to come to Tanganyika, convinced that the Rift Valley and the surrounding area contained some of the oldest fossil records on our planet. He's recently focused on the Olduvai Gorge site, near the Ngorongoro crater—where Professor Heidegang found that fascinating ring.



Since we knew that Professor Heidegang had been rescued by the Leakeys, I located and contacted them in order to arrange for us to meet and get a more detailed account from them. Louis Leakey confirmed that he'd found Professor Heidegang in a state of... near insanity.

But... One doesn't go insane in a matter of hours!



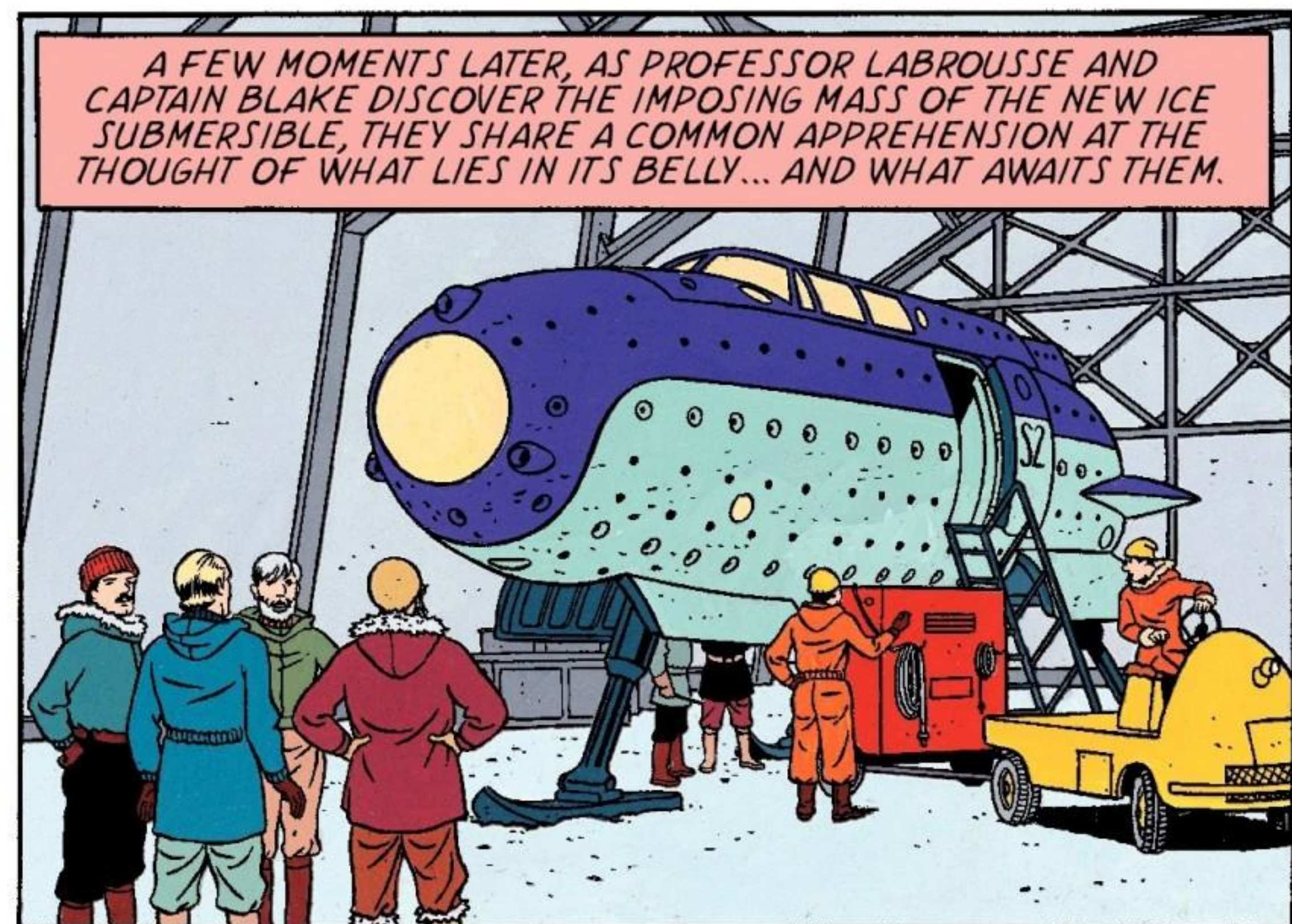
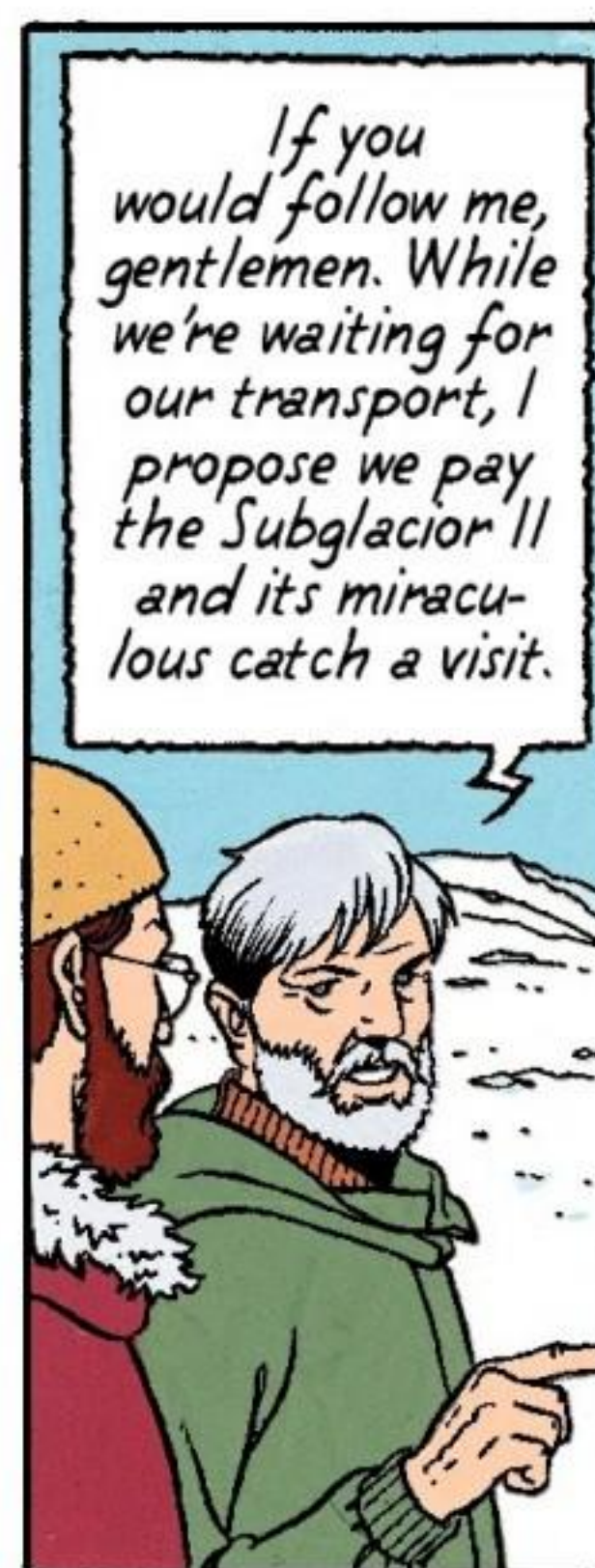
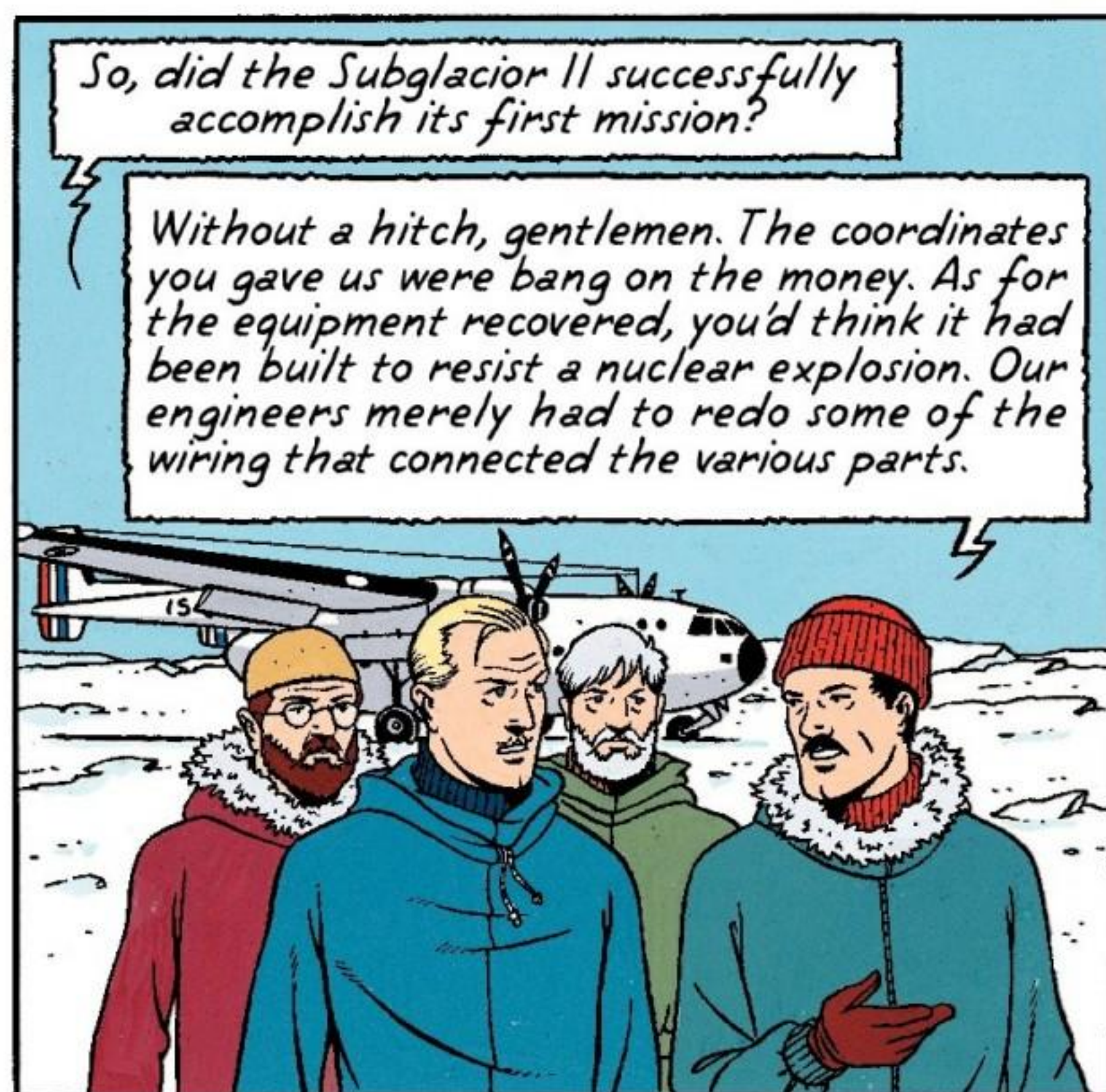
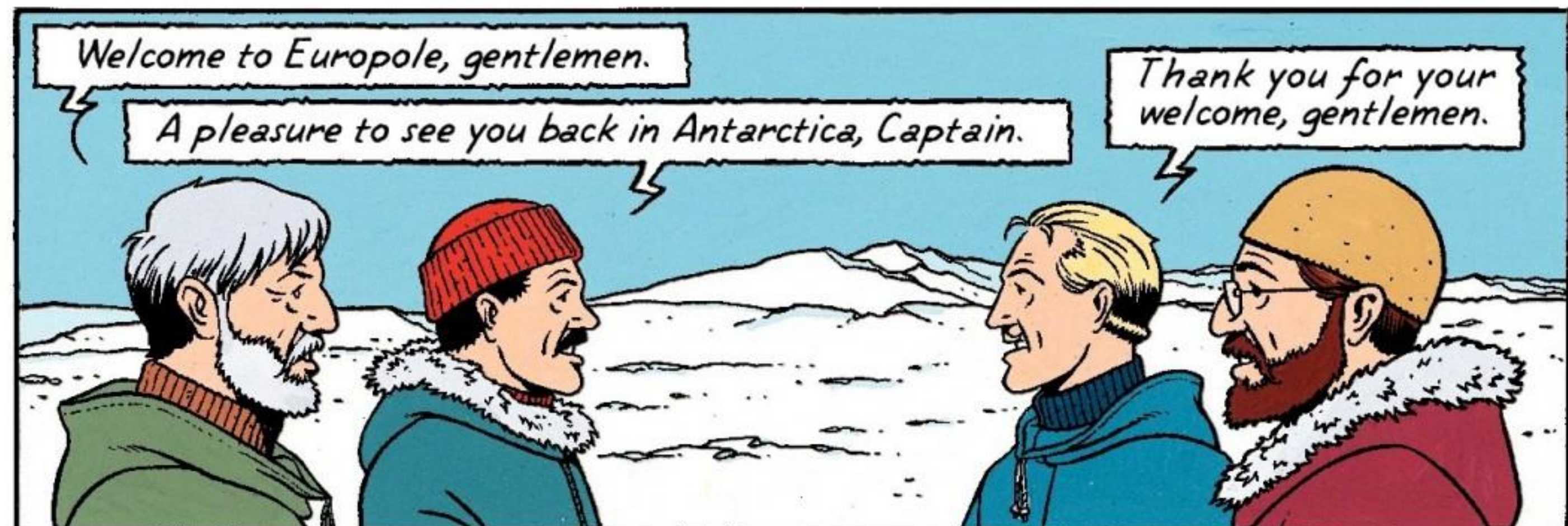
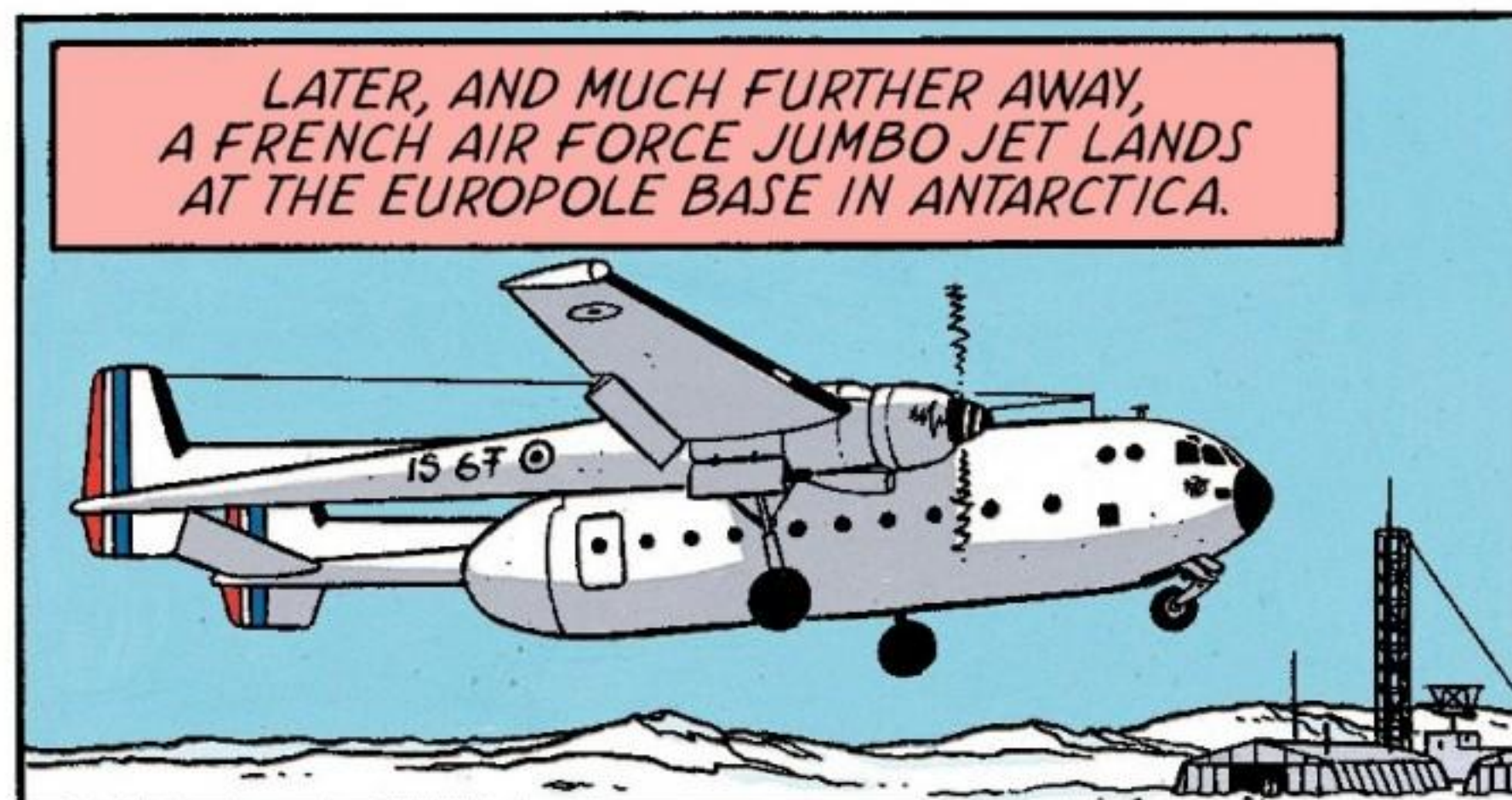
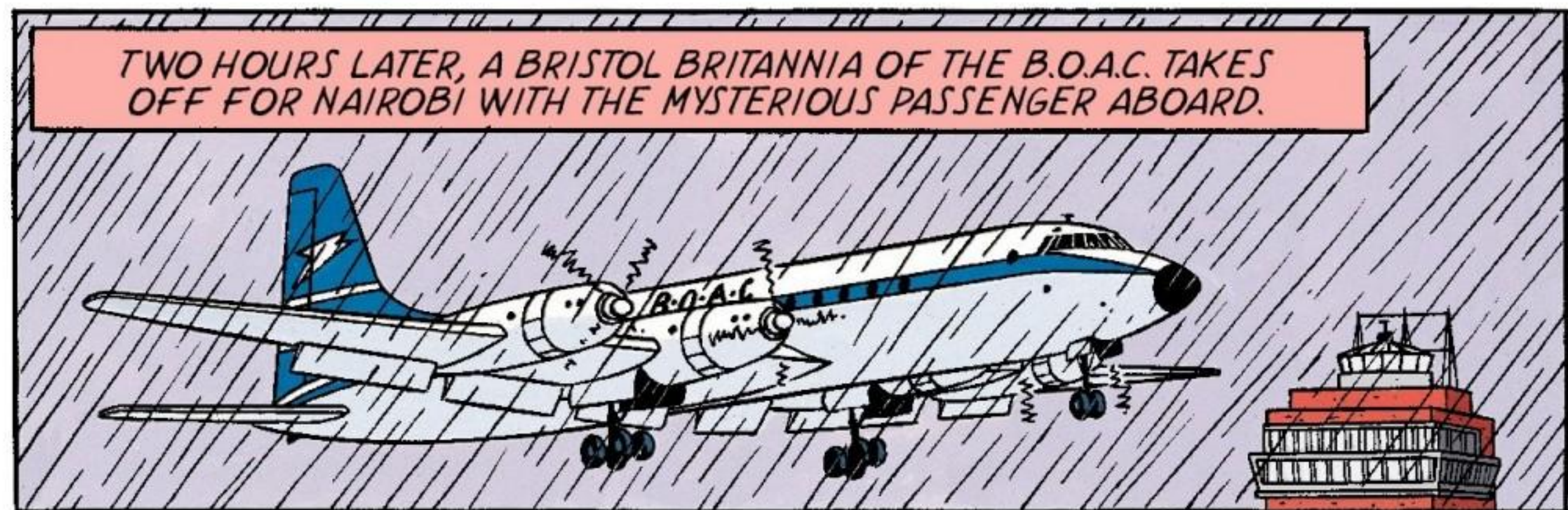
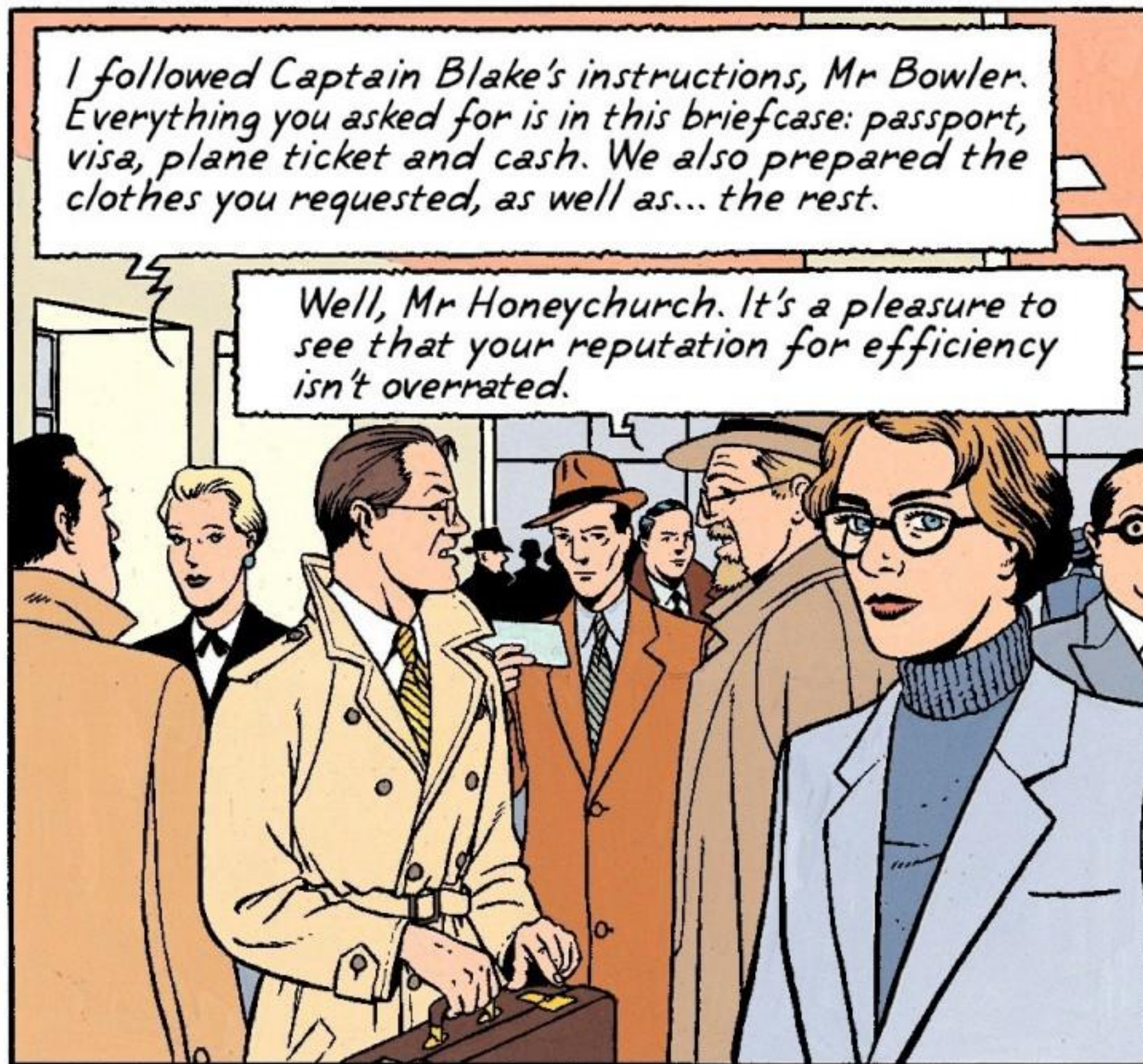
Who knows—Africa is a land of many mysteries, after all... The Leakeys showed the ring to the press and left the unfortunate man in the care of the medical authorities, who had him transferred to Nairobi Hospital. Where he still is, and where we will meet with Louis Leakey in two days, as he'll be in town.

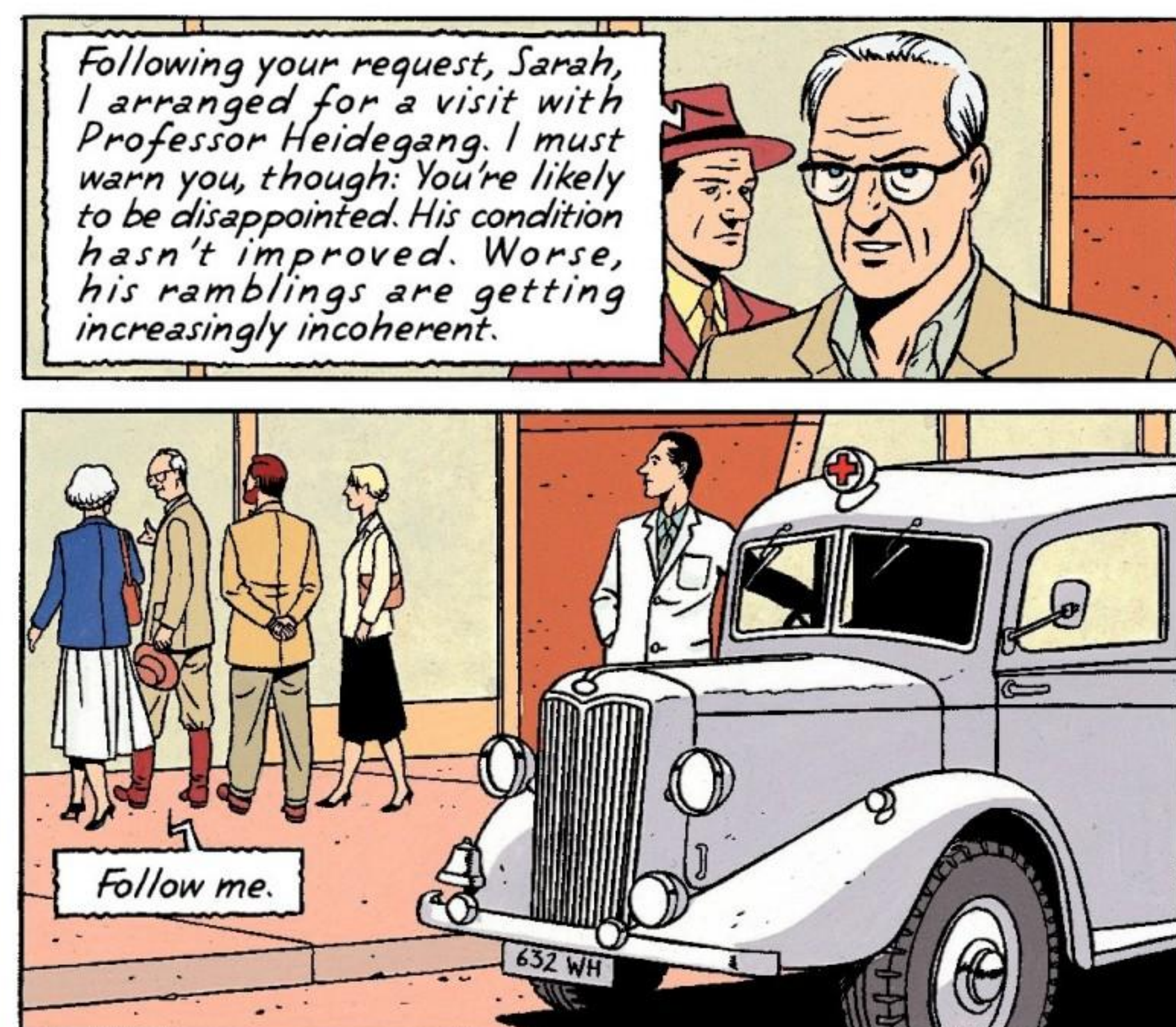
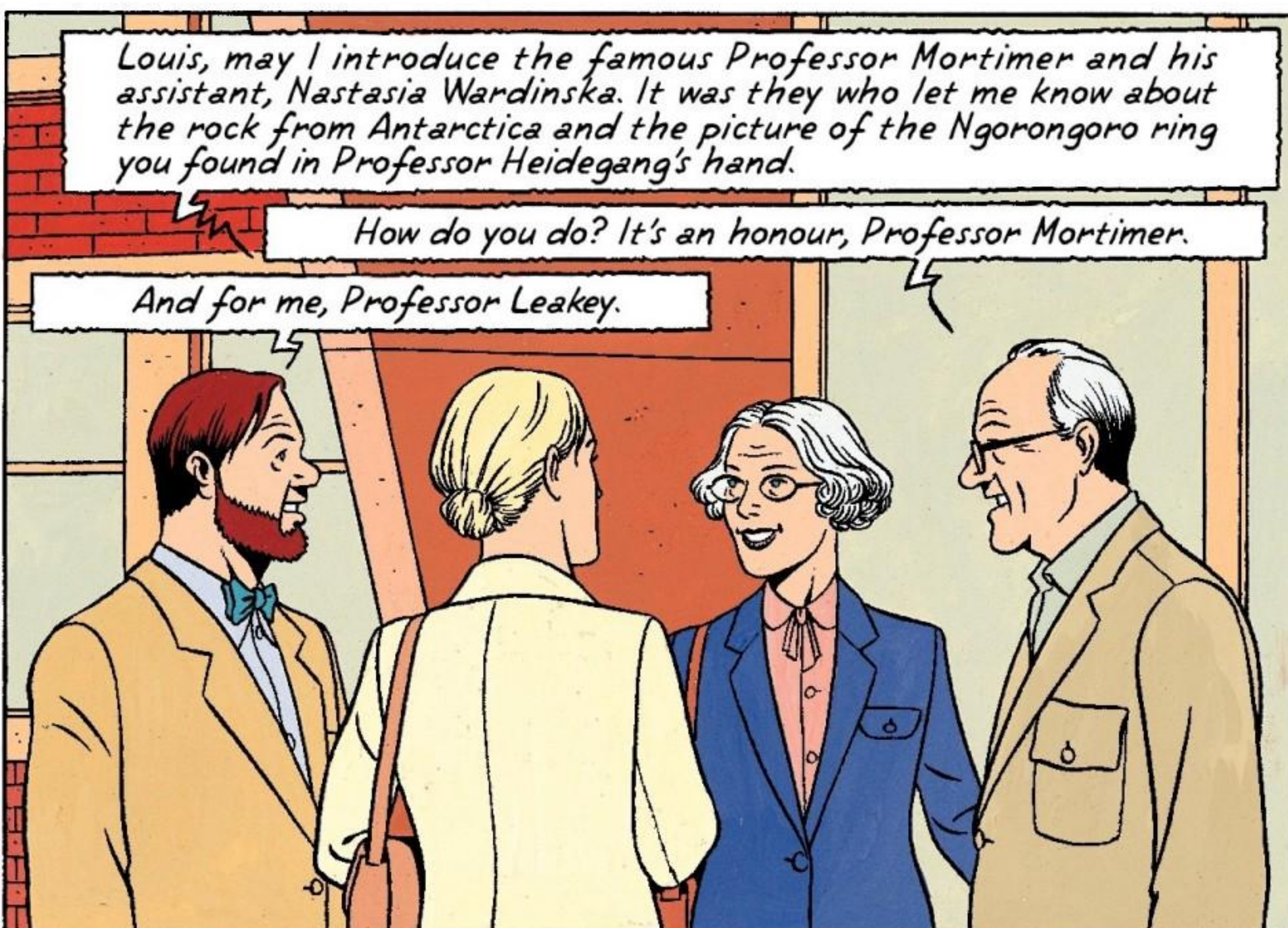
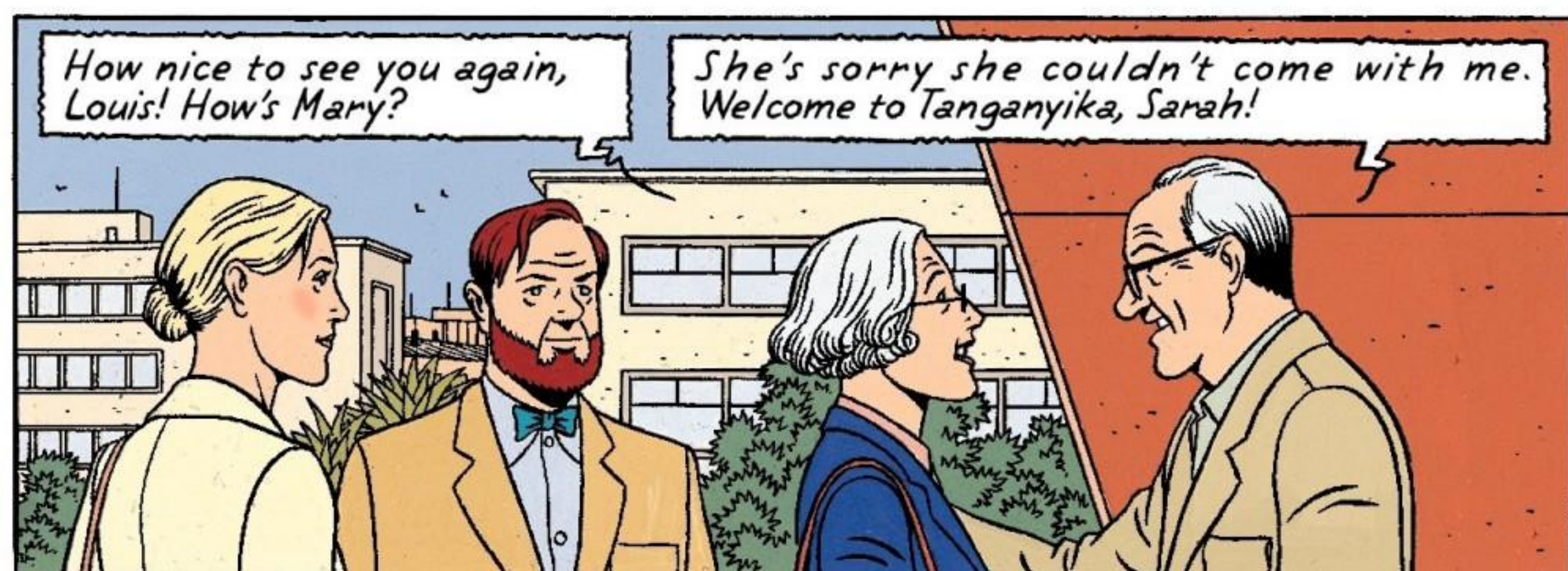
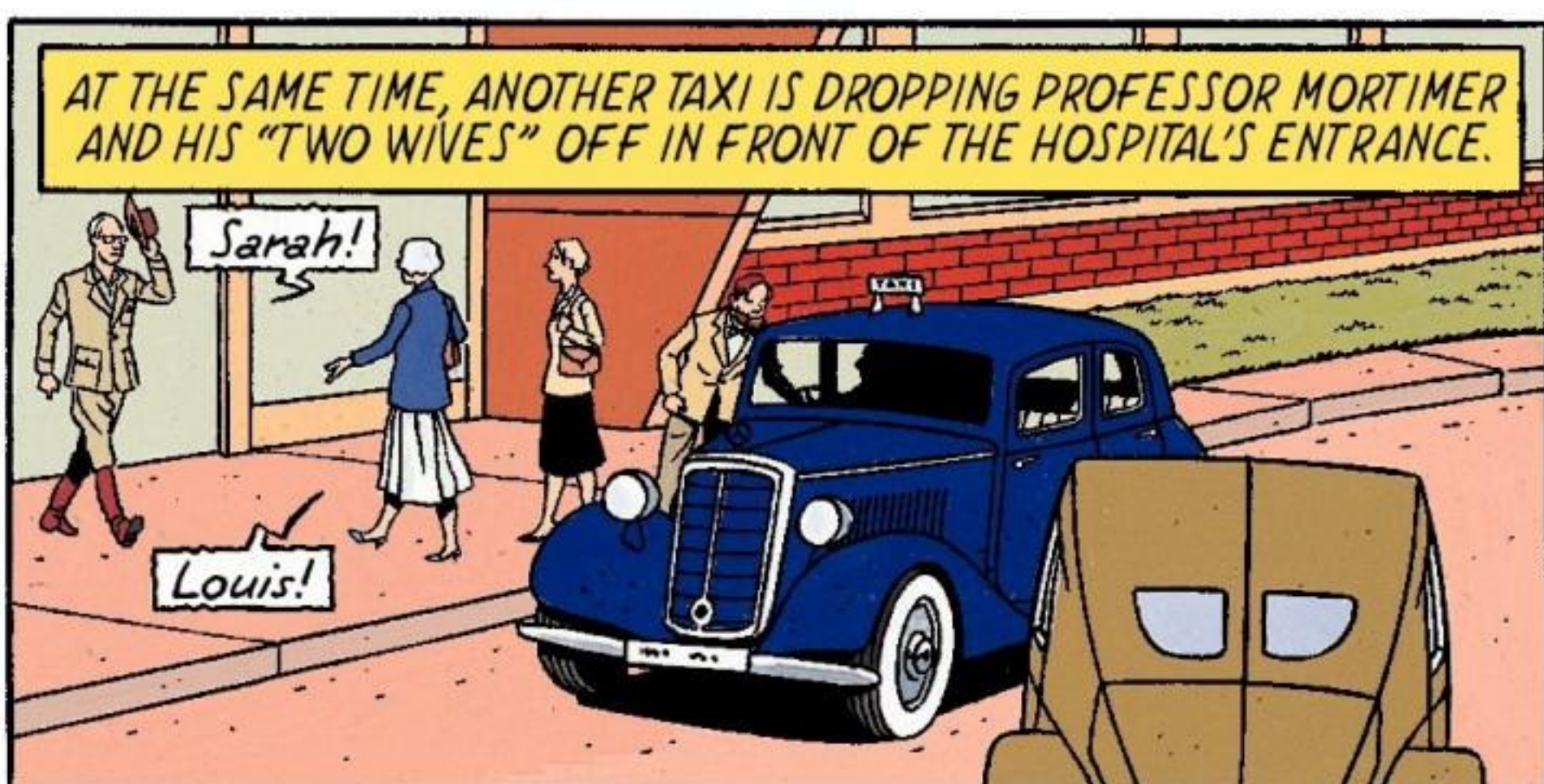
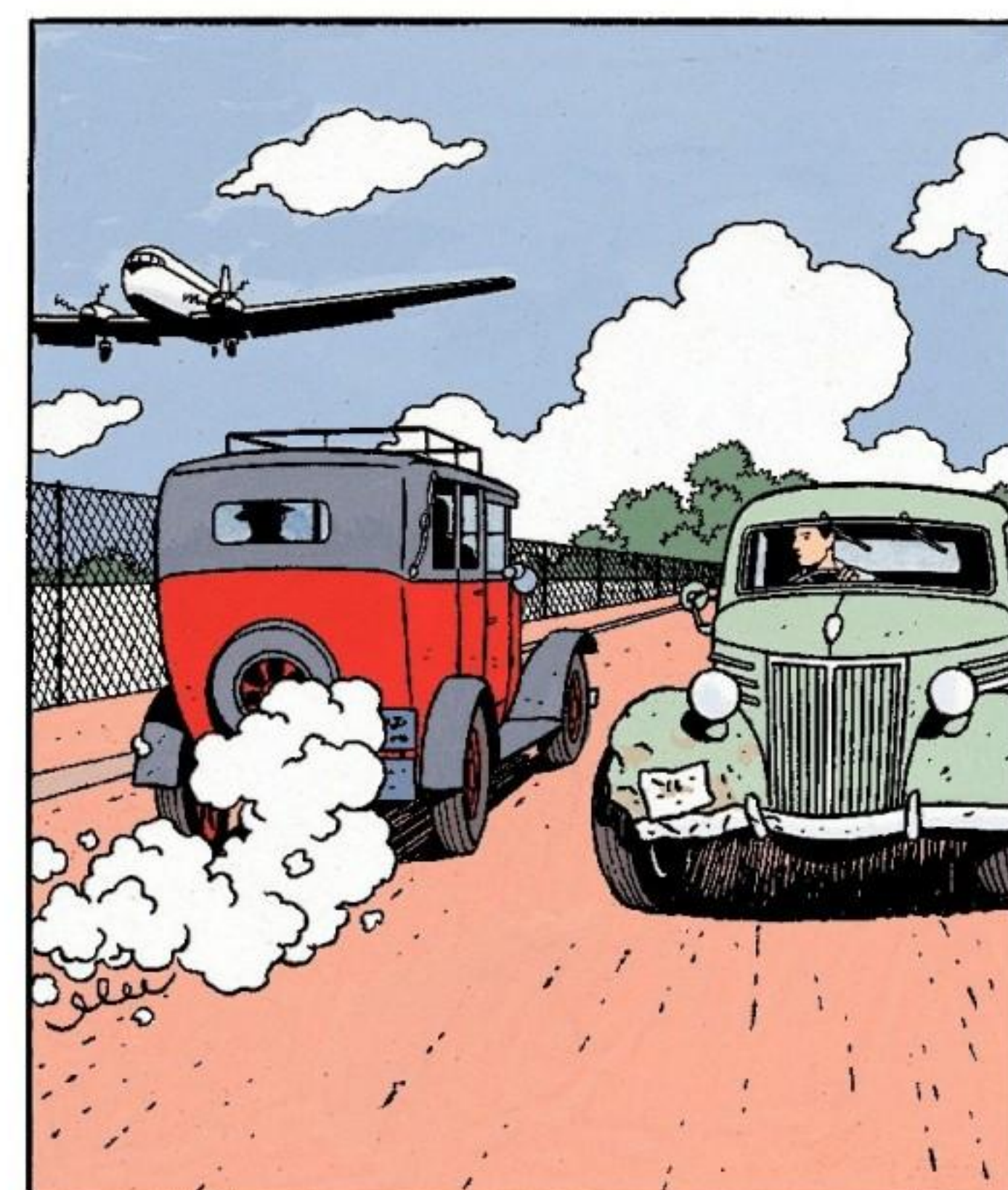
Well, in the meantime, we should acclimate and get some rest. We'll probably need it.

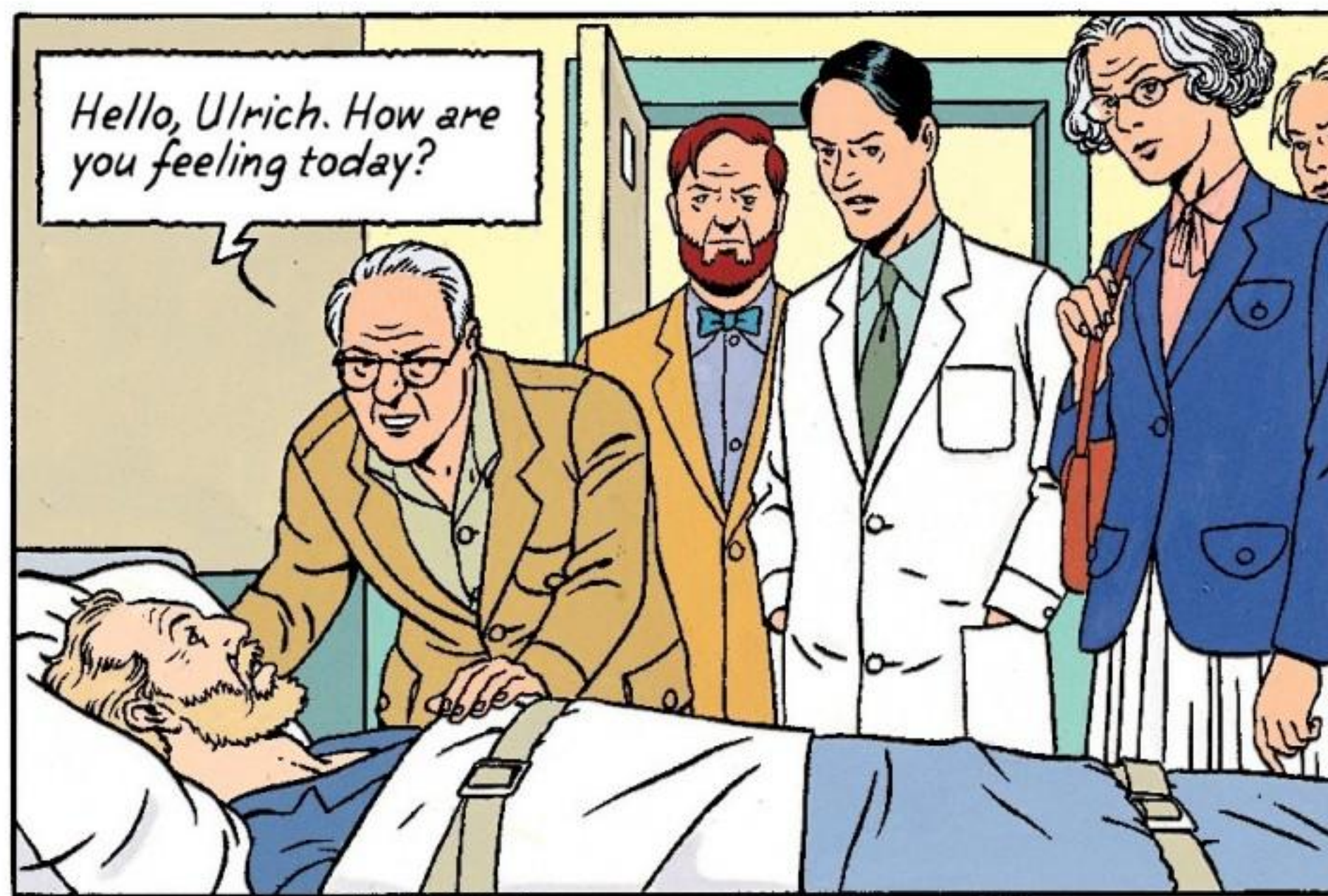
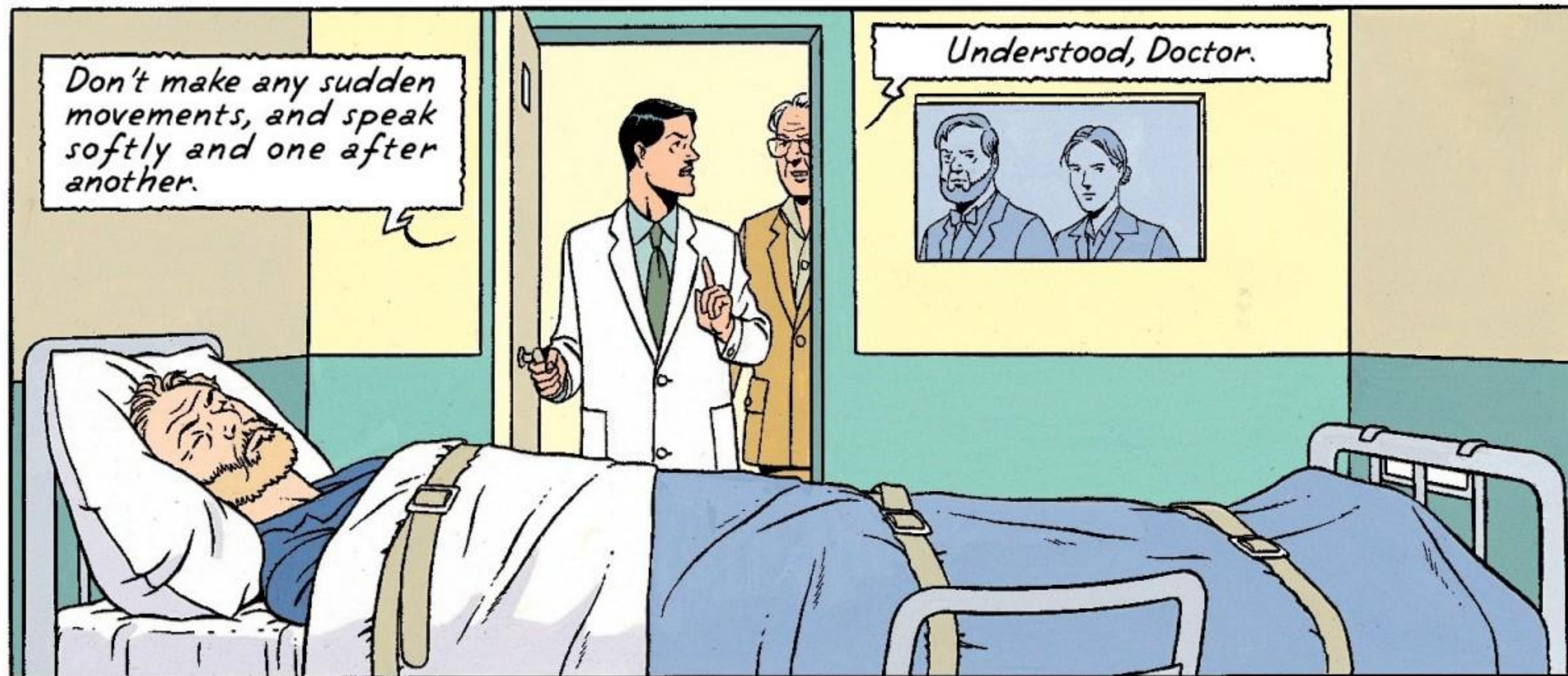
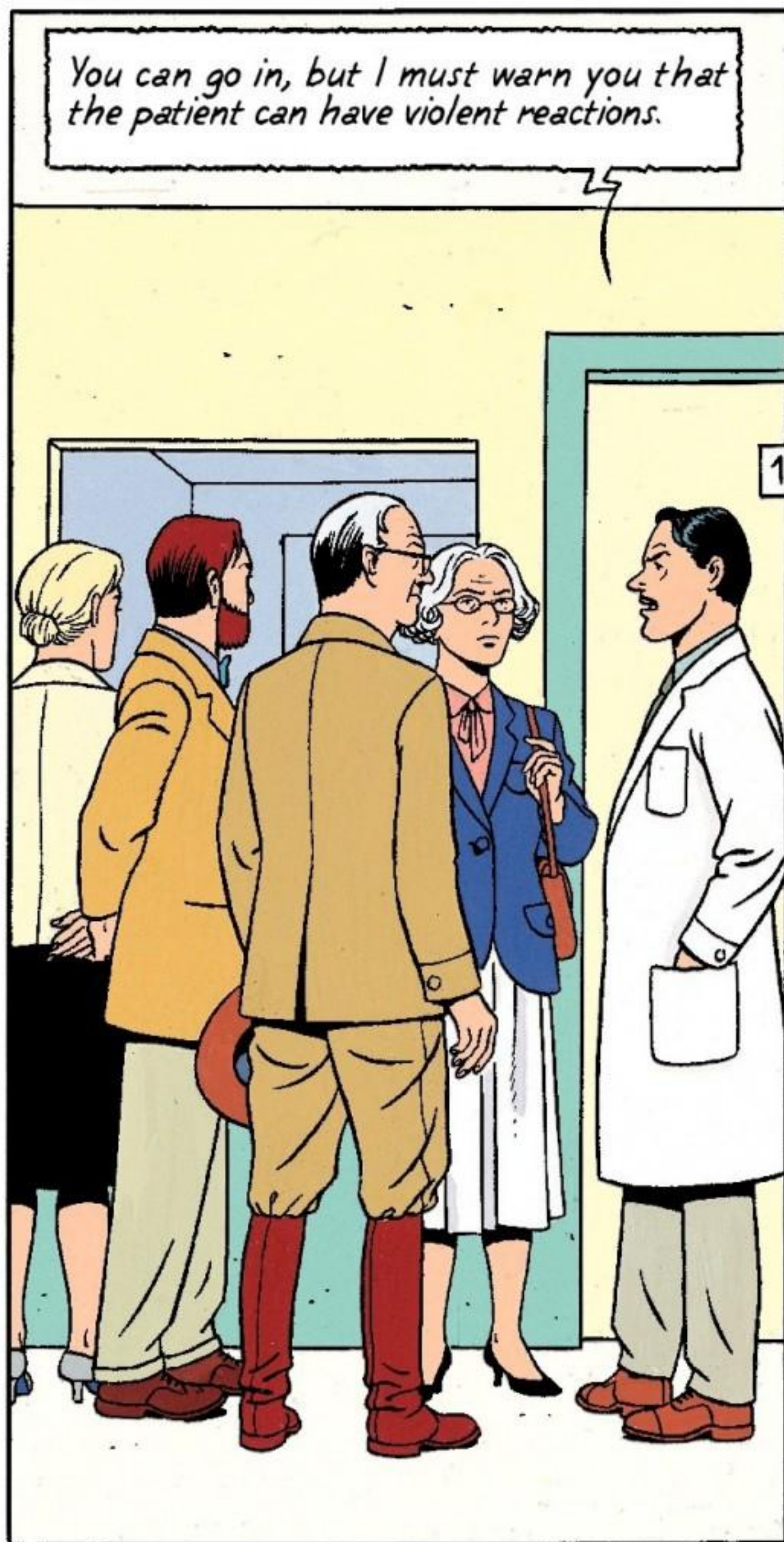
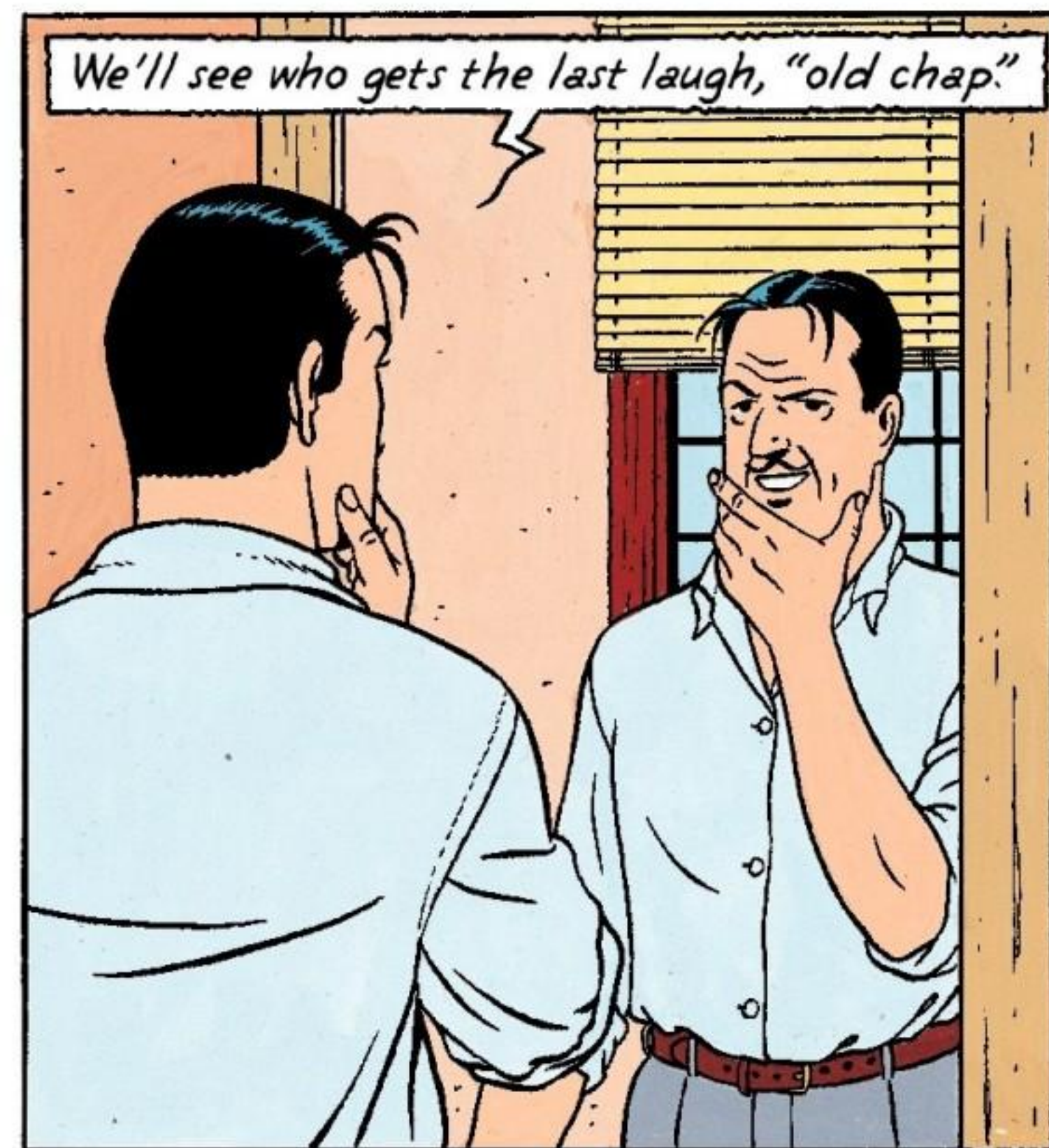
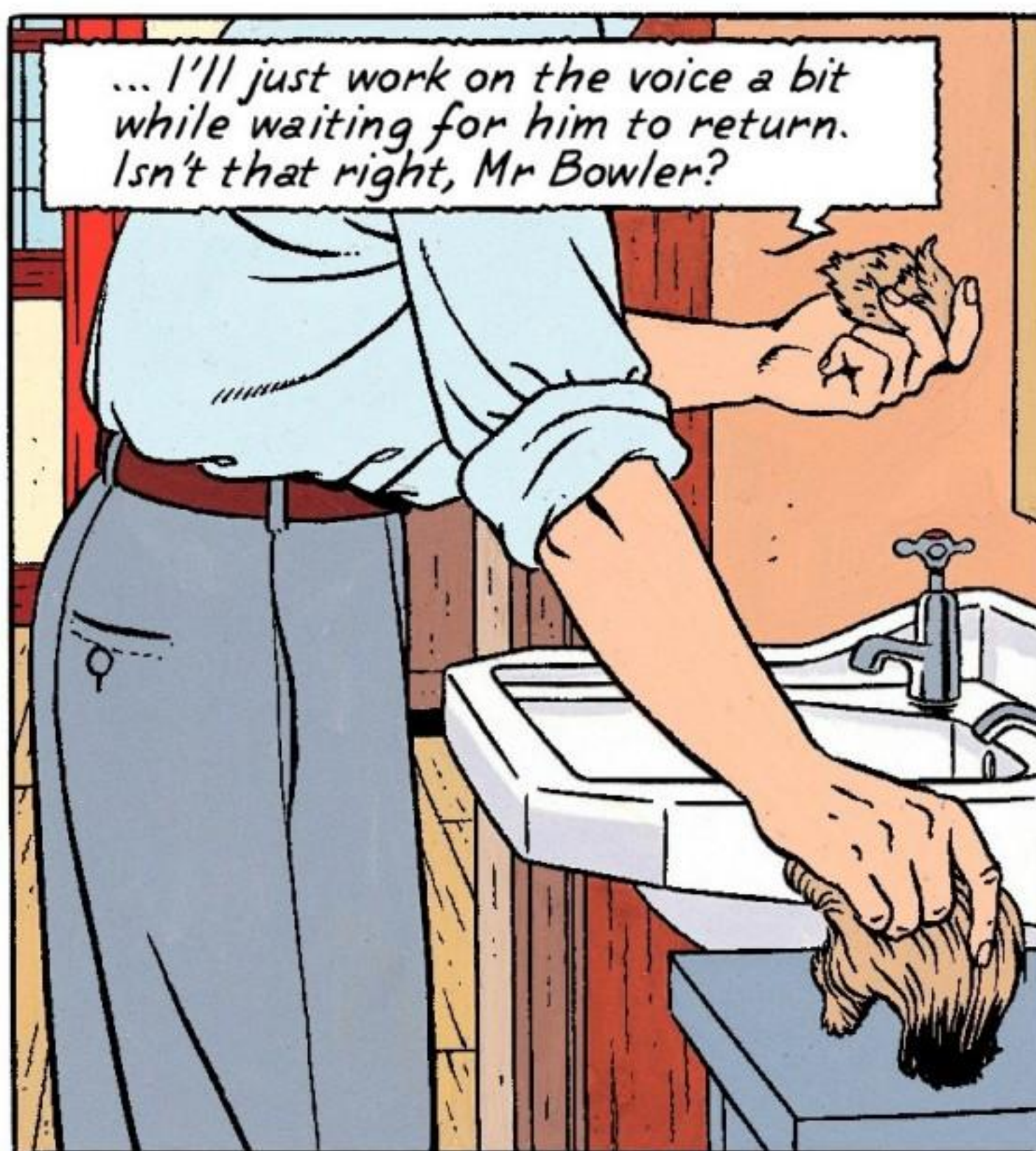
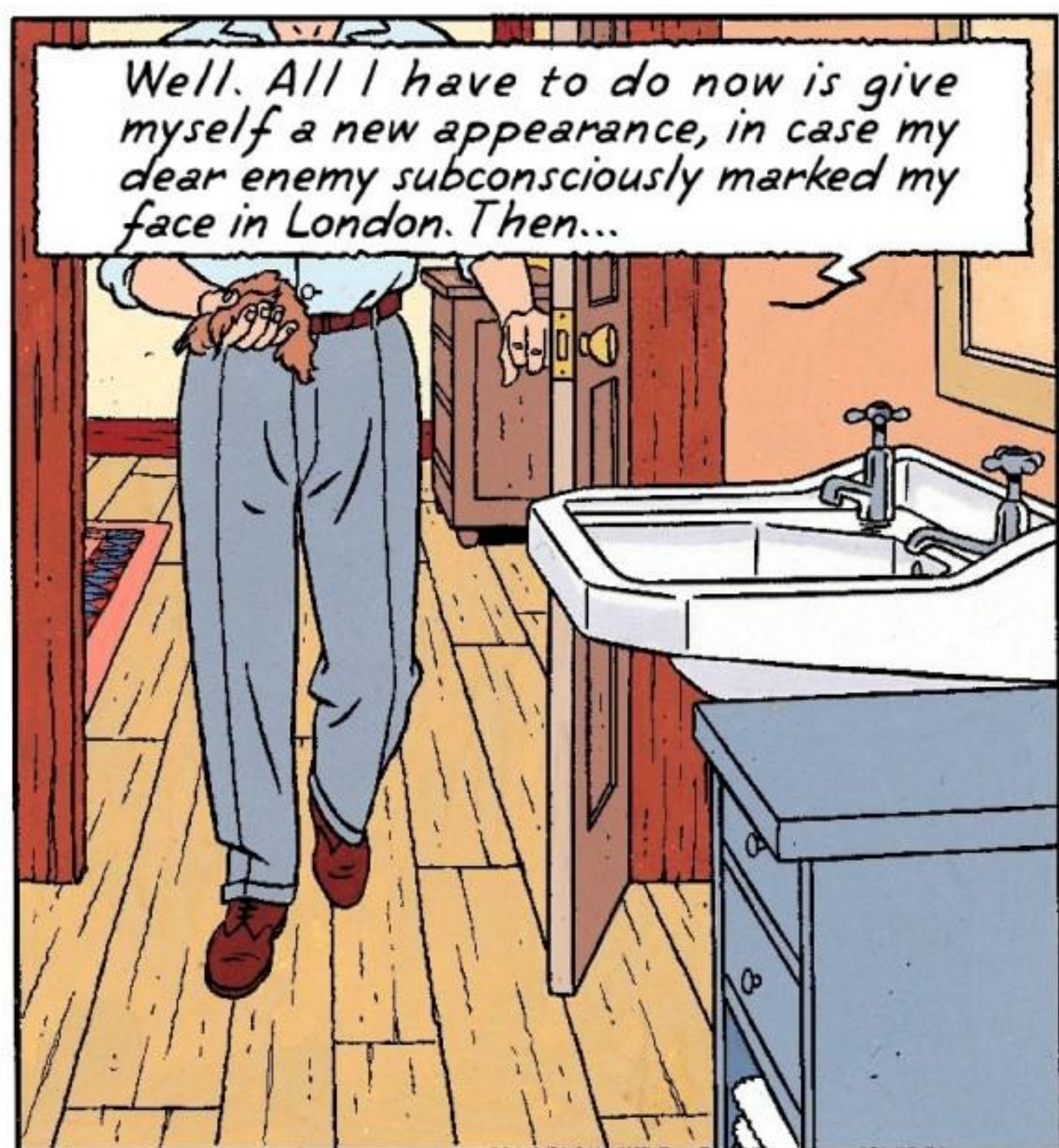
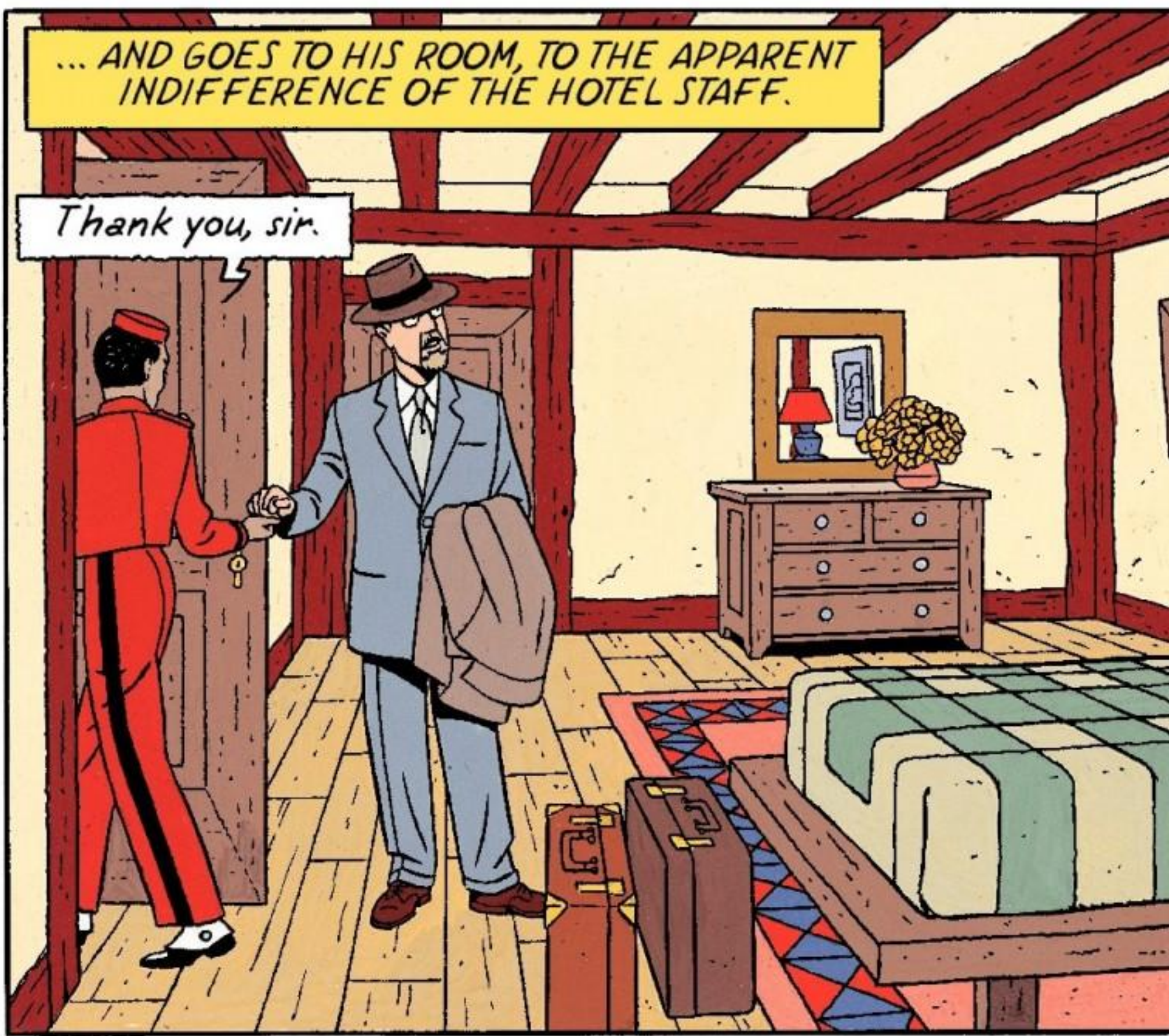


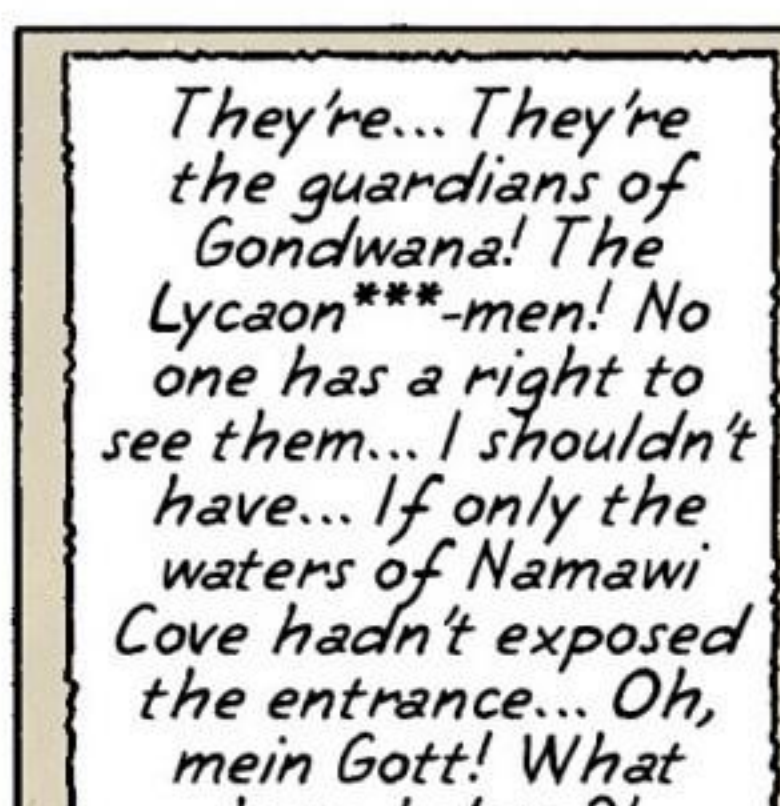
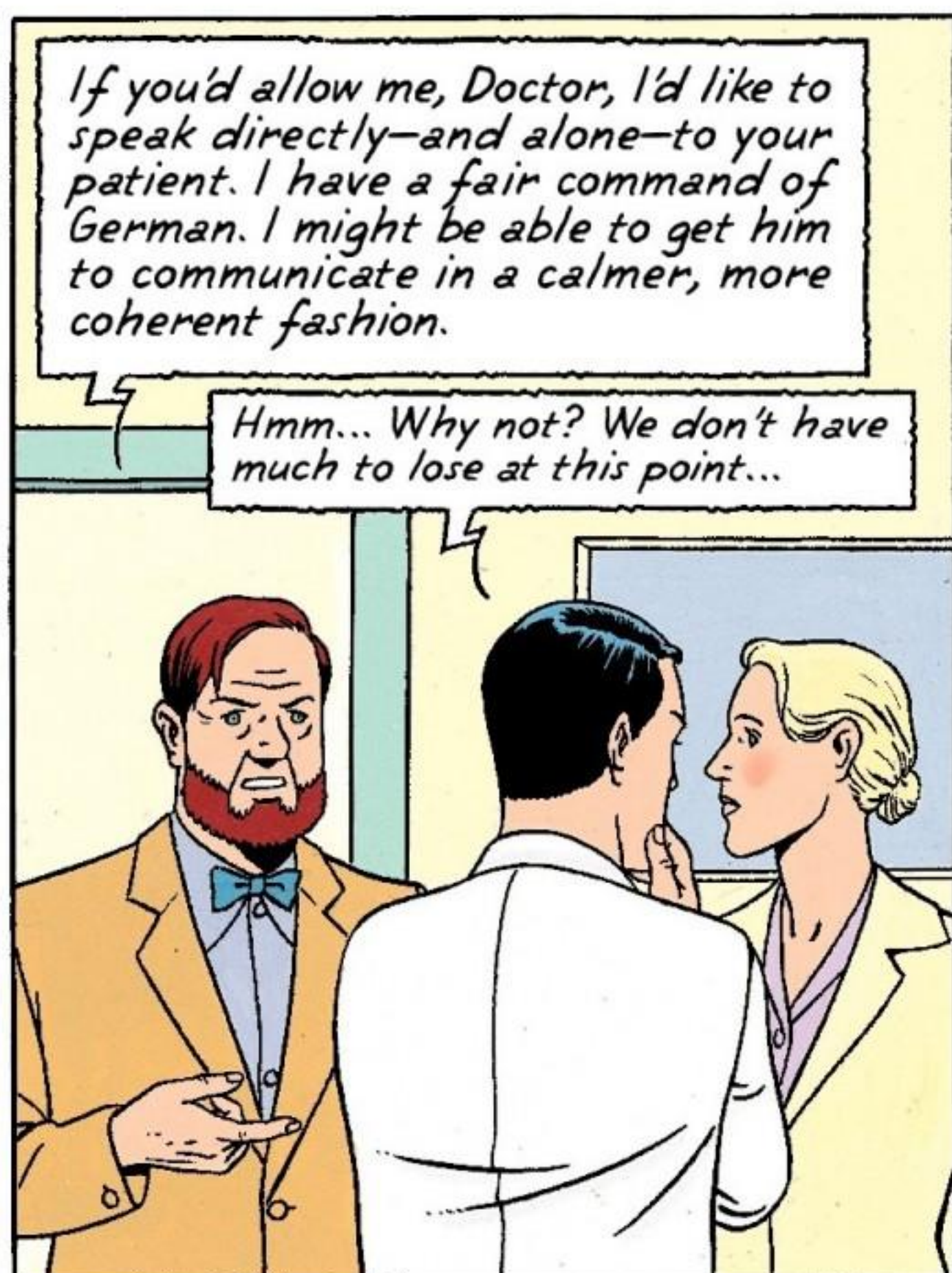
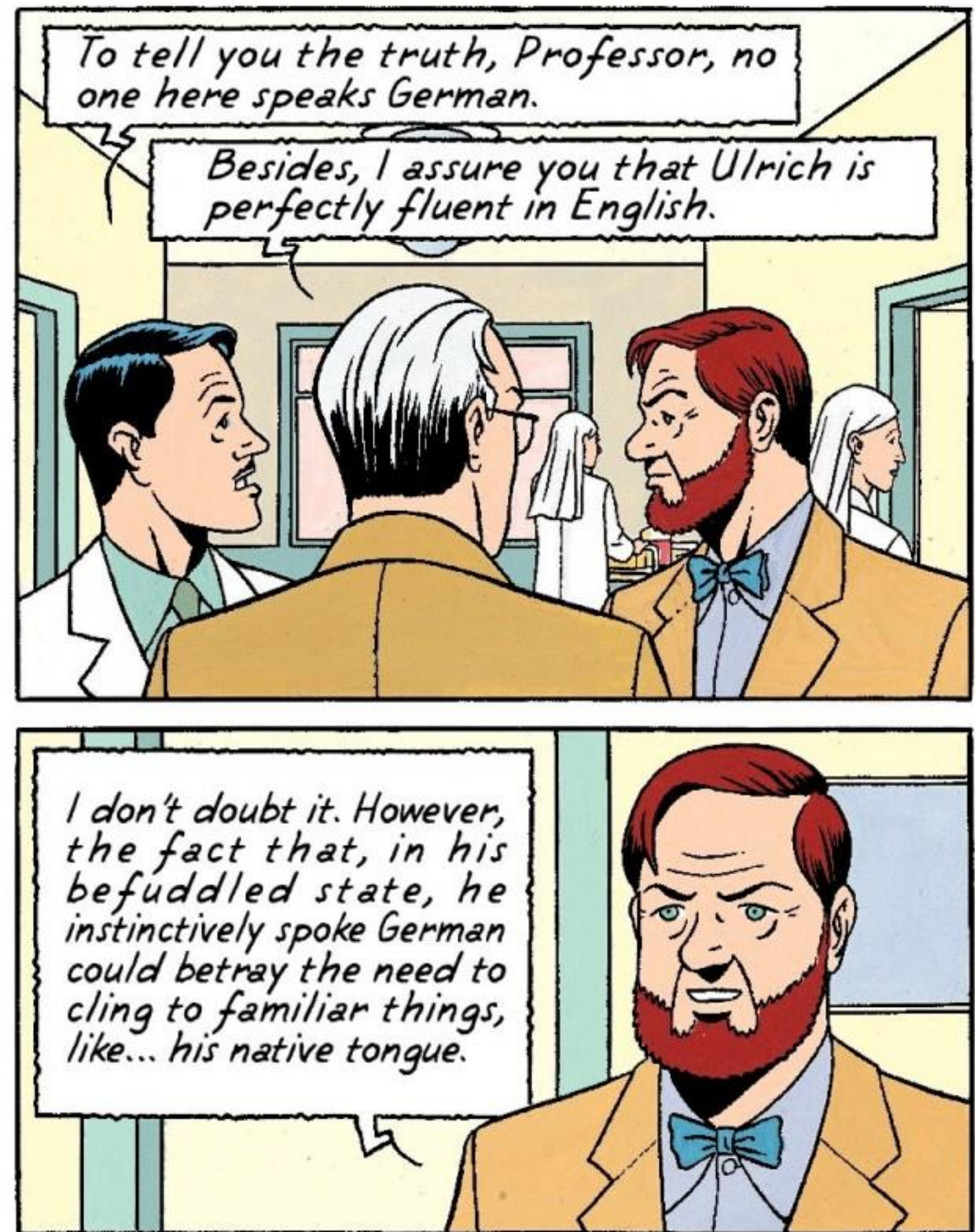
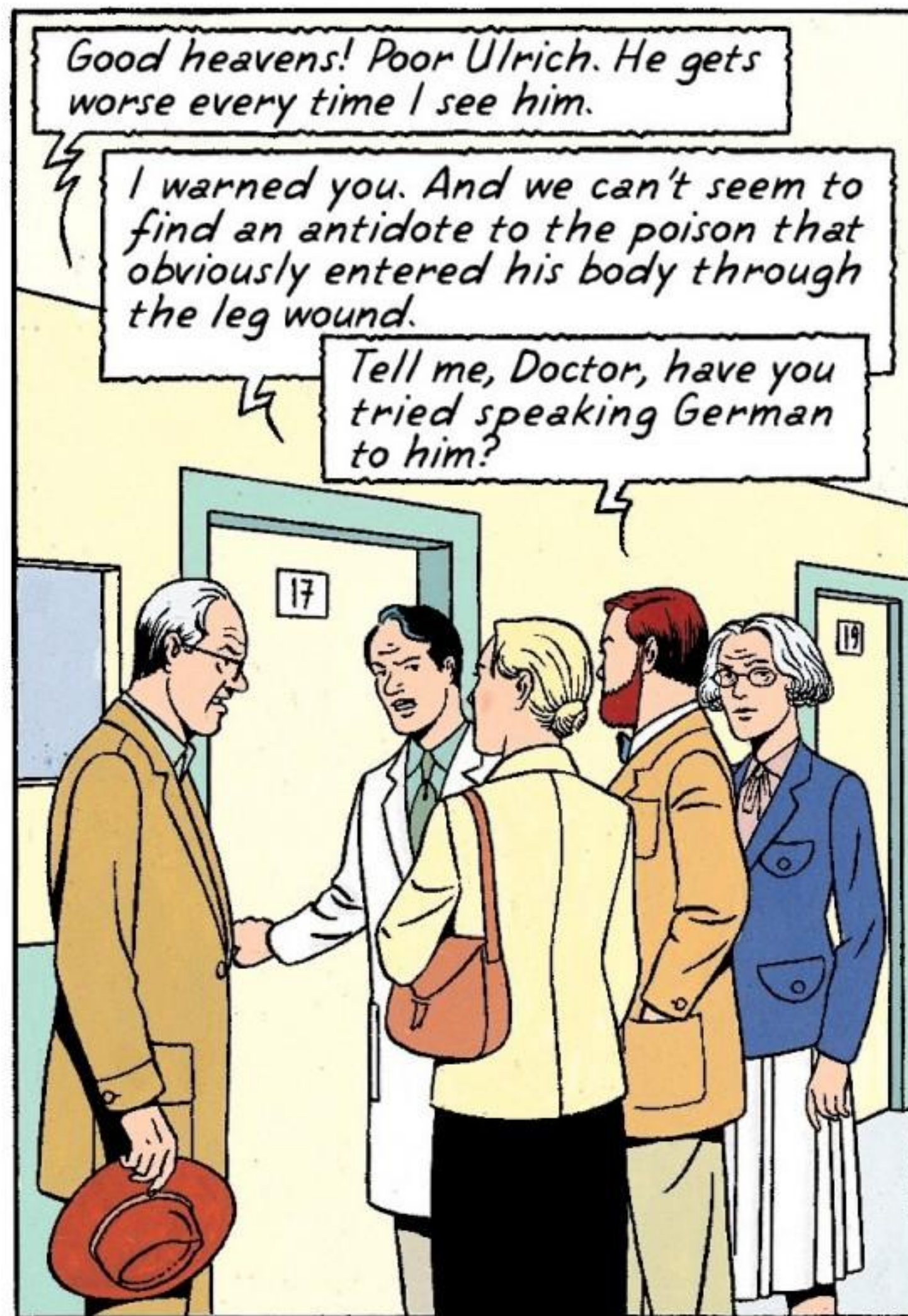
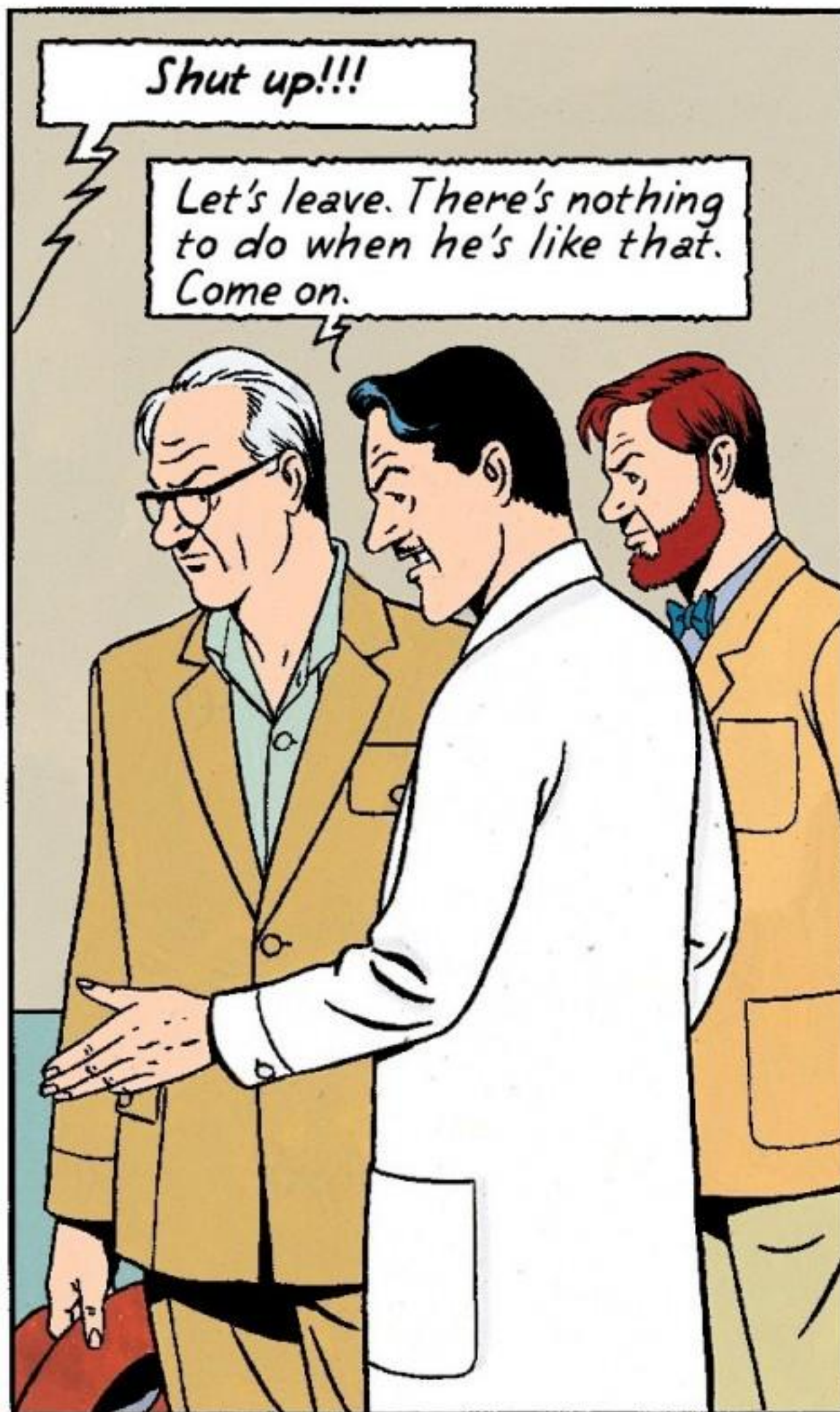
Think, my friends! We may be on the trail of the most ancient civilisation in the world. We may discover that there were men on Earth even before the dinosaurs!











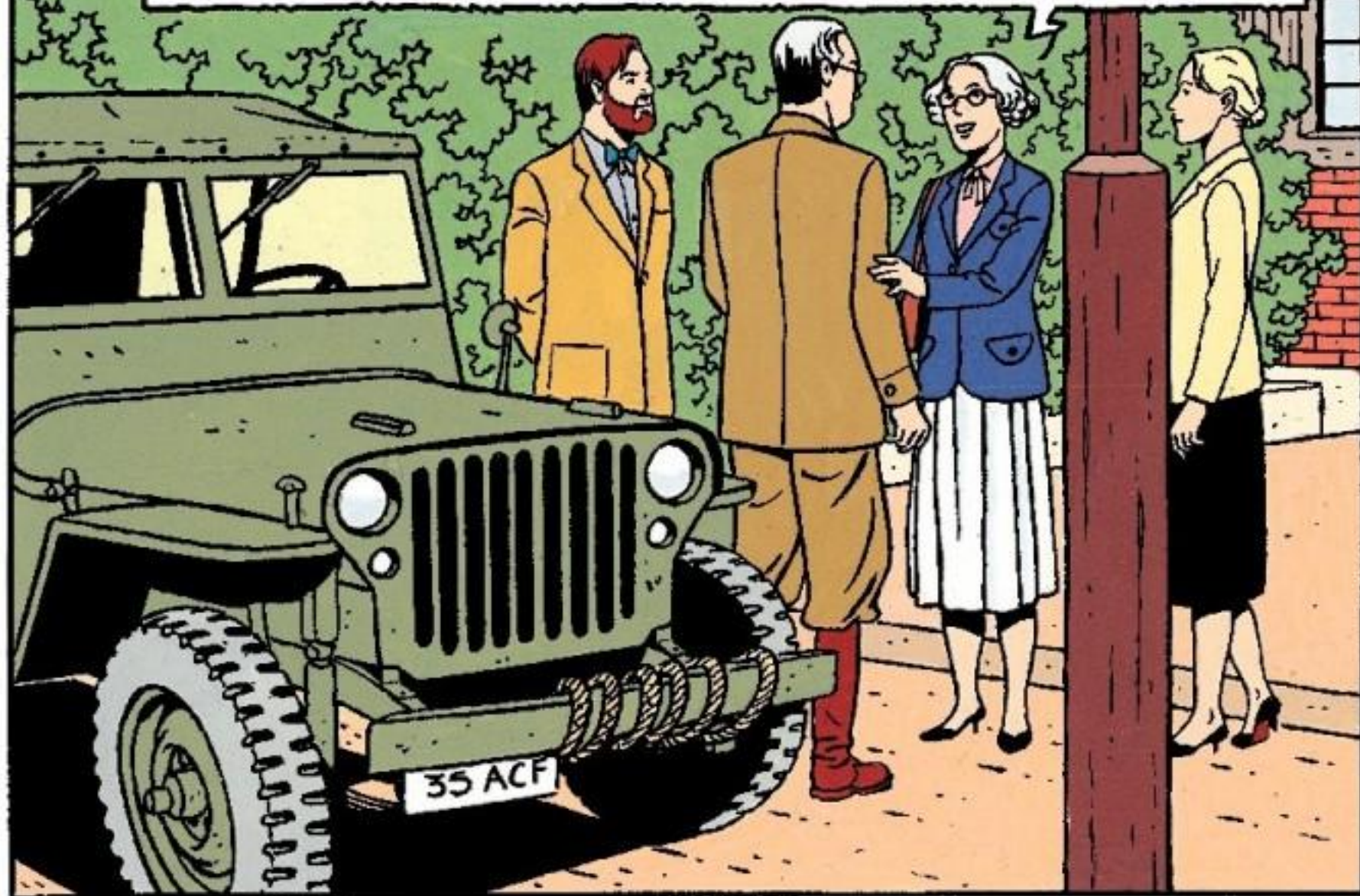
*HELLO, MR HEIDEGANG. MY NAME IS PHILIP MORTIMER. I'M YOUR FRIEND.
**YOU... YOU ARE MY... FRIEND? YOU SPEAK GERMAN?

***ALSO KNOWN AS "AFRICAN WILD DOG" OR "PAINTED DOG."

SOME 30 MINUTES LATER, LOUIS LEAKEY DROPS SARAH AND HER TWO TRAVELLING COMPANIONS OFF AT THEIR HOTEL.

I'm truly sorry I cannot join you, Sarah, but I have to get back to Mary in England. As promised, I booked you a guide. He's waiting for you in Arusha. His name is Bombo. You can trust him completely.

Thank you for everything, Louis. I'll keep you apprised of anything we might discover, of course. Give Mary my best.



I brought the Ngorongoro ring. Take it. You might have need of it. If poor Heidegang's mind ever recovers, you can give it back to him then...



... assuming he still wants it.



If you don't mind, I have one last question for you, Professor. Does the name Namawi mean anything to you?

Namawi? Of course. It's the name of a sort of small cove in Lake Ngorongoro. Bombo can take you there, if you want. But be careful. The cove is infested with very aggressive hippopotami.



AFTER SAYING GOODBYE TO THE FAMOUS PALAEOLOGIST, OUR FRIENDS RETURN TO THEIR HOTEL, WHERE THEY DECIDE TO REVIEW THEIR SITUATION OVER A CUP OF TEA.

My dear, may I suggest you slip this ring onto the chain you're wearing? It'll be safer there than inside my handbag.



So, Philip? Will you tell us where you heard the name Namawi?

Professor Heidegang said it. He also spoke of guardians, and of "lycaons." Then he began raving again.

Poor man. He seems to be in the grip of a terrible fear.



Professor Heidegang also said that he wouldn't be free of the demons that torment him unless we return the stolen ring to these guardians of Gondwana.

Gondwana?! He mentioned that primordial supercontinent?

It seems we're on the right track, then. How lucky we were to find that flight to Arusha!

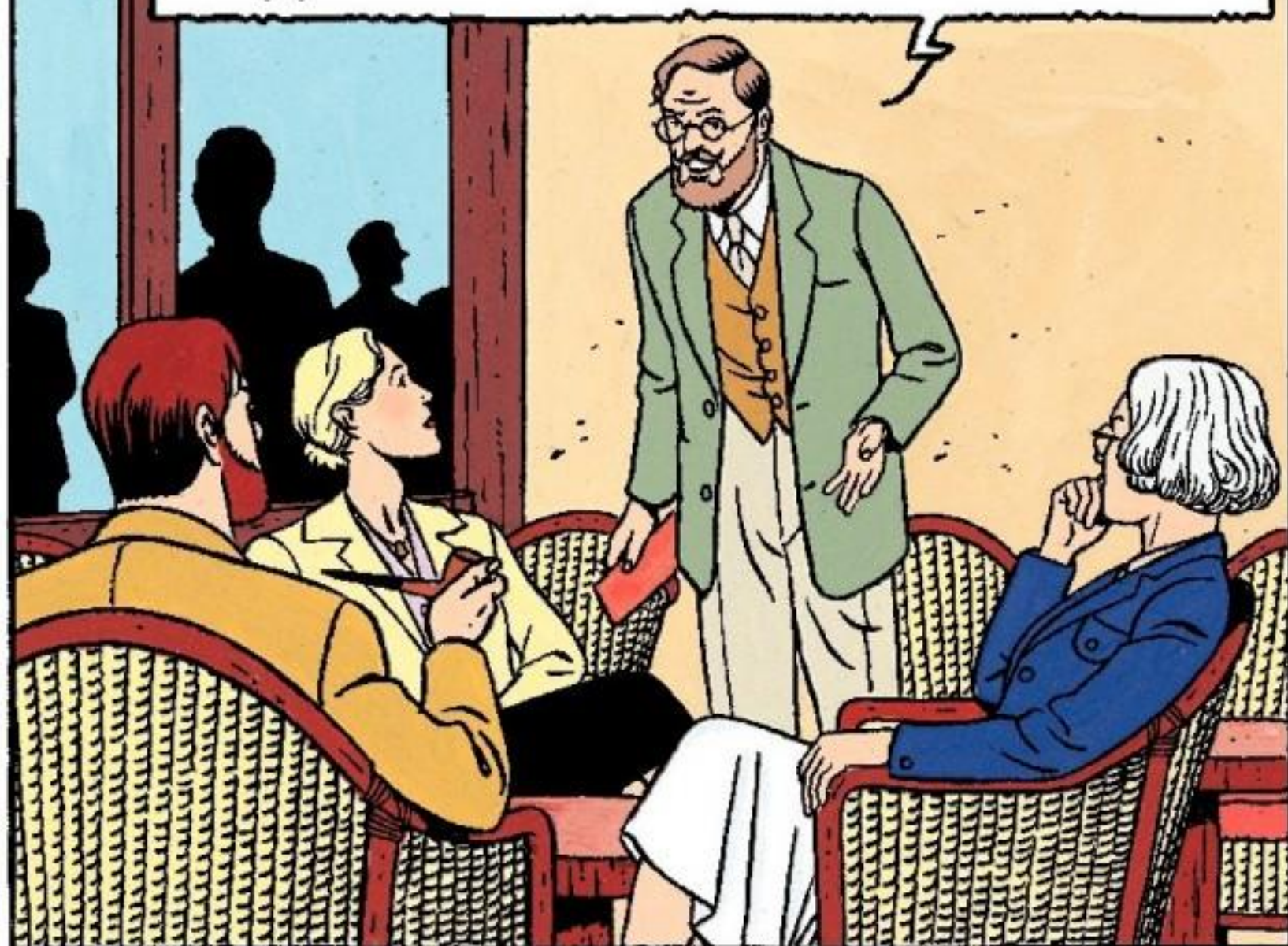


Arusha?! Did you say something about a flight to Arusha?



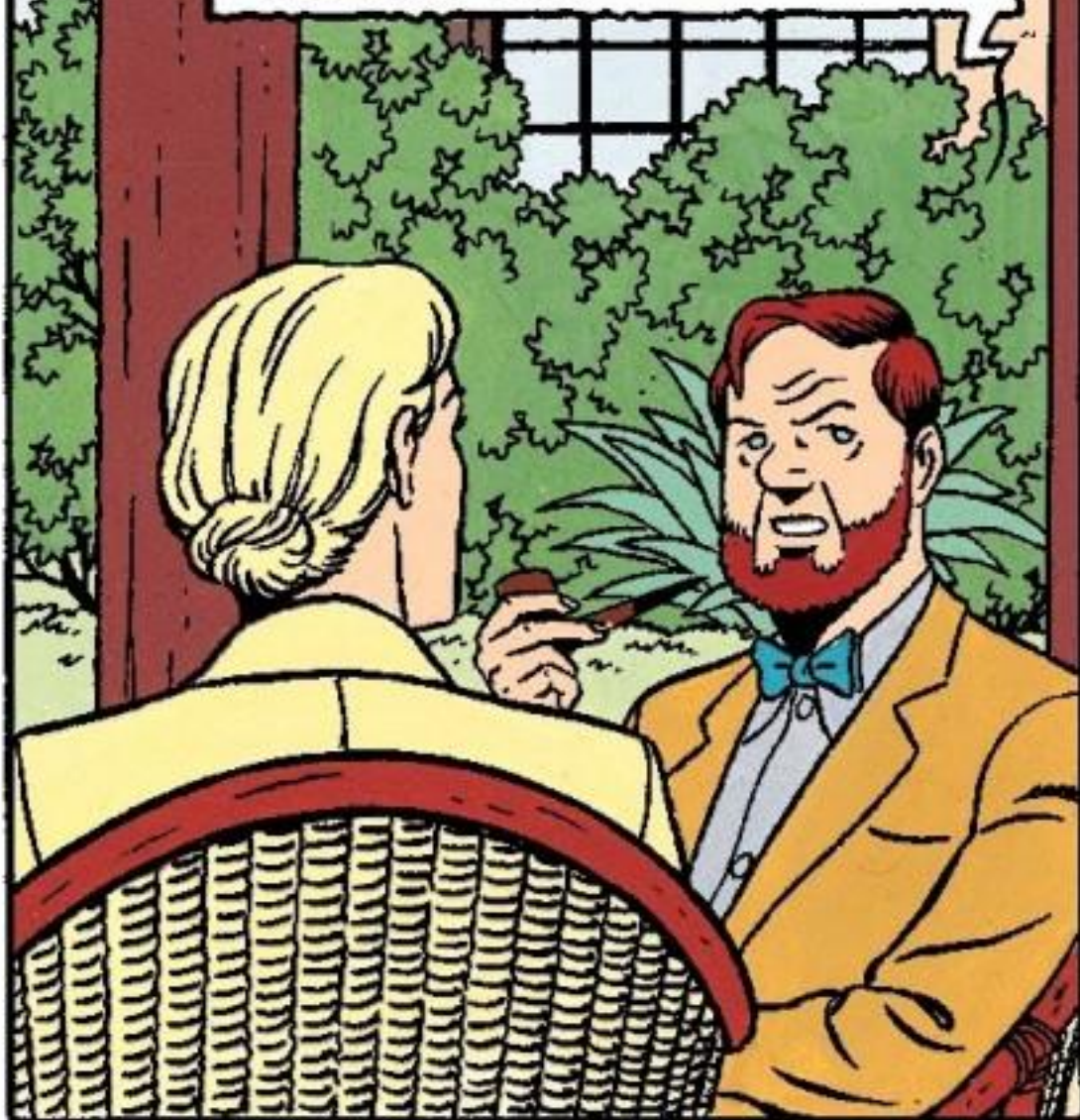
Indeed. But may I ask what business it is of yours, Mister... Mister?...

My apologies, ladies, sir. My name is Matthew Bowler. I just arrived in Nairobi and I must go urgently to Arusha, where my brother is very ill. Unfortunately, there are no regular flights, and I don't know what to do. I so desire to see my brother again before... before the worst happens...



Don't worry anymore, Mr Bowler. There are three seats open in our plane, and we leave in two hours. You're welcome to come with us—isn't he, Professor?

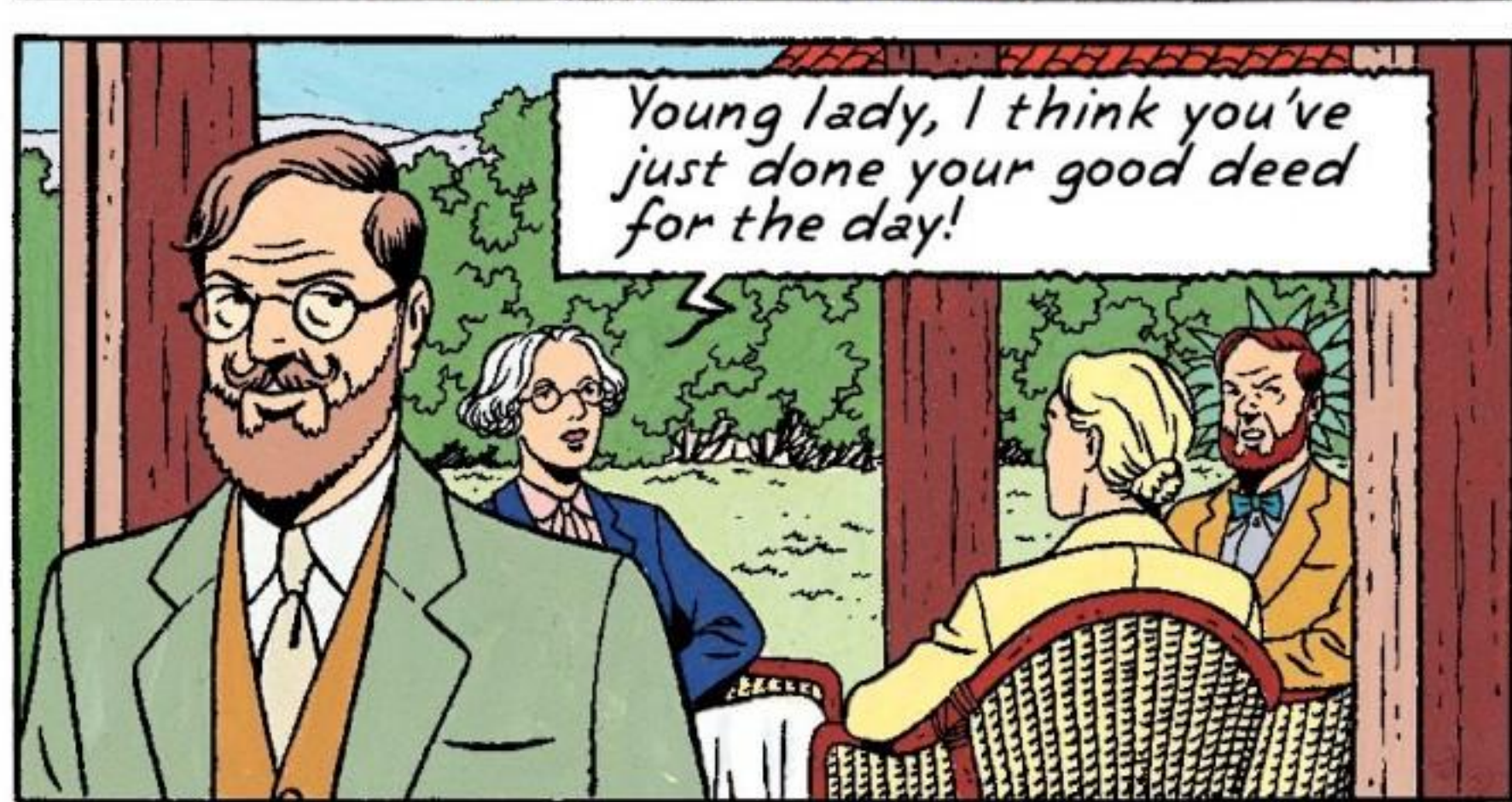
Of course... Of course. We must help a fellow Briton. It's the least we can do.

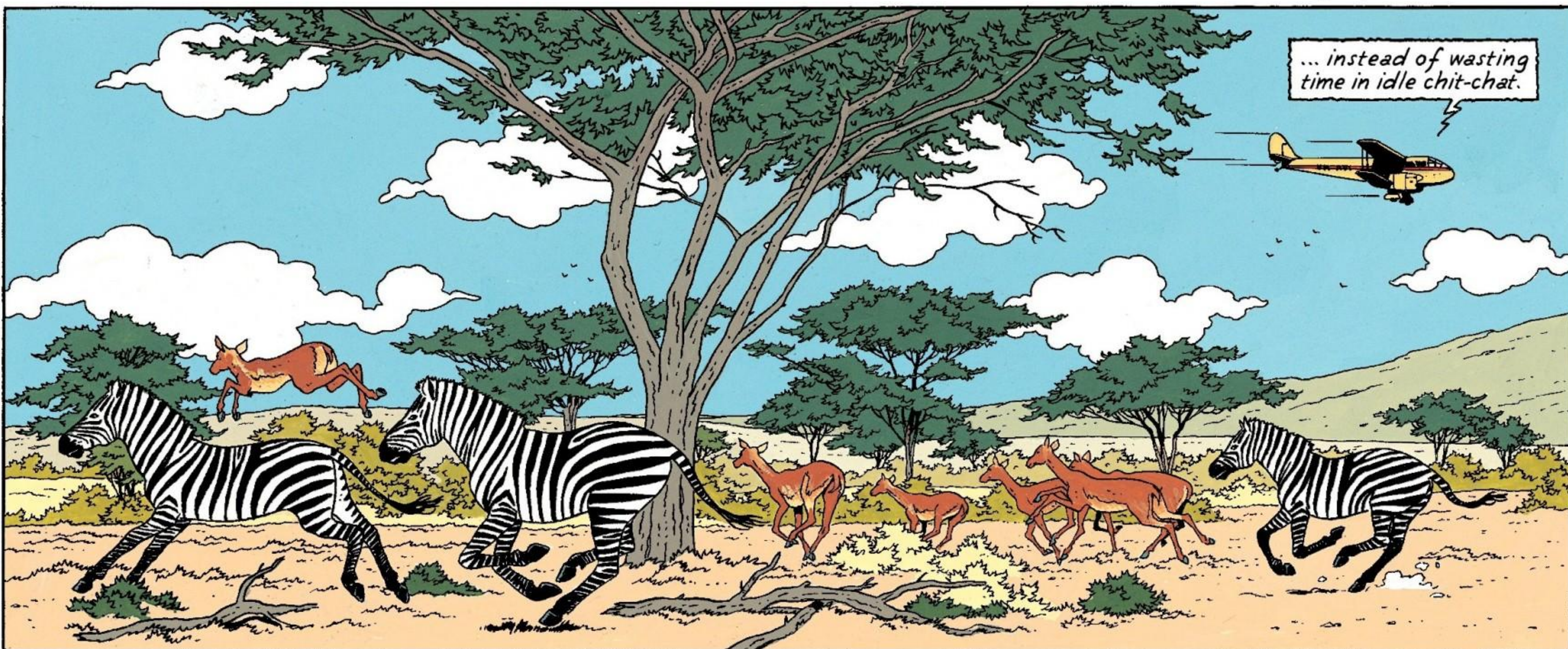
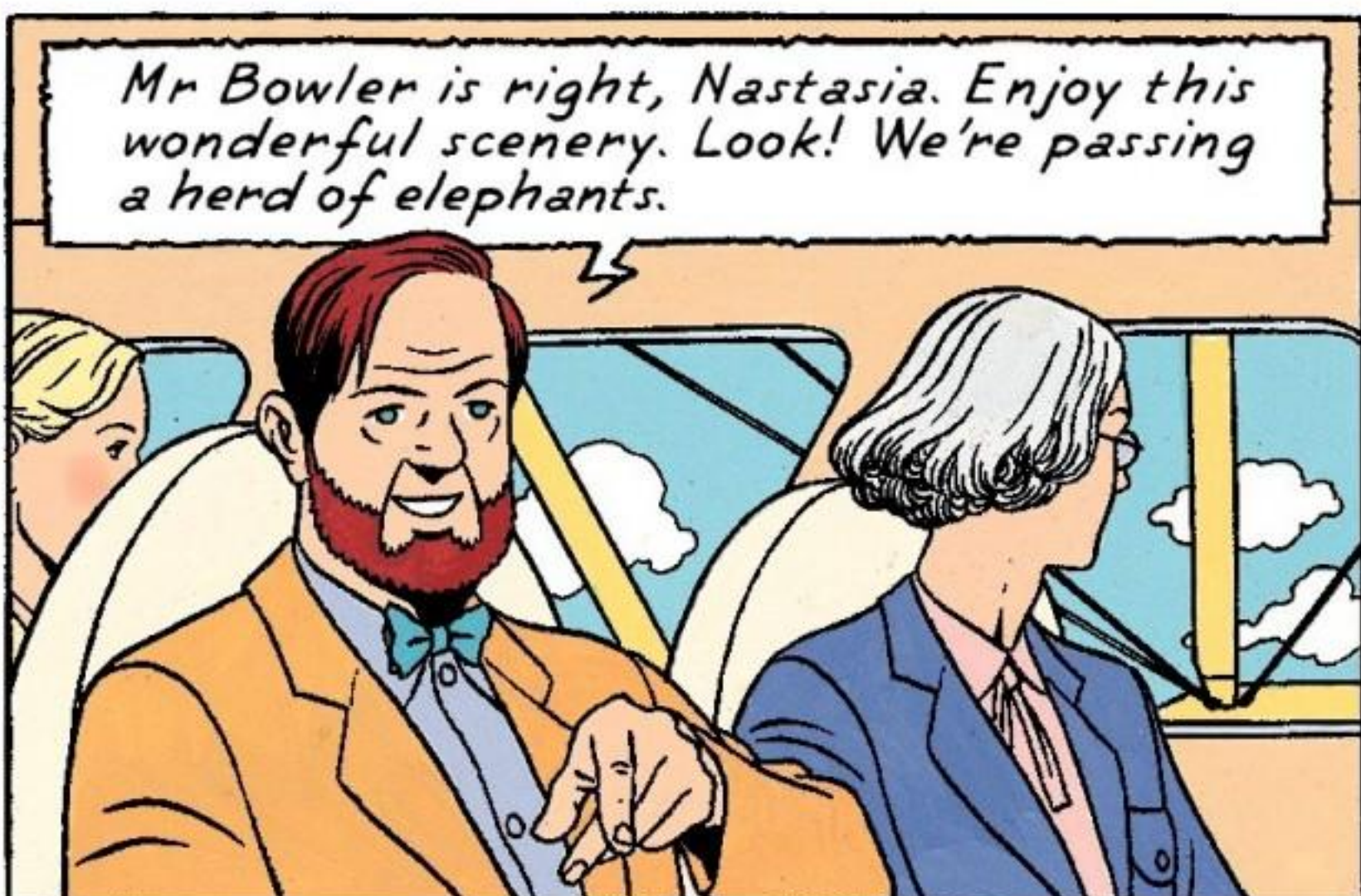
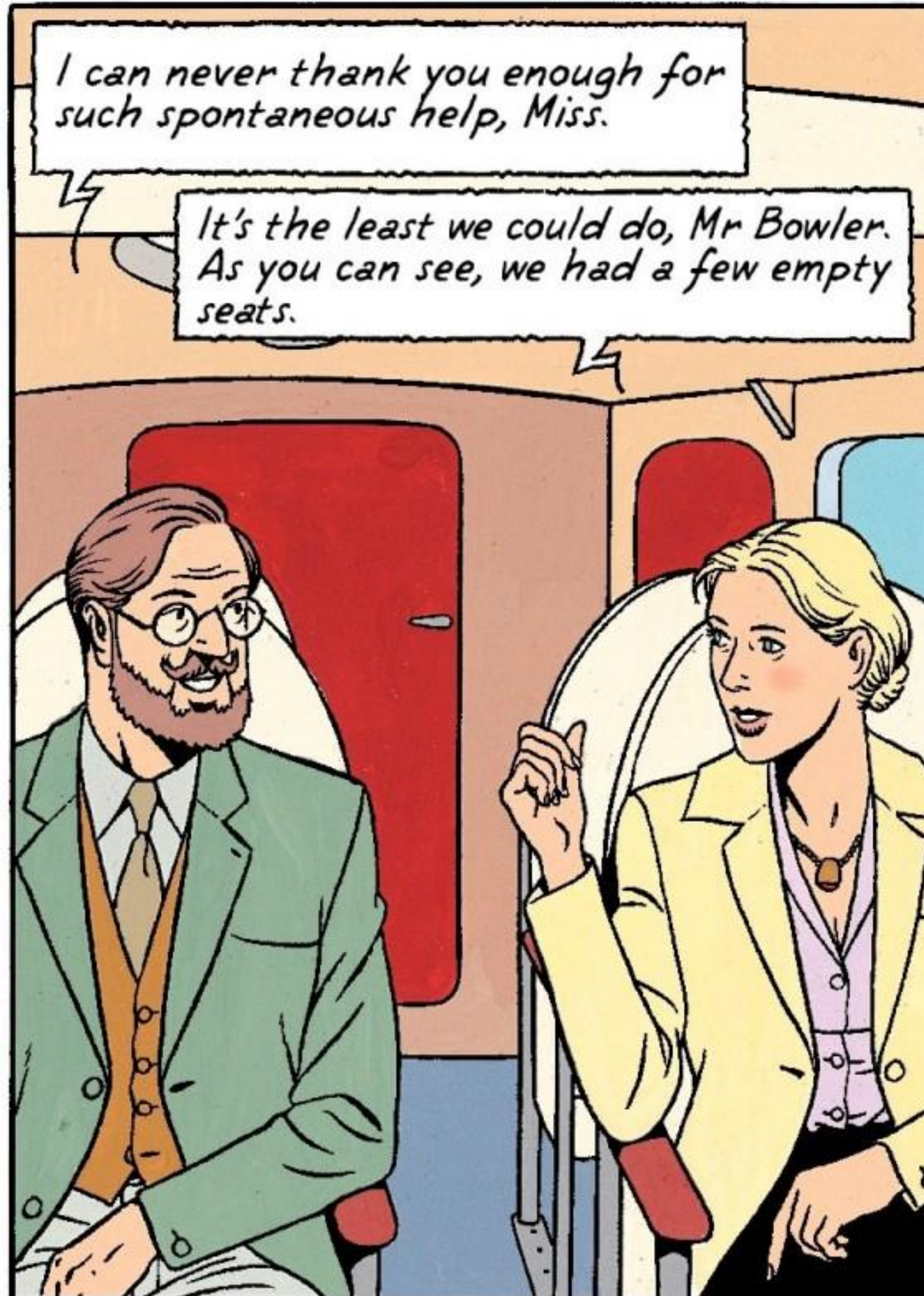
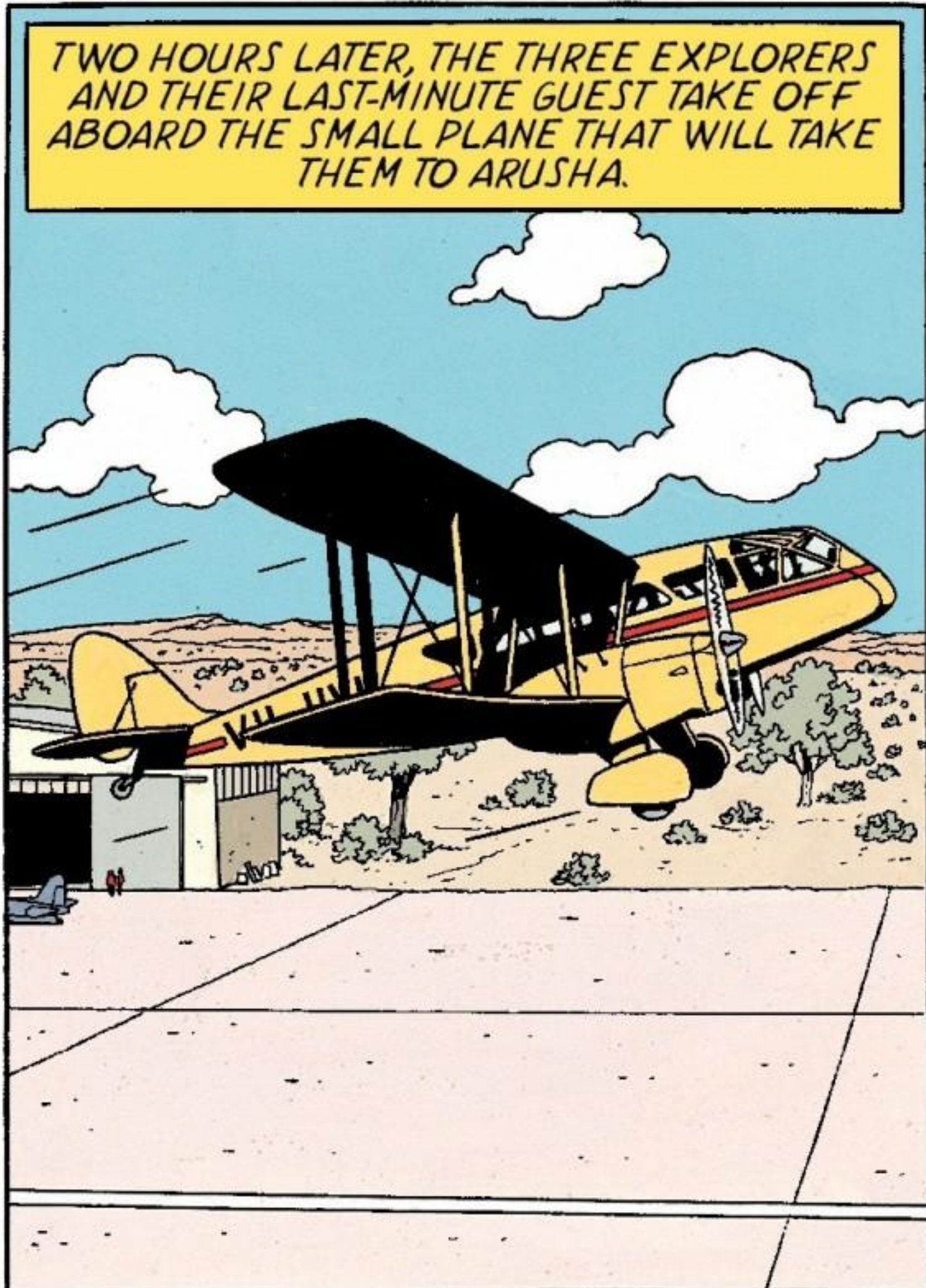


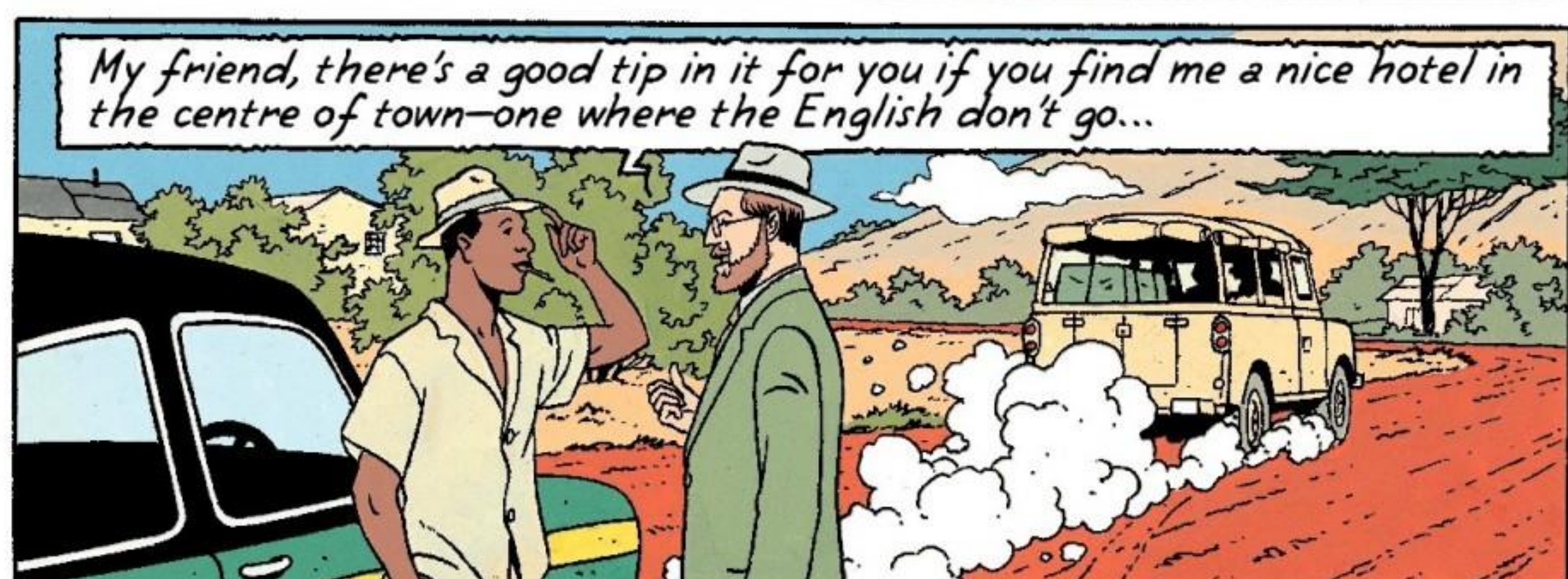
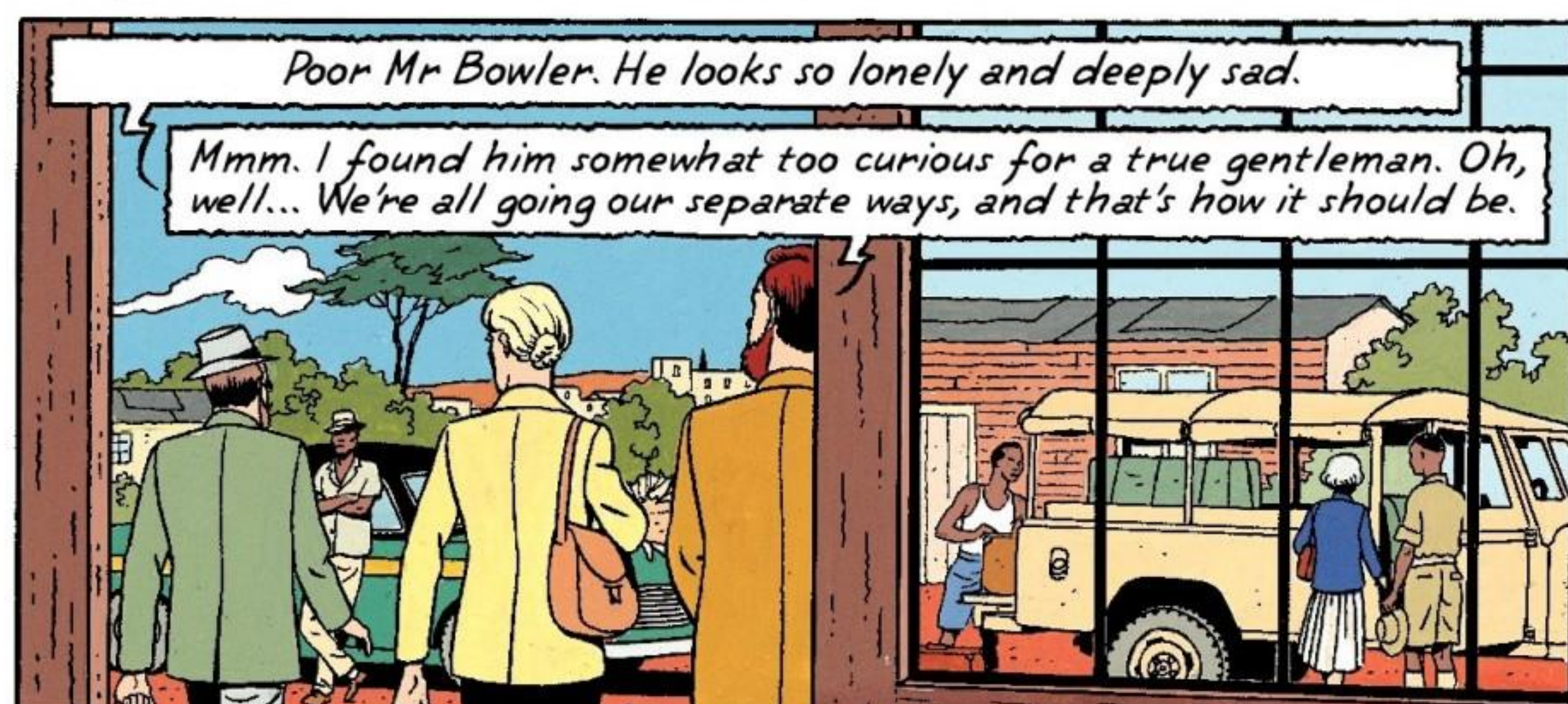
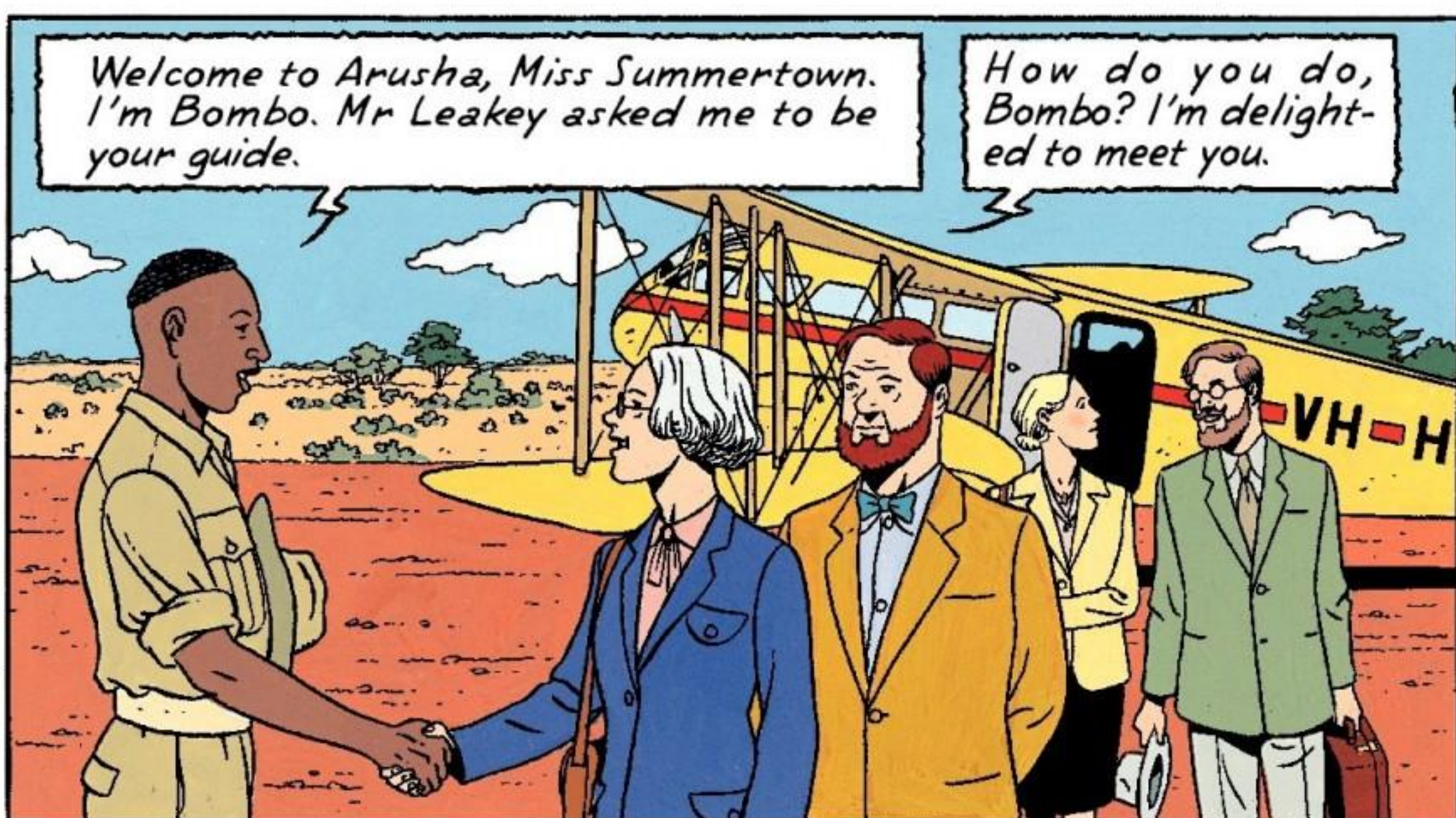
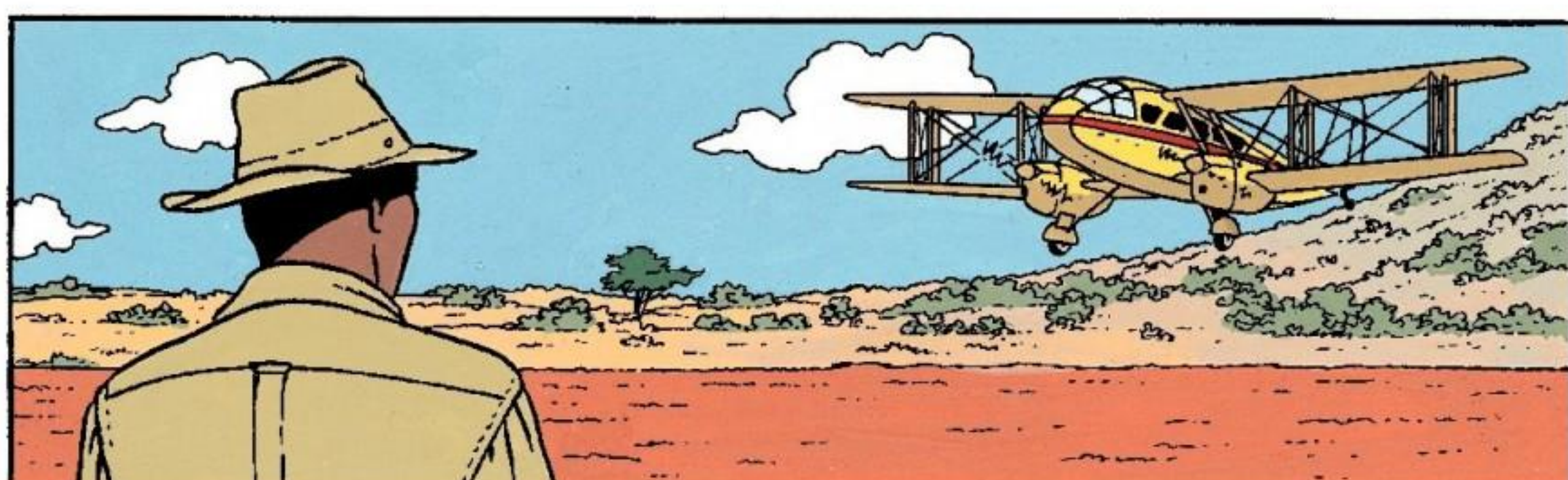
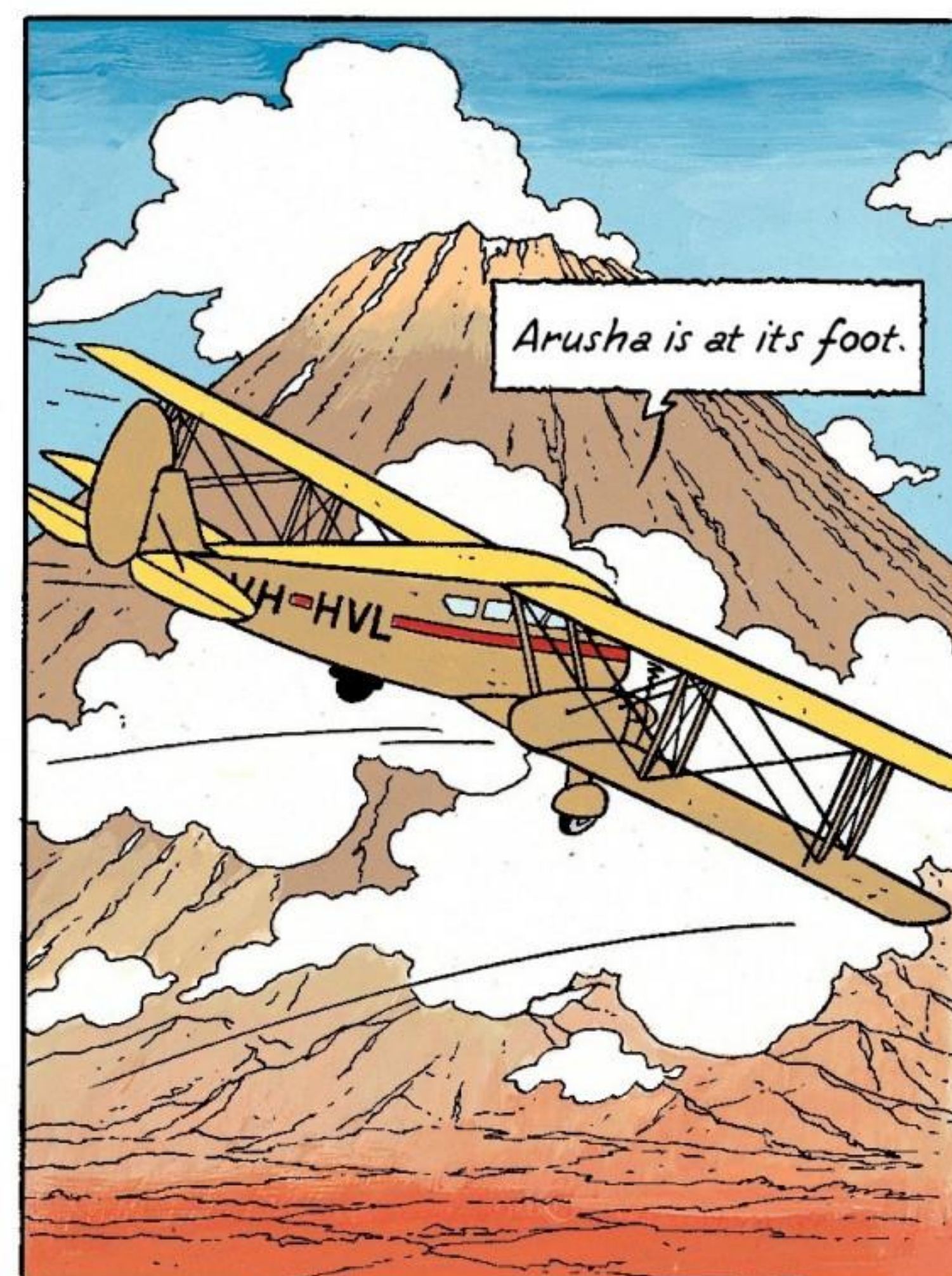
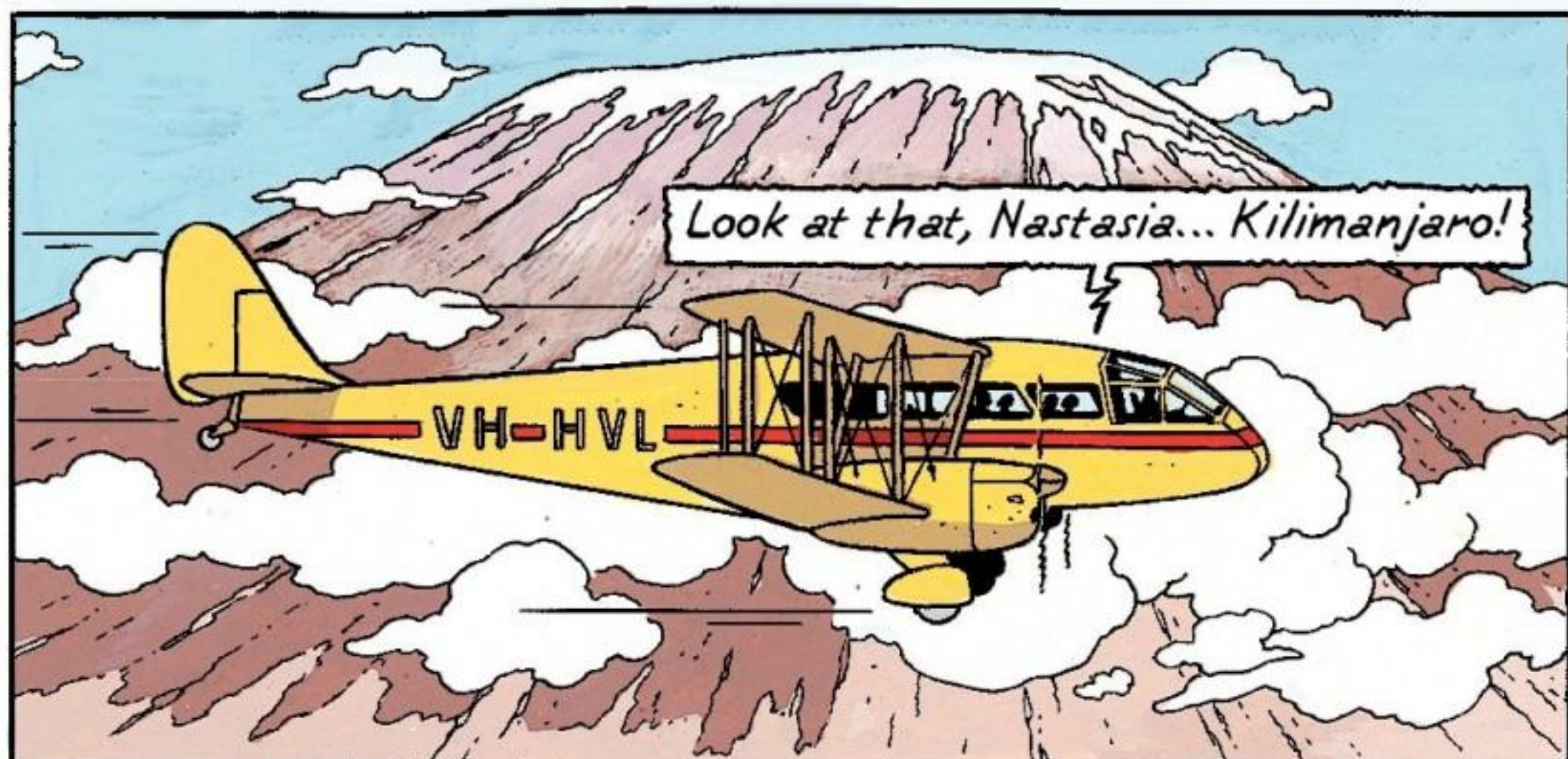
Oh, thank you, sir. Thank you so much. I... I'll go pack presently.

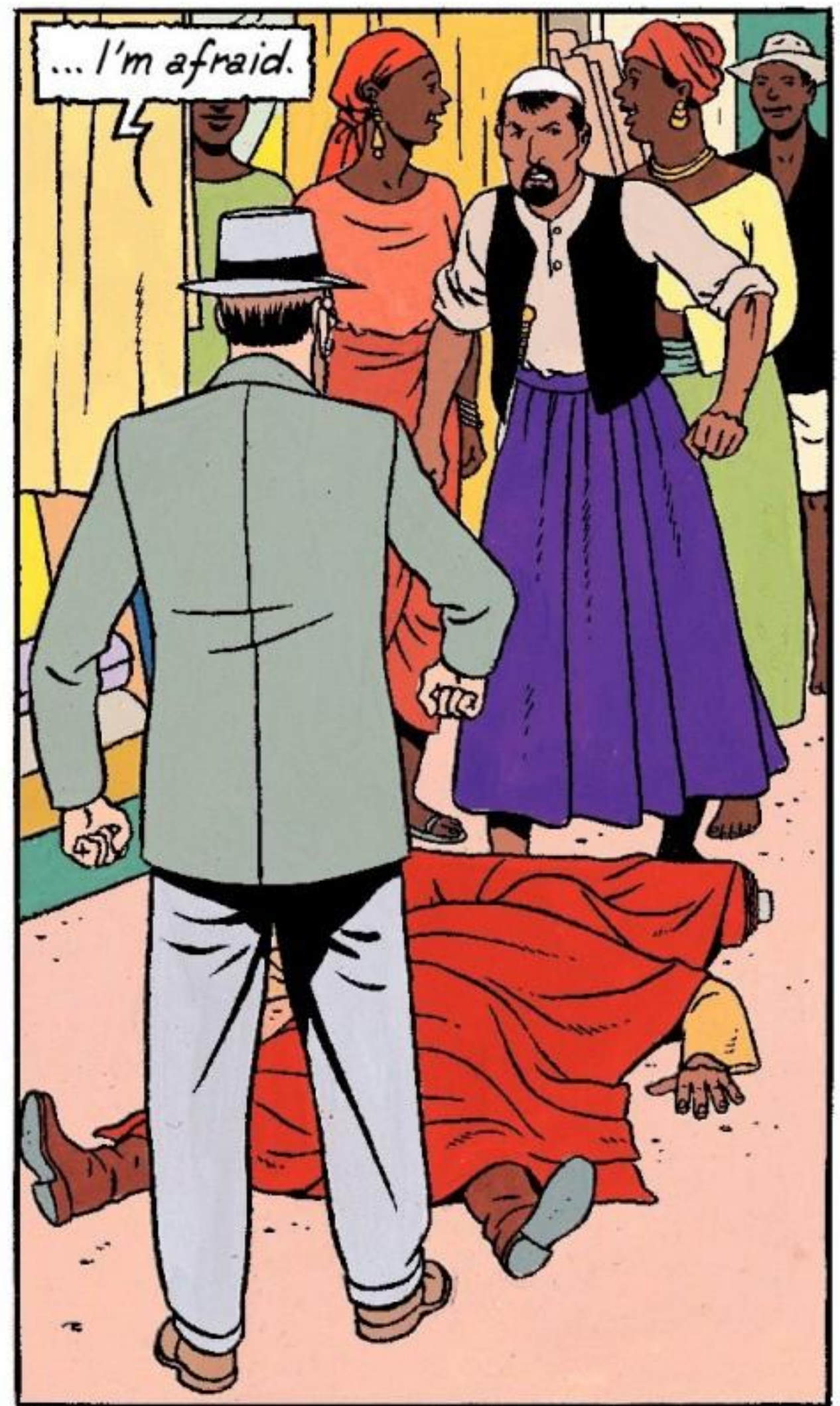
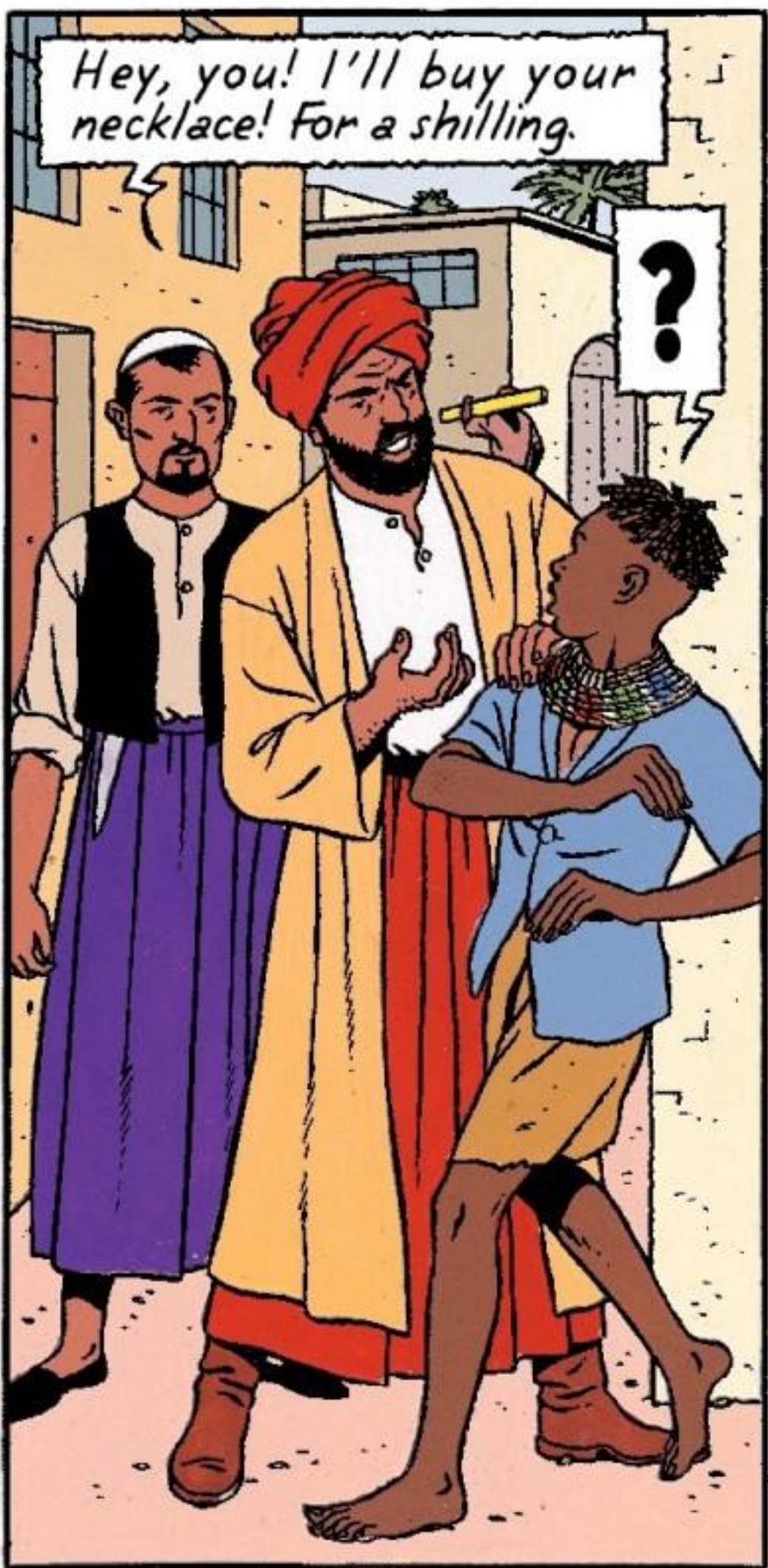
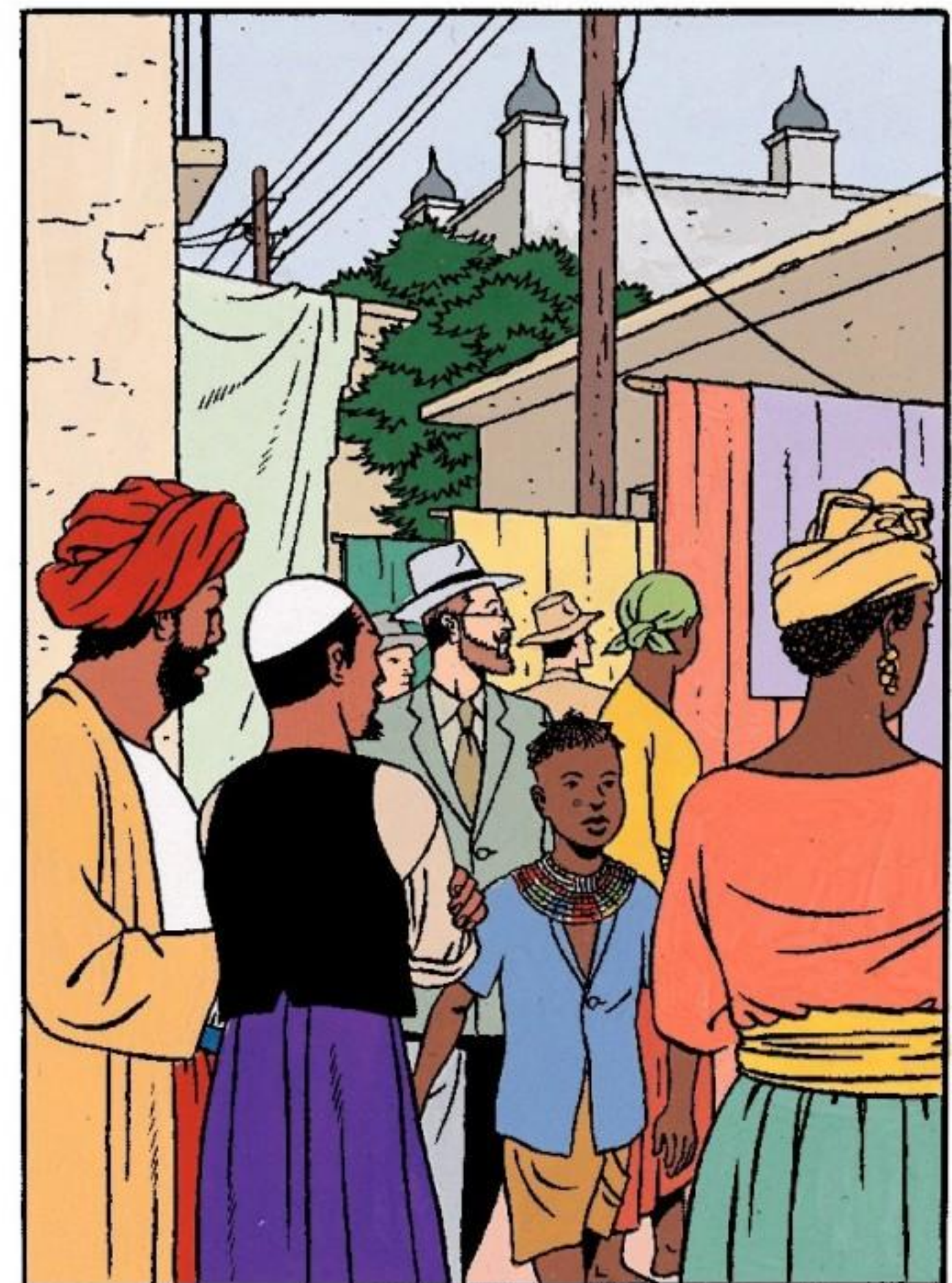


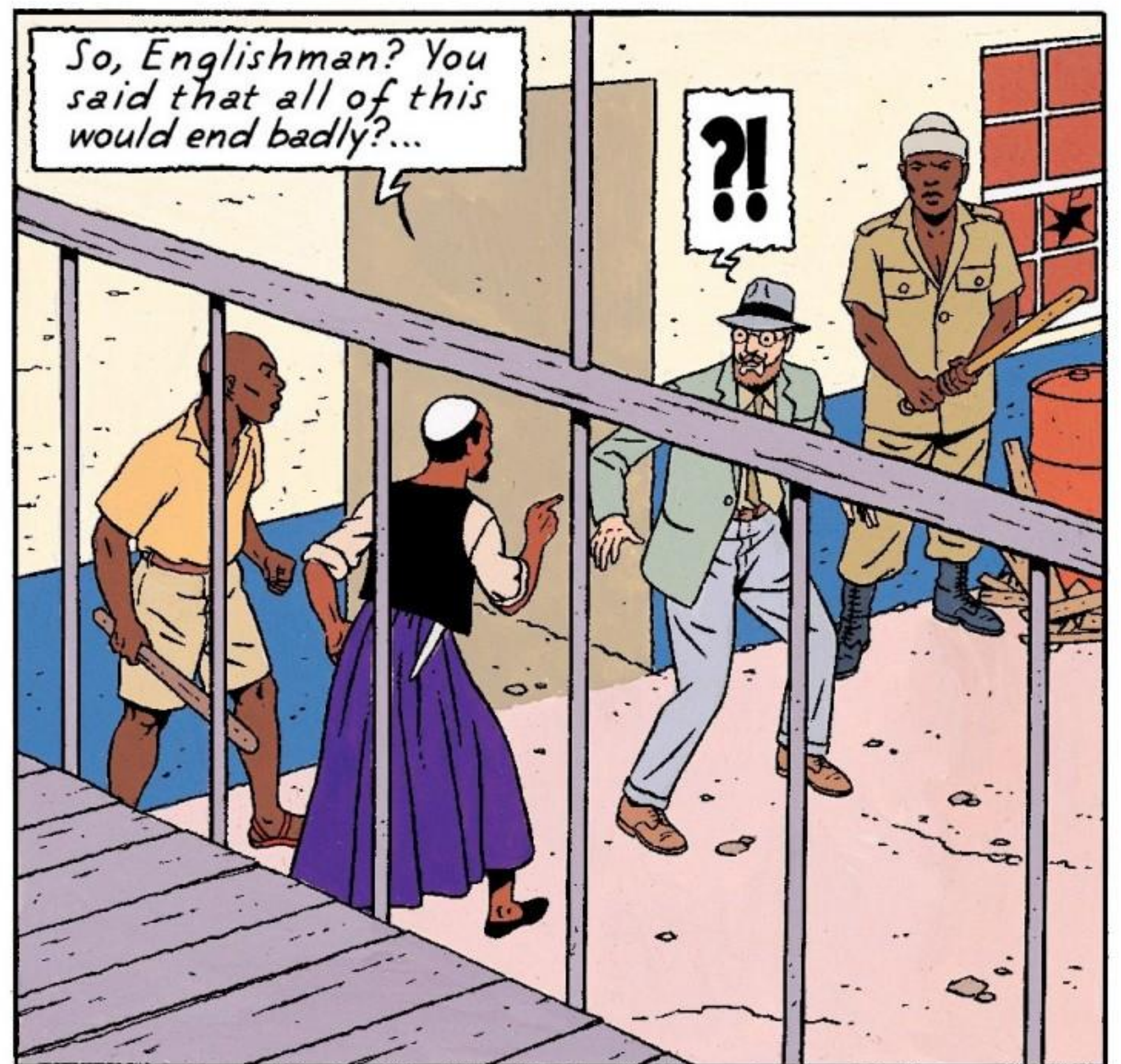
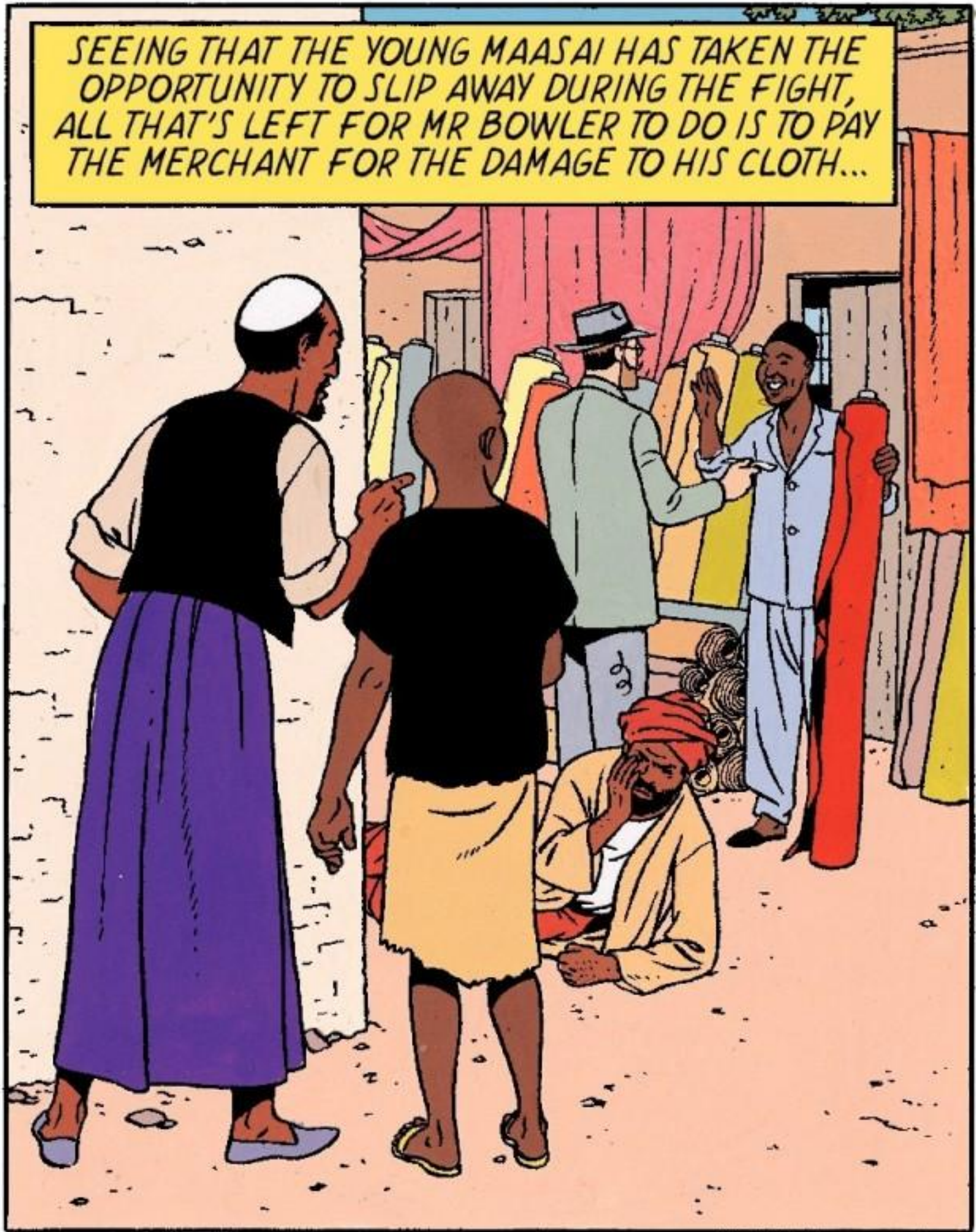
Young lady, I think you've just done your good deed for the day!













Yes... I was right.
It really is you...

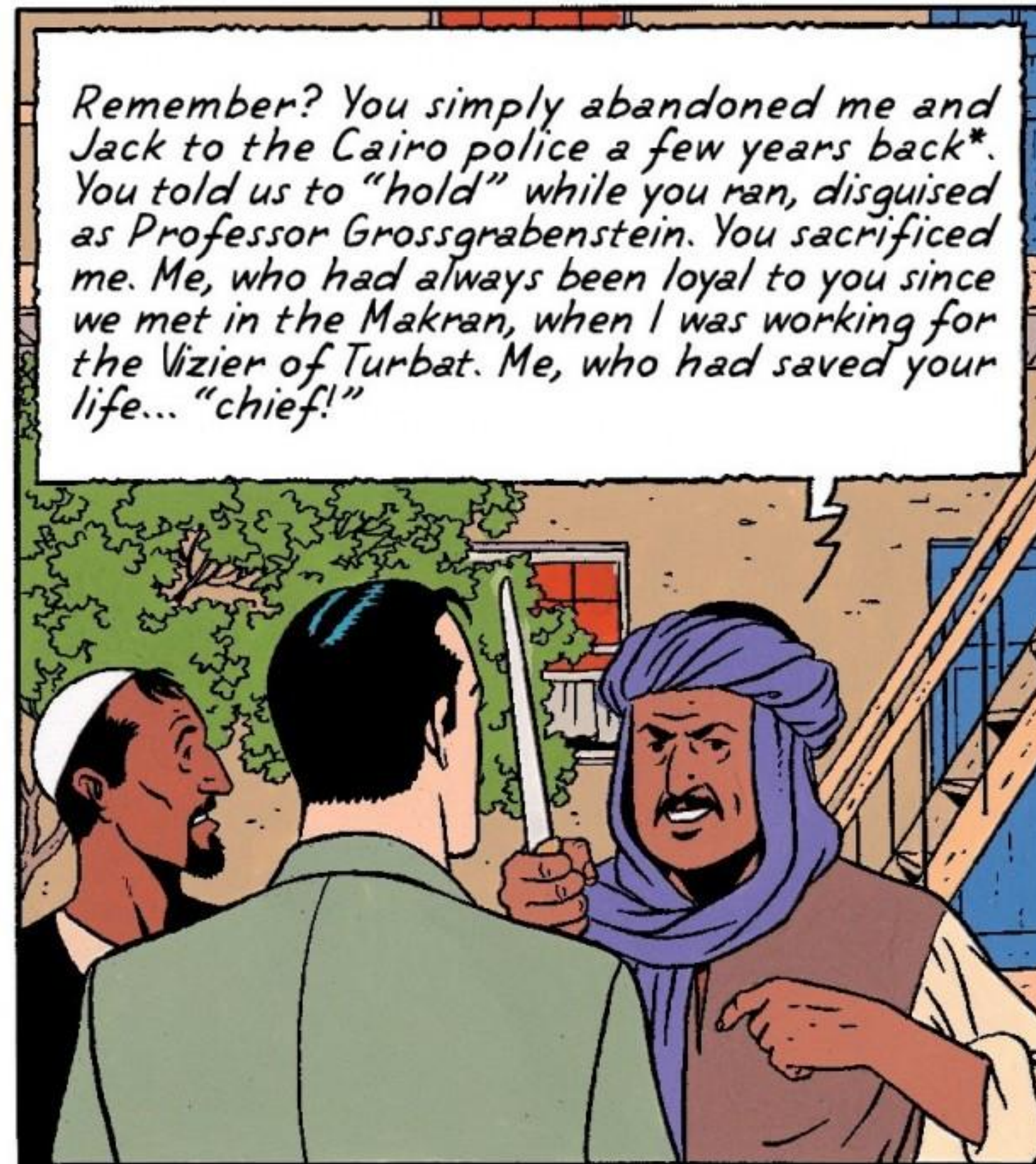


... Colonel Olrik! What a lovely surprise!



What... Who are you? What do you want with me?

What's this?! You don't recognise me? I'm really hurt. Please, Colonel, tell me it's the African sun that's blinding you!



Remember? You simply abandoned me and Jack to the Cairo police a few years back*. You told us to "hold" while you ran, disguised as Professor Grossgrabenstein. You sacrificed me. Me, who had always been loyal to you since we met in the Makran, when I was working for the Vizier of Turbat. Me, who had saved your life... "chief!"



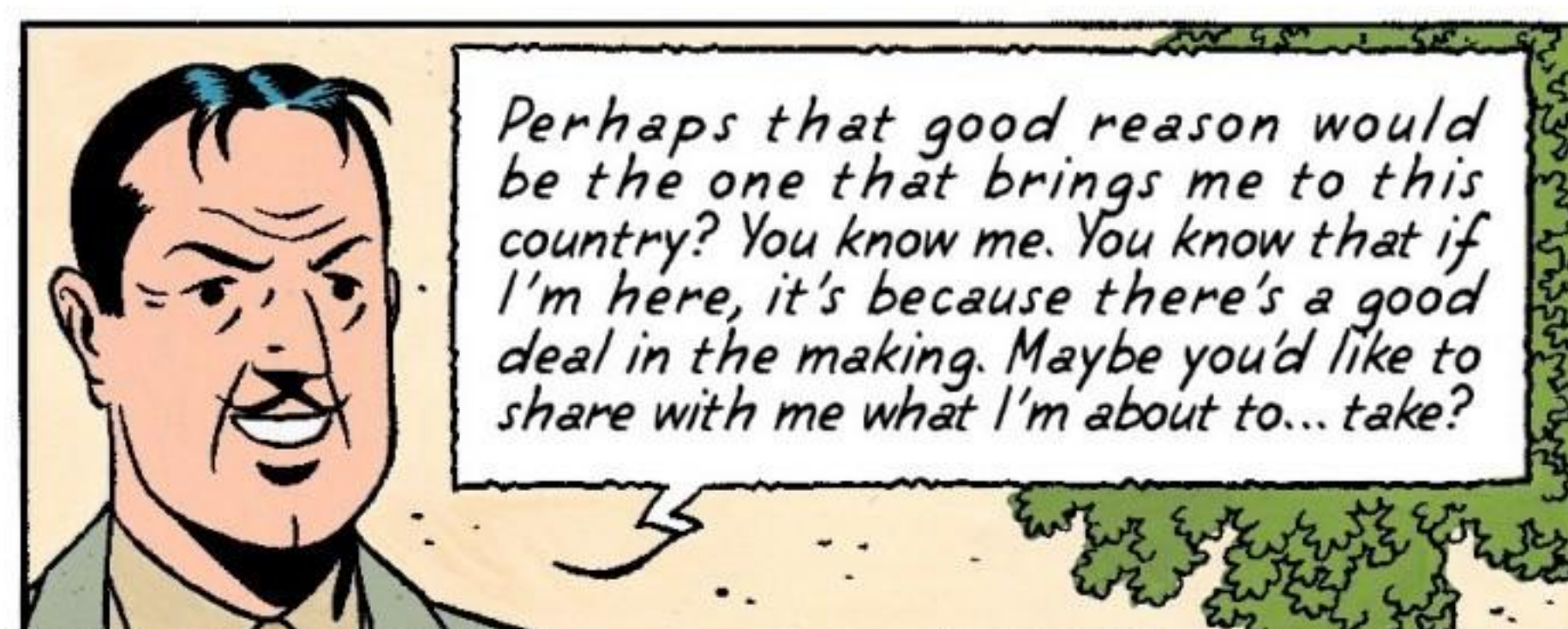
The... The devil. Are you...?

The Bezendjas himself, Colonel, indeed! You seem to be containing your joy quite well at seeing me again. You're not lording it over me anymore. Please don't disappoint me—don't tell me it's because of... fear?

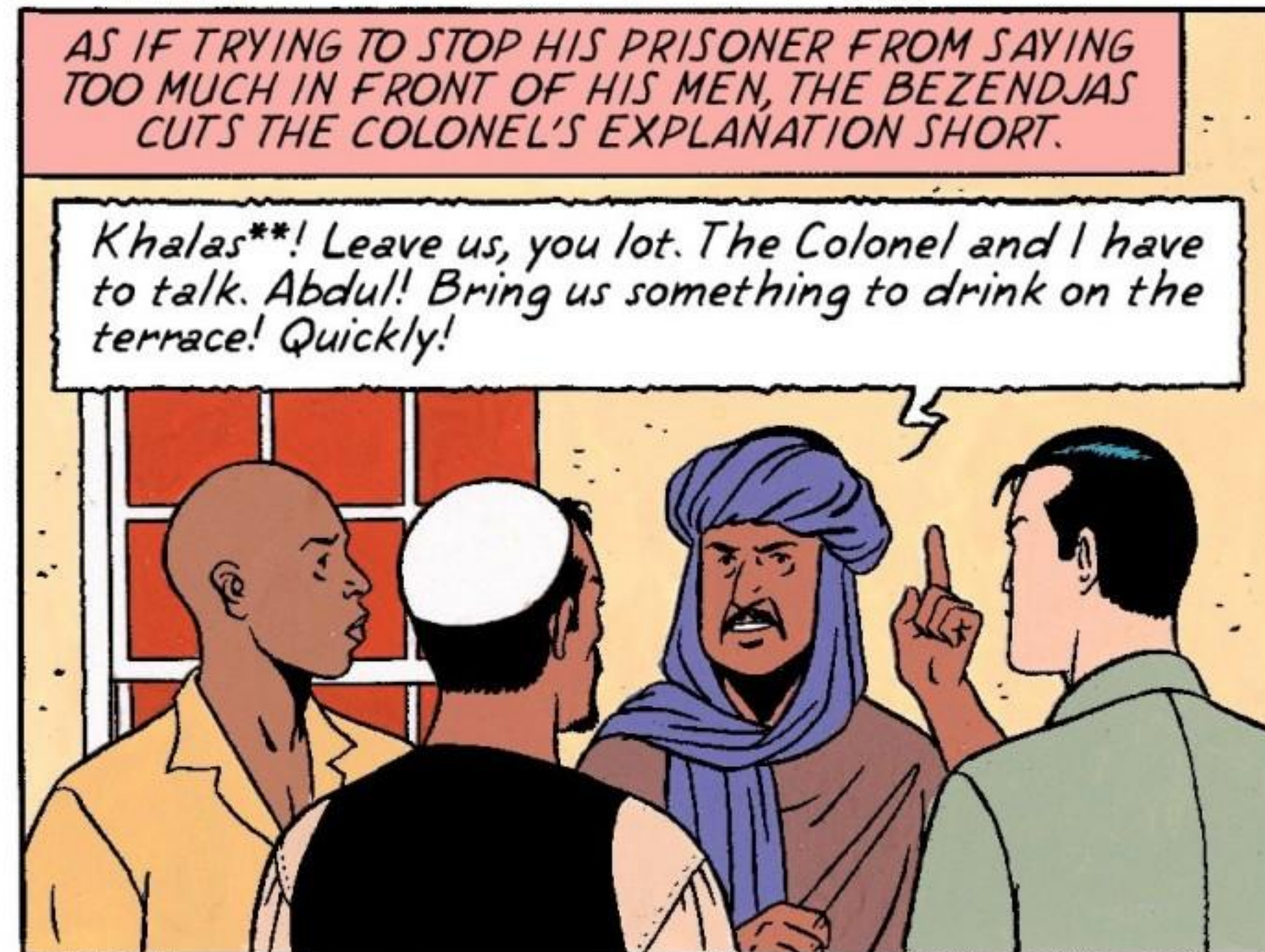


Listen... Listen, Bezendjas. This is a misunderstanding. Back then, I... I was convinced that one of us had to run so he could help the others later. Unfortunately, I was captured as well. I eventually escaped, but I'd lost track of you... and Jack. You must believe me!

Believe you, Colonel?! Give me one good reason—one that will make me forget what the Cairo police did to me in jail. Just one good reason!

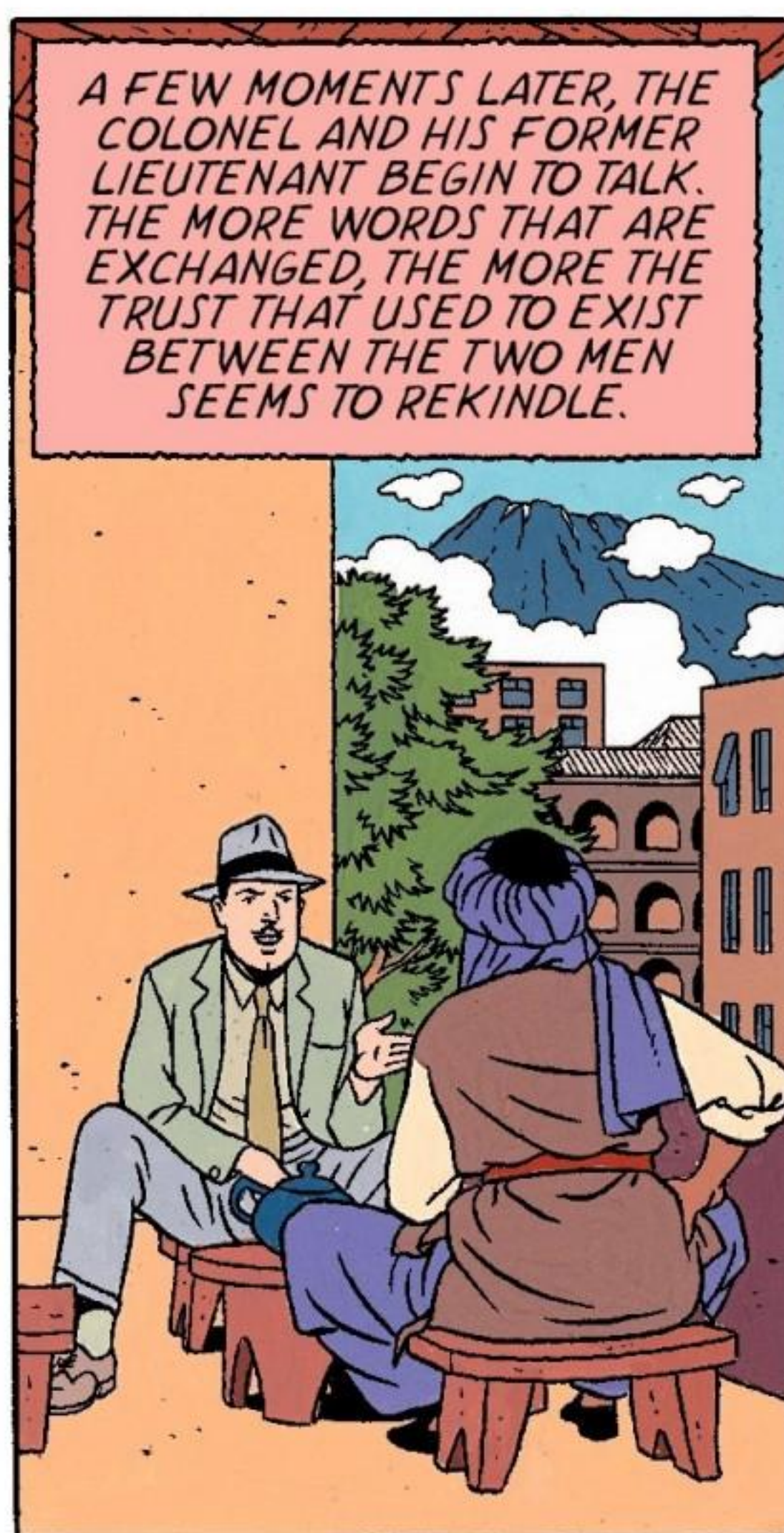


Perhaps that good reason would be the one that brings me to this country? You know me. You know that if I'm here, it's because there's a good deal in the making. Maybe you'd like to share with me what I'm about to... take?



AS IF TRYING TO STOP HIS PRISONER FROM SAYING TOO MUCH IN FRONT OF HIS MEN, THE BEZENDJAS CUTS THE COLONEL'S EXPLANATION SHORT.

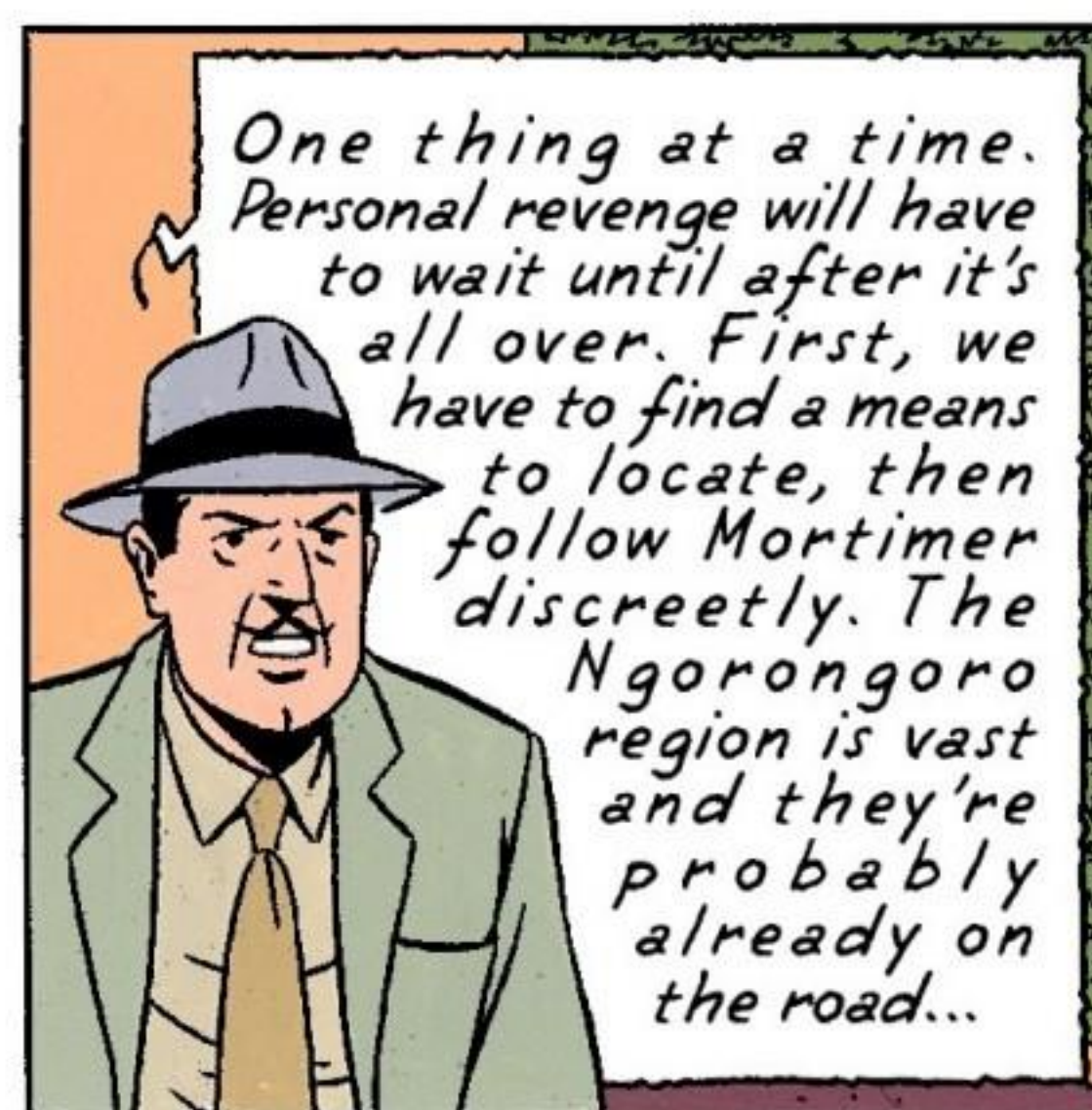
Khalas**! Leave us, you lot. The Colonel and I have to talk. Abdul! Bring us something to drink on the terrace! Quickly!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE COLONEL AND HIS FORMER LIEUTENANT BEGIN TO TALK. THE MORE WORDS THAT ARE EXCHANGED, THE MORE THE TRUST THAT USED TO EXIST BETWEEN THE TWO MEN SEEMS TO REKINDLE.



I'm convinced that Mortimer will lead us—unknowingly—to that lost civilisation. Then all we'll have to do is to get rid of him, and... we'll be swimming in gold and diamonds!



One thing at a time. Personal revenge will have to wait until after it's all over. First, we have to find a means to locate, then follow Mortimer discreetly. The Ngorongoro region is vast and they're probably already on the road...



Not to mention that I'll finally have a chance to pay back that blasted red-beard! I haven't forgotten the coffer he once threw at my face*!



I may have a way. But using it will mean going with a reduced team, and we'll need money. The plan I have in mind will cost us a day, but we'll make it up easily. What's more, you'll meet another old friend of yours...



I'll take care of the money, and I'll trust you to assemble a team. We'll share: half for you and your team, and half for me. Are we agreed?

We're agreed... chief!

*SEE THE MYSTERY OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.
**ENOUGH!



Tell me, Bombo, does this boy speak our language?



No, ma'am. He's a Maasai. He lost his parents, and his tribe is very poor, so I ask him to help me when I work as a guide.



But... Why does he keep looking at me so intently?



Ha! Ha! Ha! I think it's because he's never seen such a beautiful woman with golden hair! That's all! Ha! Ha! Ha!

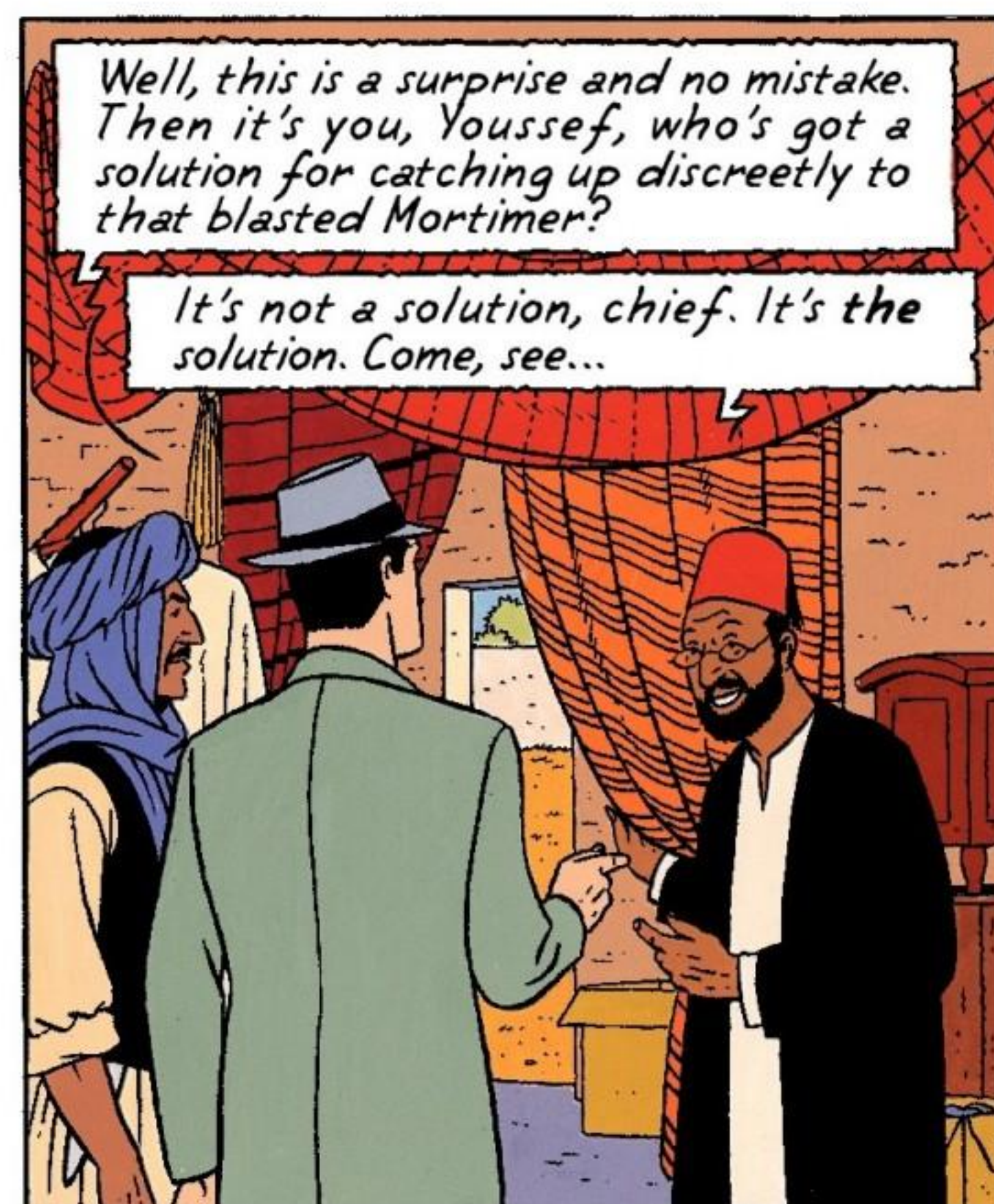


You'll see, Colonel. Here, you'll find all the equipment we need for our expedition.



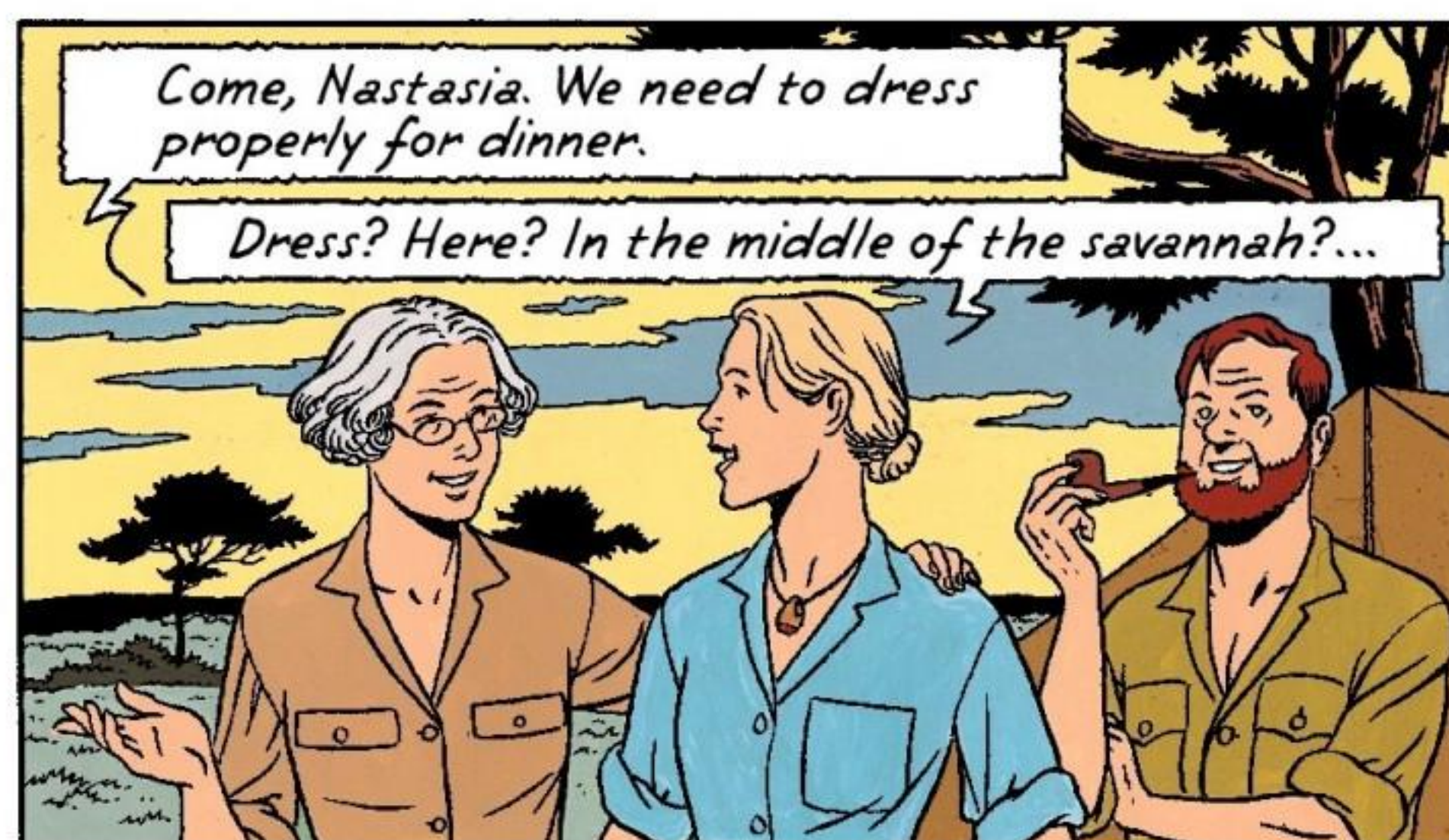
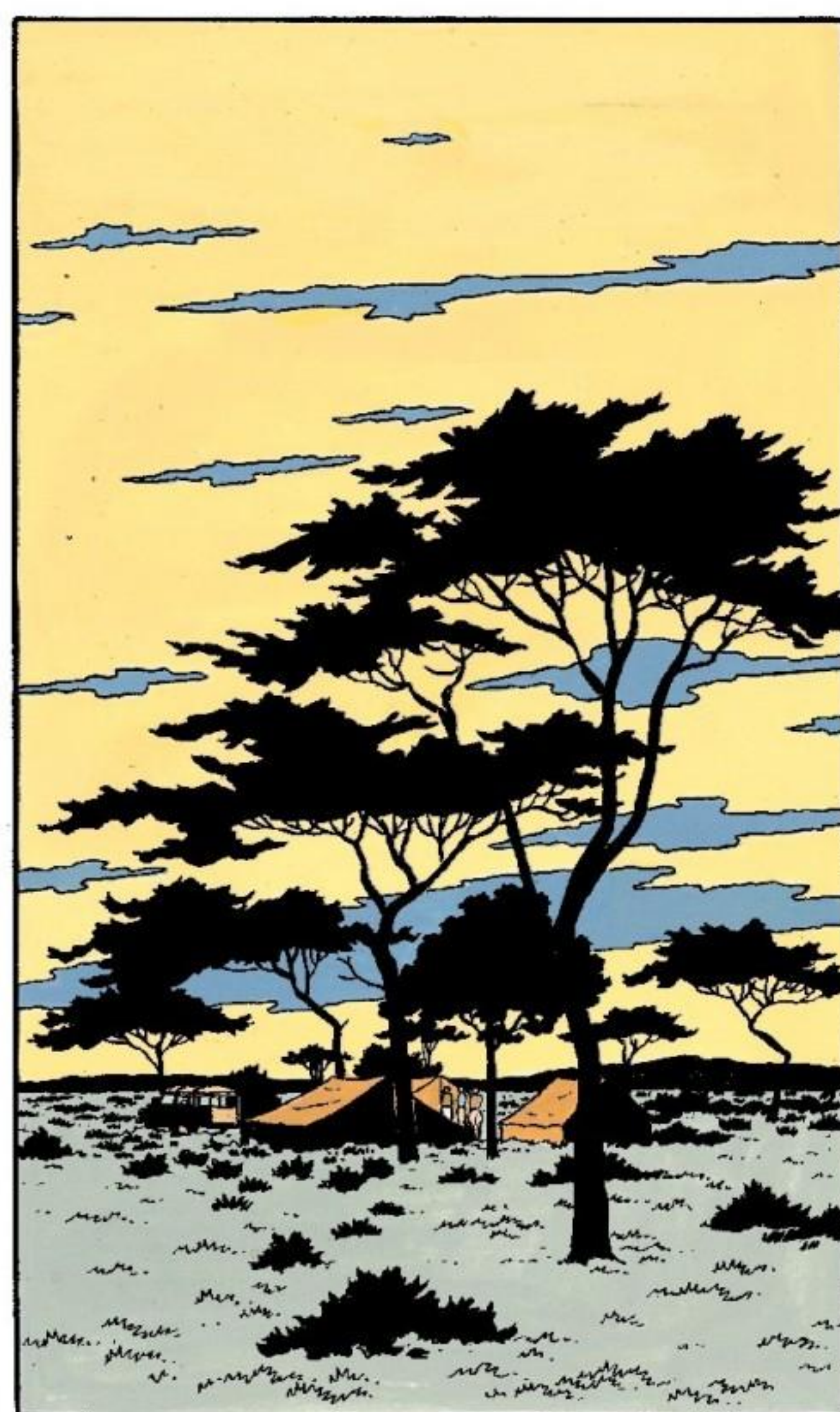
And this is the old friend I told you about: good old Youssef, who joined me here after escaping the Cairo jail himself.

Ya saat-el-bey, Colonel Olrik? So, Razul told me that we were back in business?



Well, this is a surprise and no mistake. Then it's you, Youssef, who's got a solution for catching up discreetly to that blasted Mortimer?

It's not a solution, chief. It's the solution. Come, see...



Come, Nastasia. We need to dress properly for dinner.

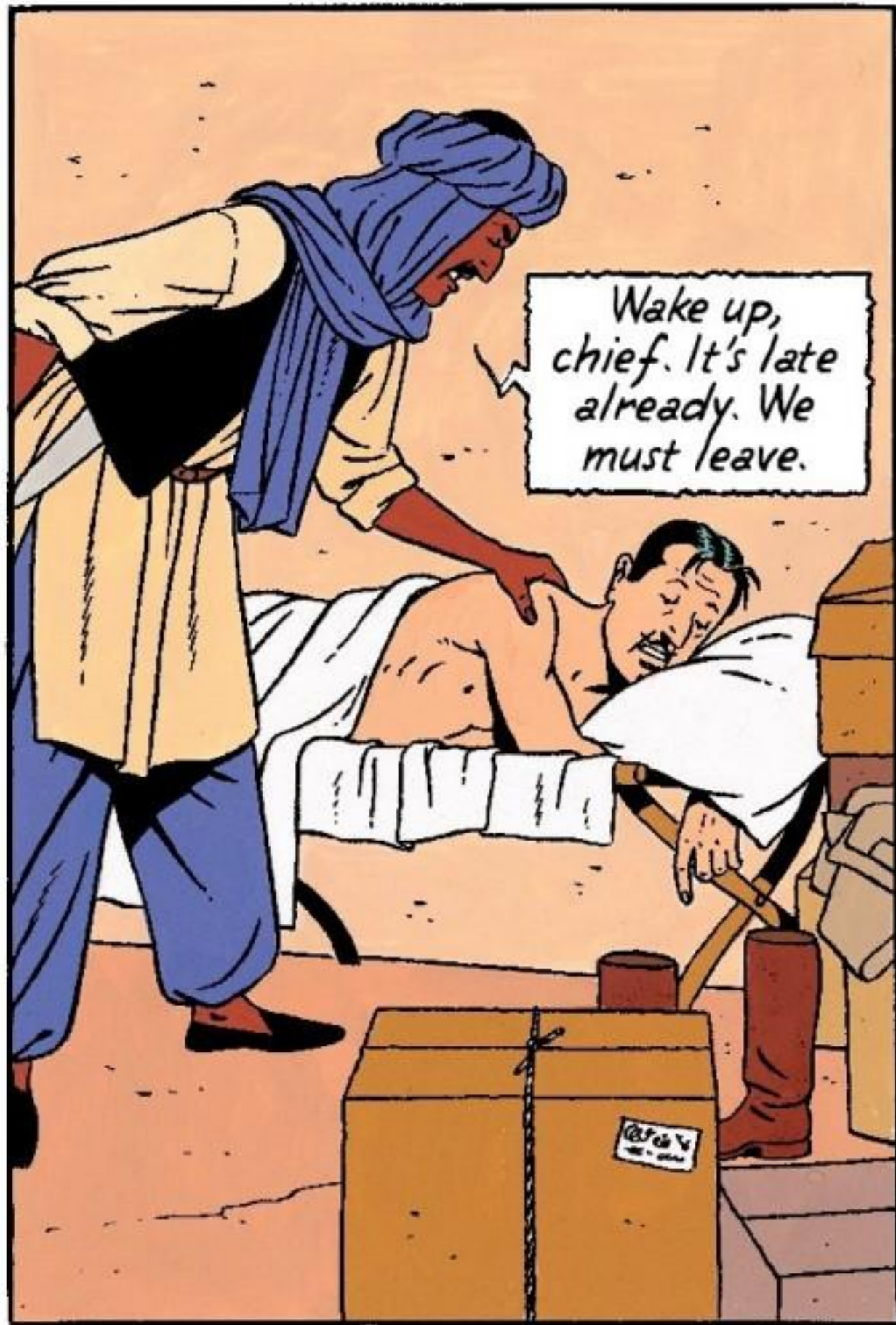
Dress? Here? In the middle of the savannah?...



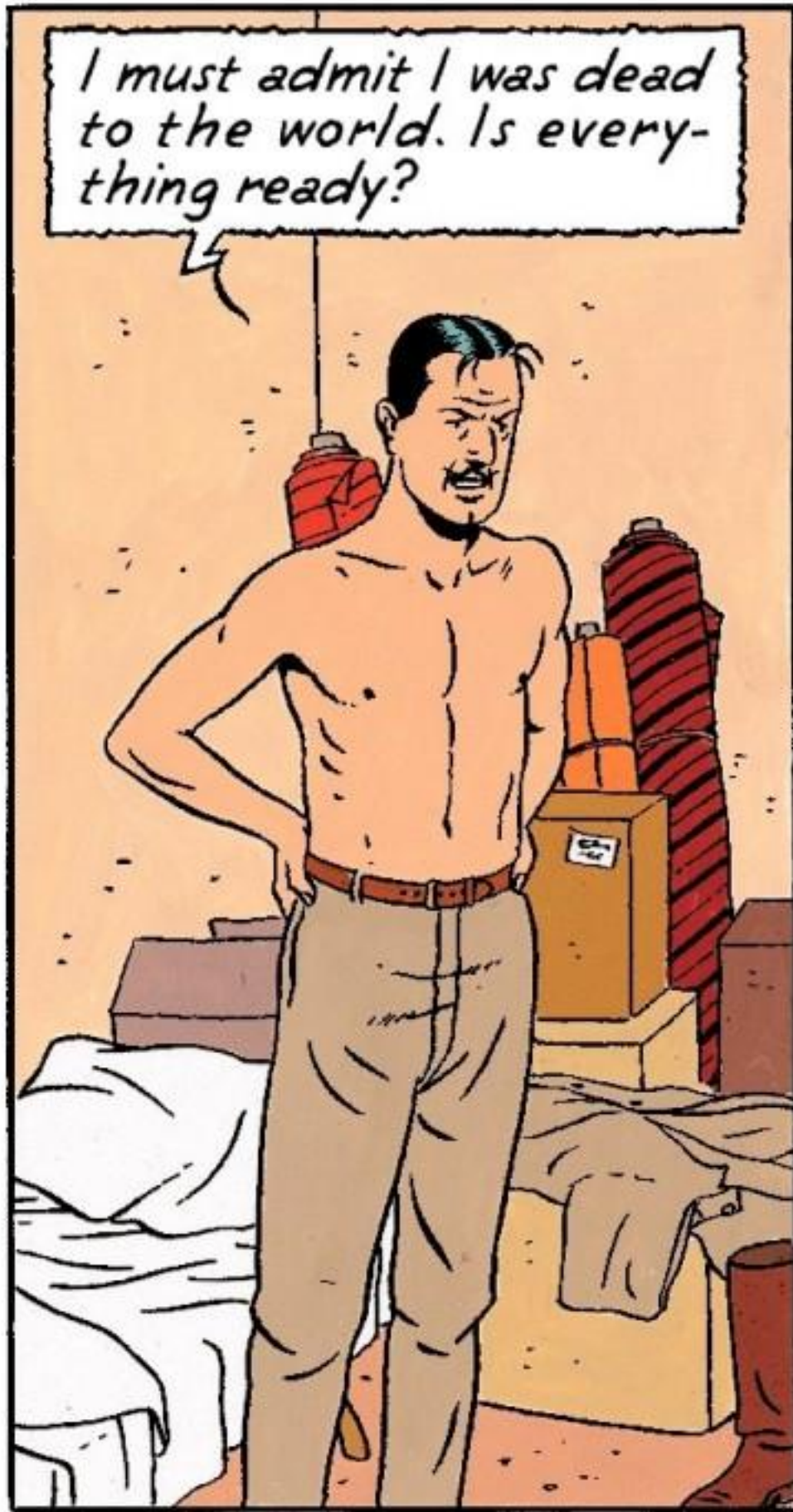
I see it's high time that someone took serious care of introducing you to the customs of British society...



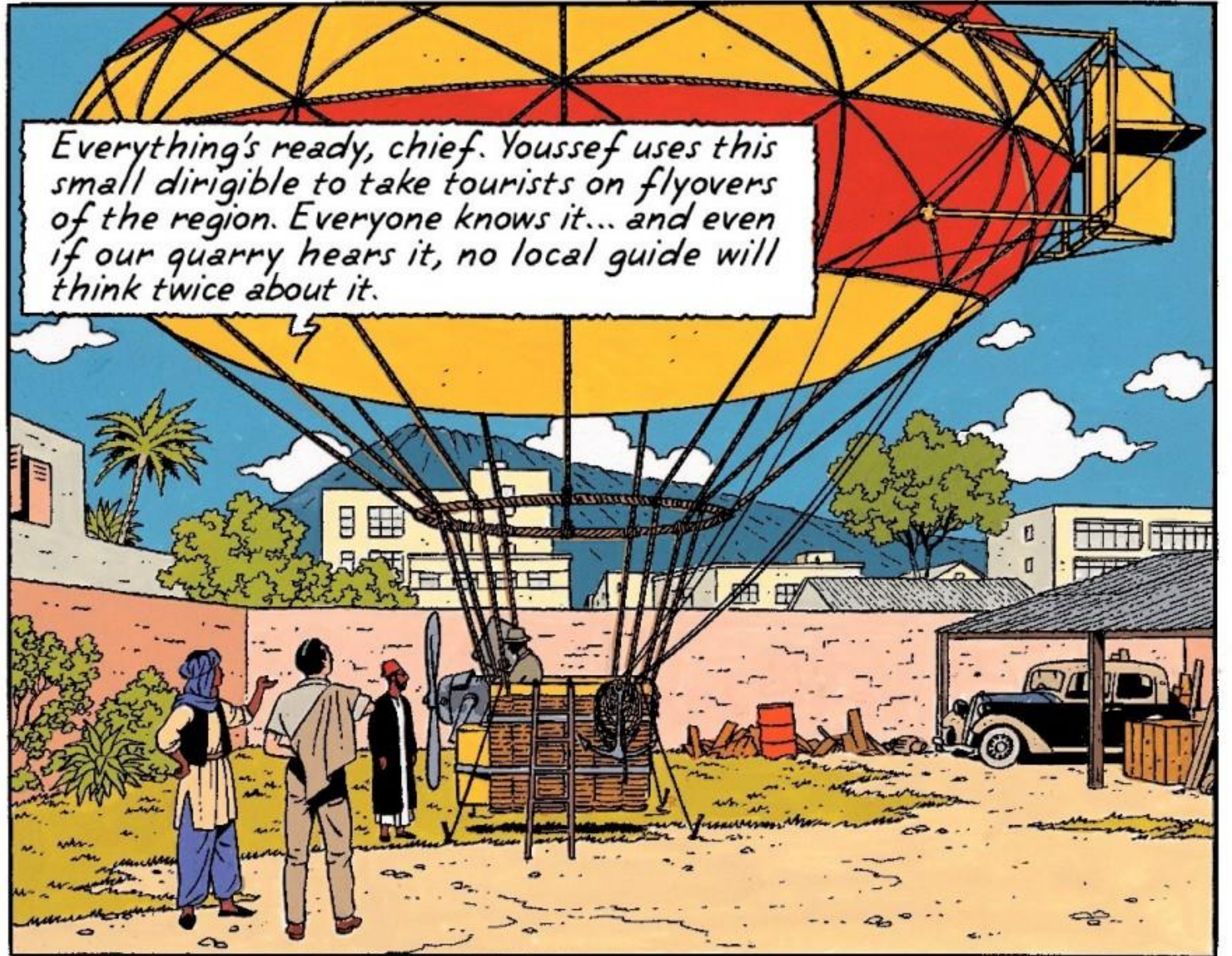
*SEE THE MYSTERY OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.



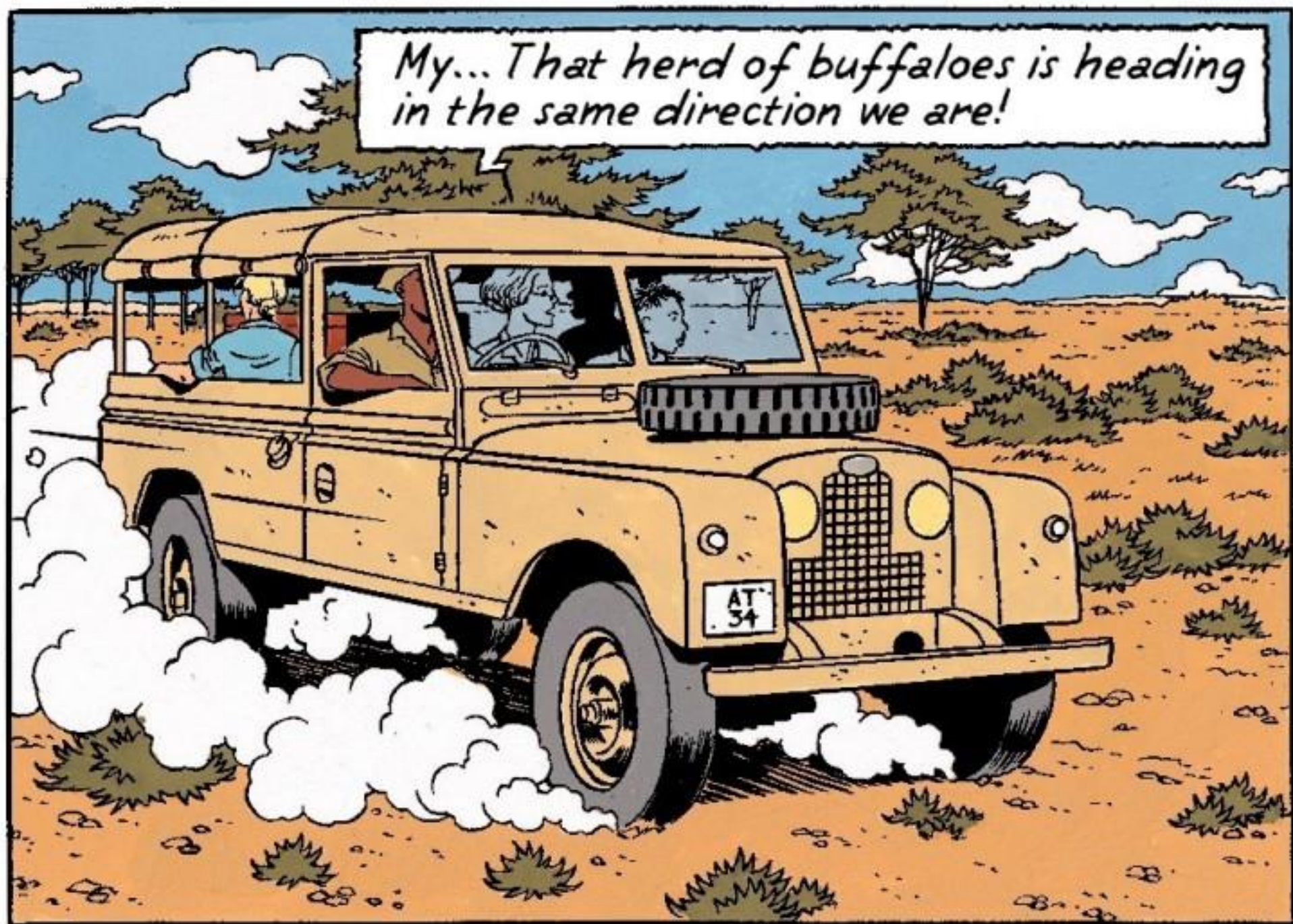
Wake up, chief. It's late already. We must leave.



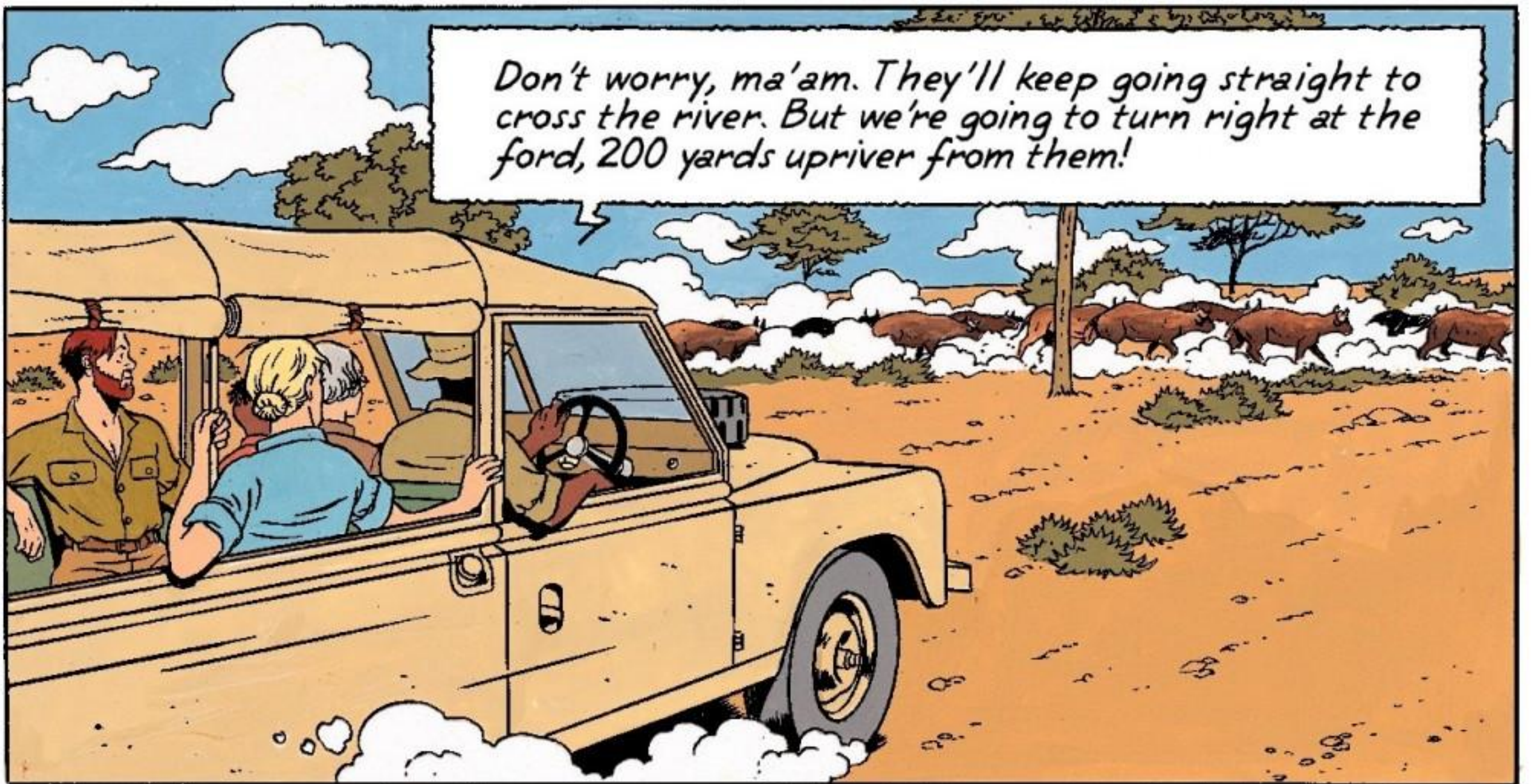
I must admit I was dead to the world. Is everything ready?



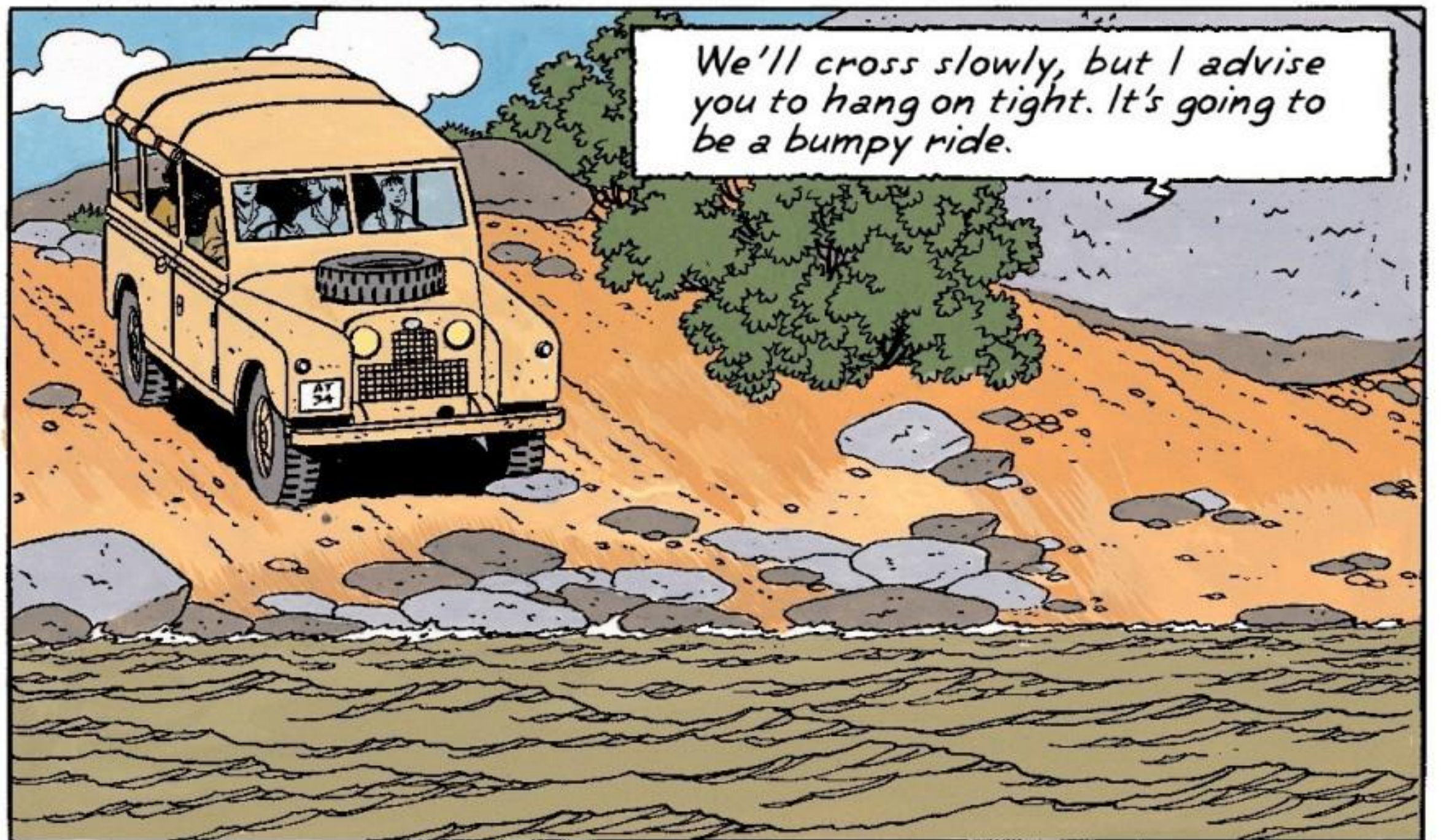
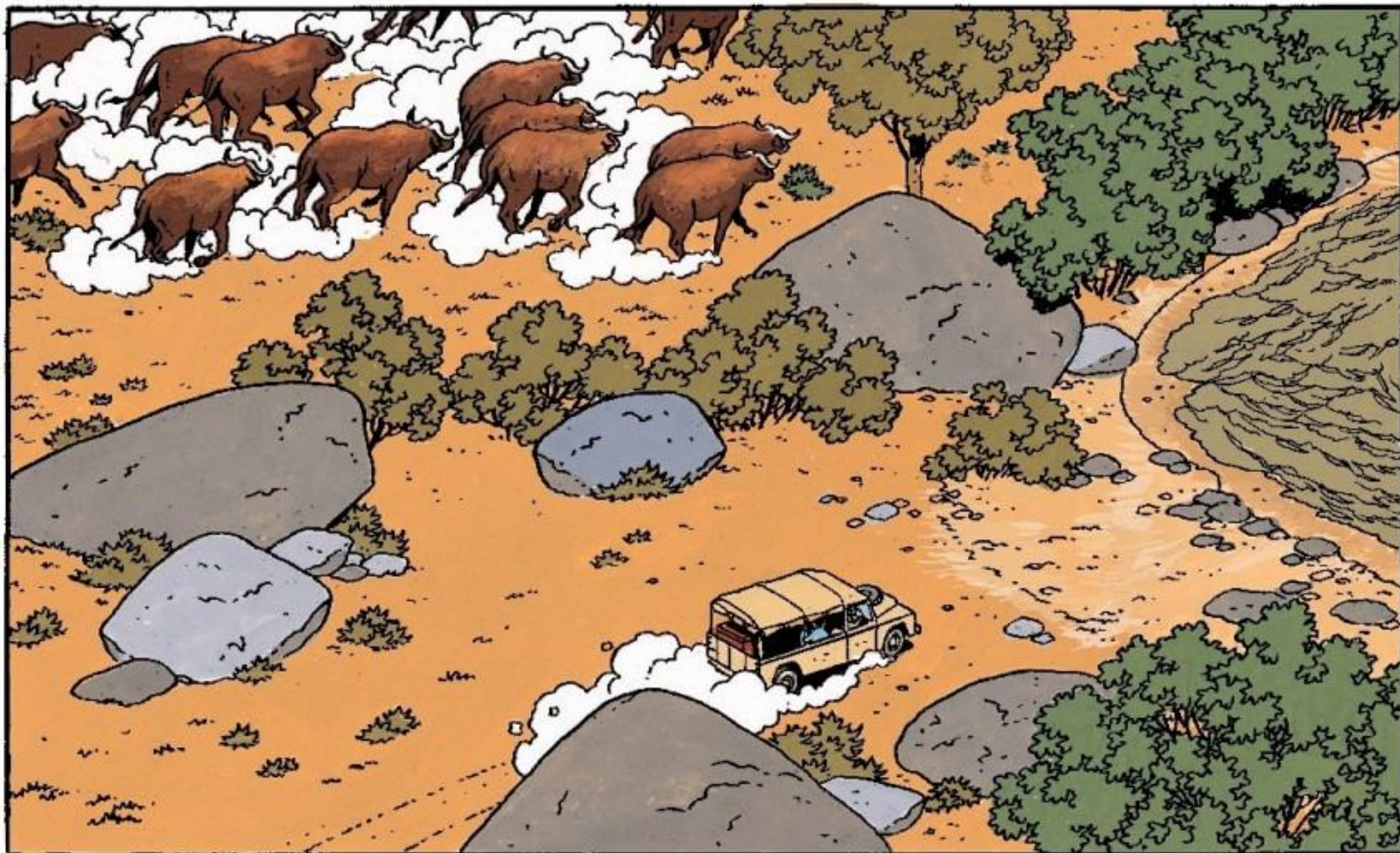
Everything's ready, chief. Youssef uses this small dirigible to take tourists on flyovers of the region. Everyone knows it... and even if our quarry hears it, no local guide will think twice about it.



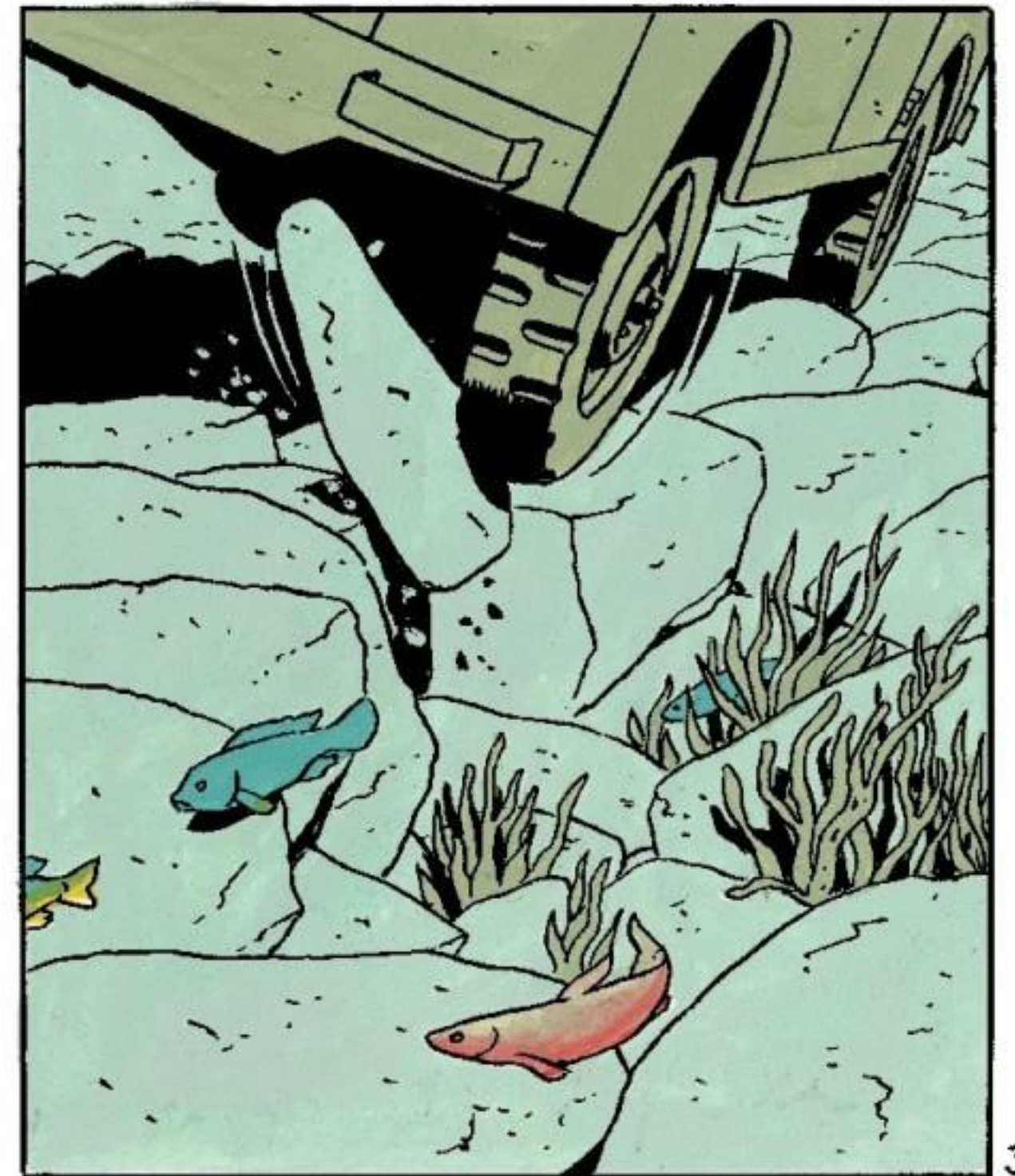
My... That herd of buffaloes is heading in the same direction we are!

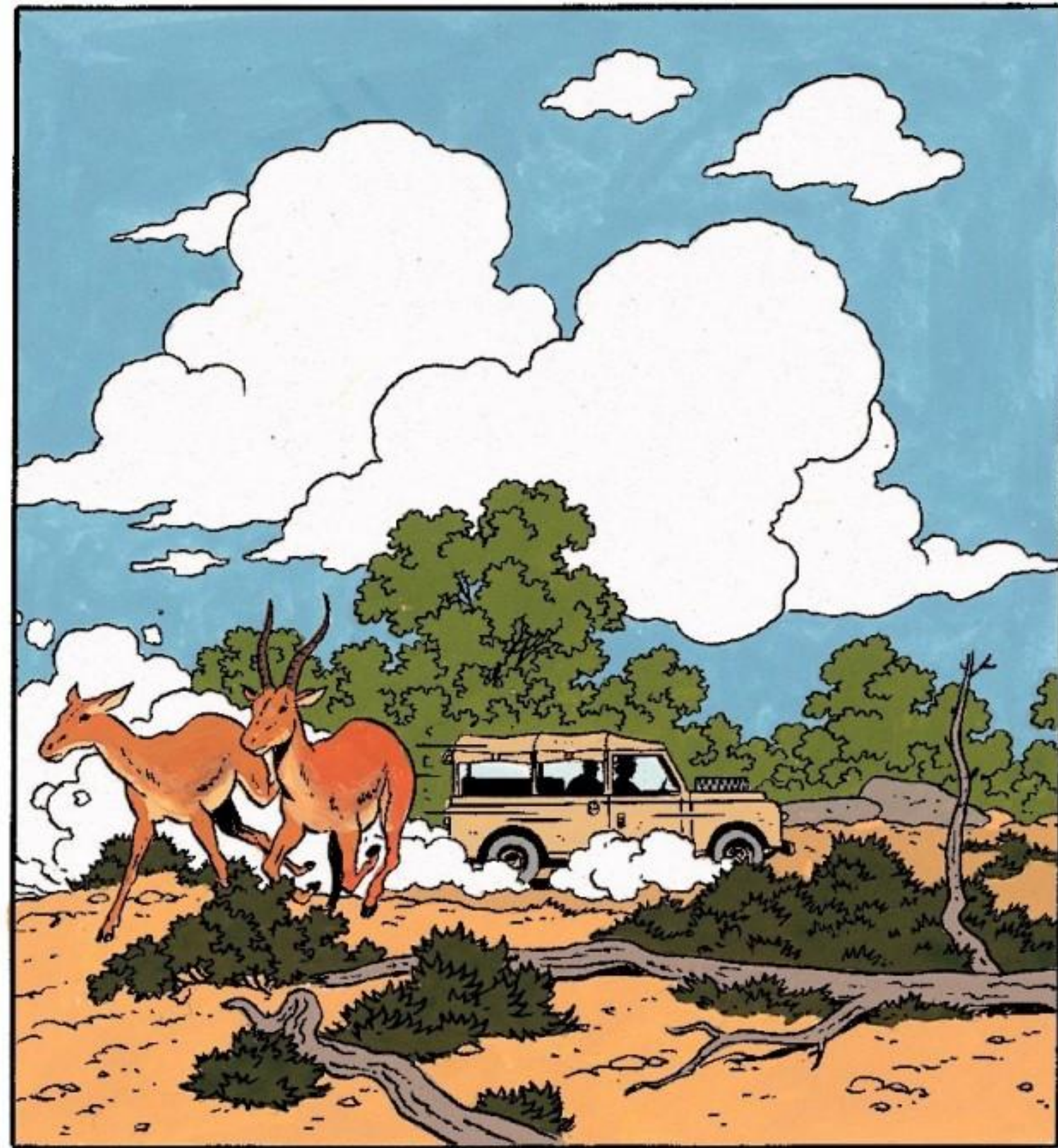
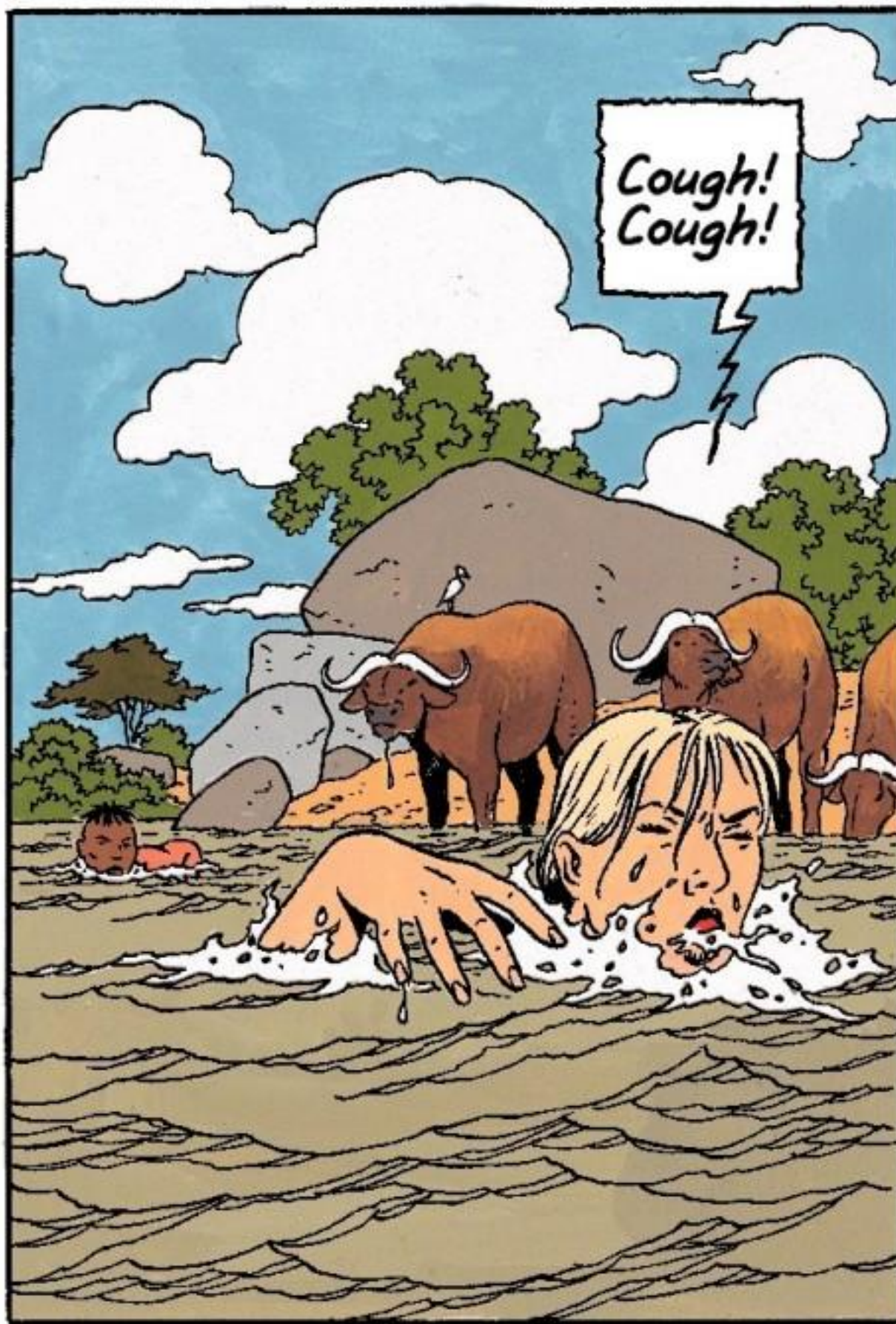
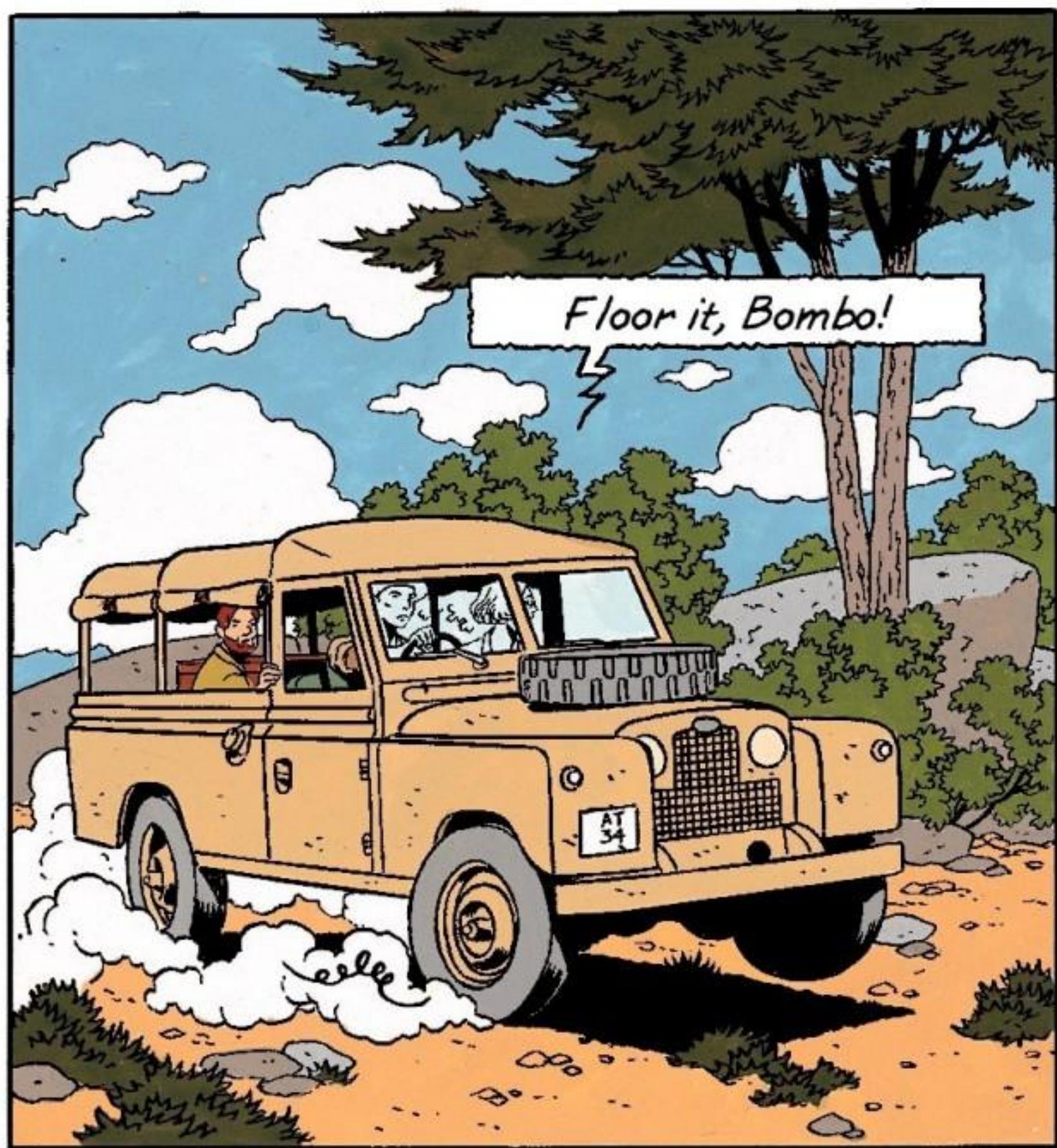
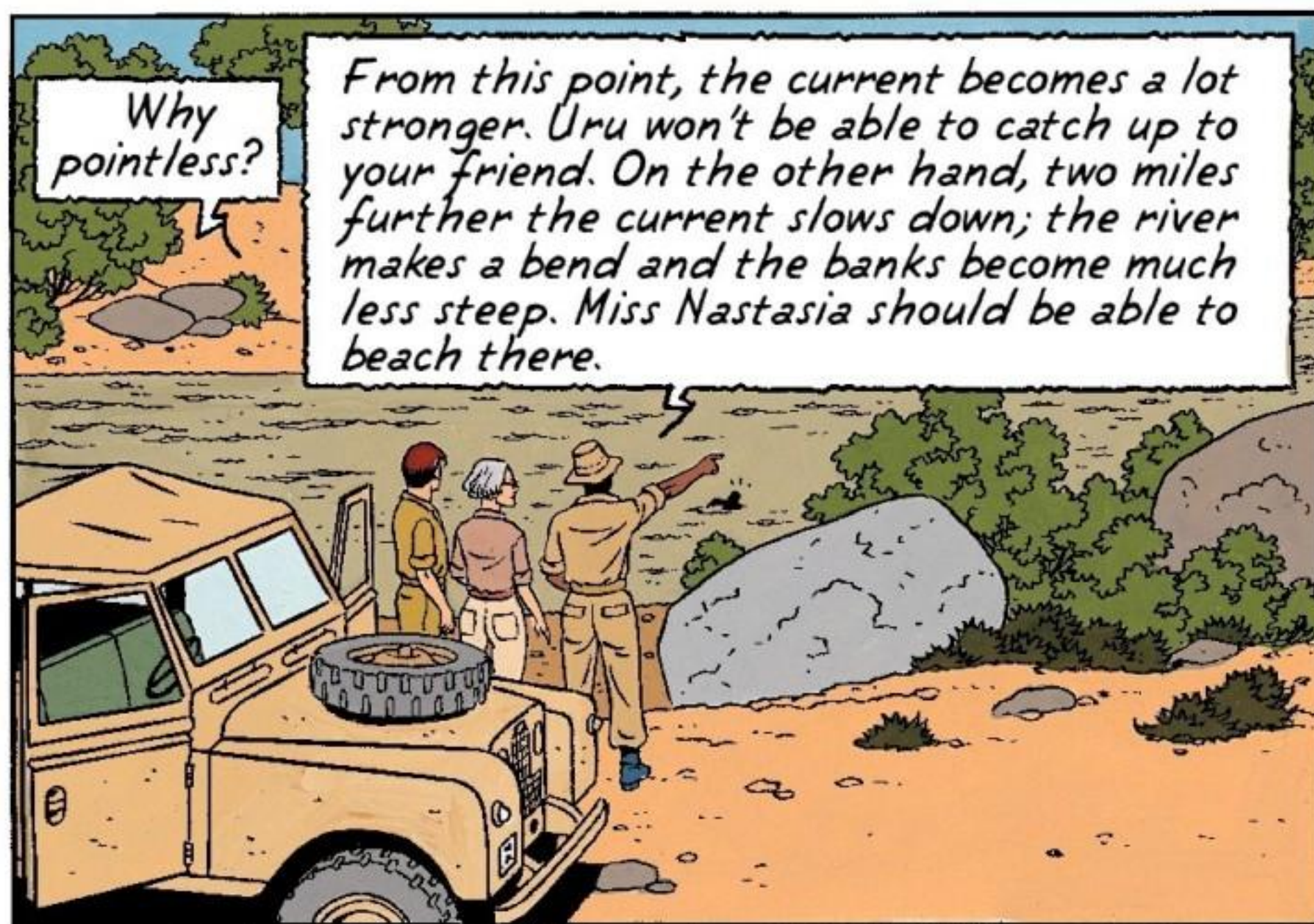
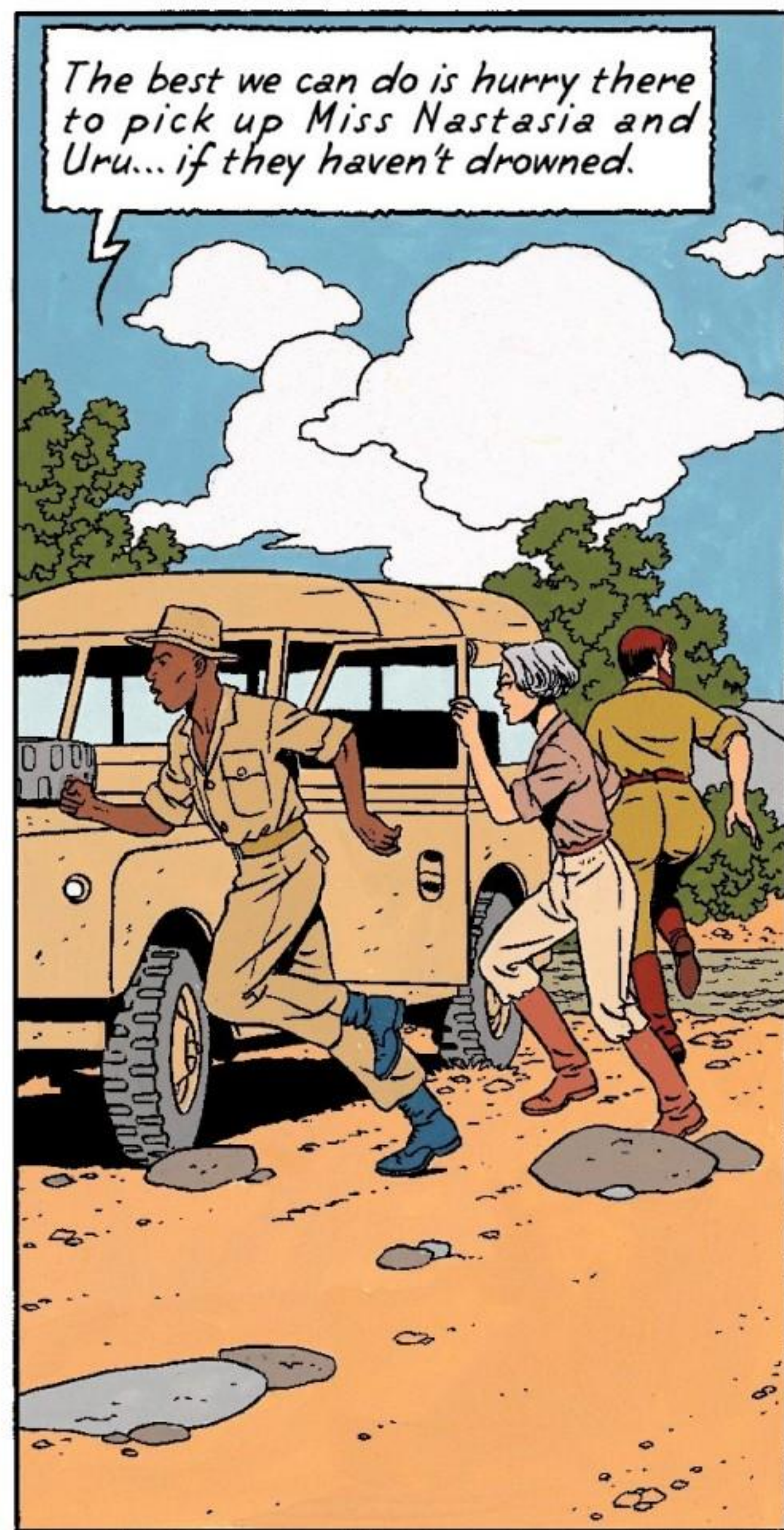
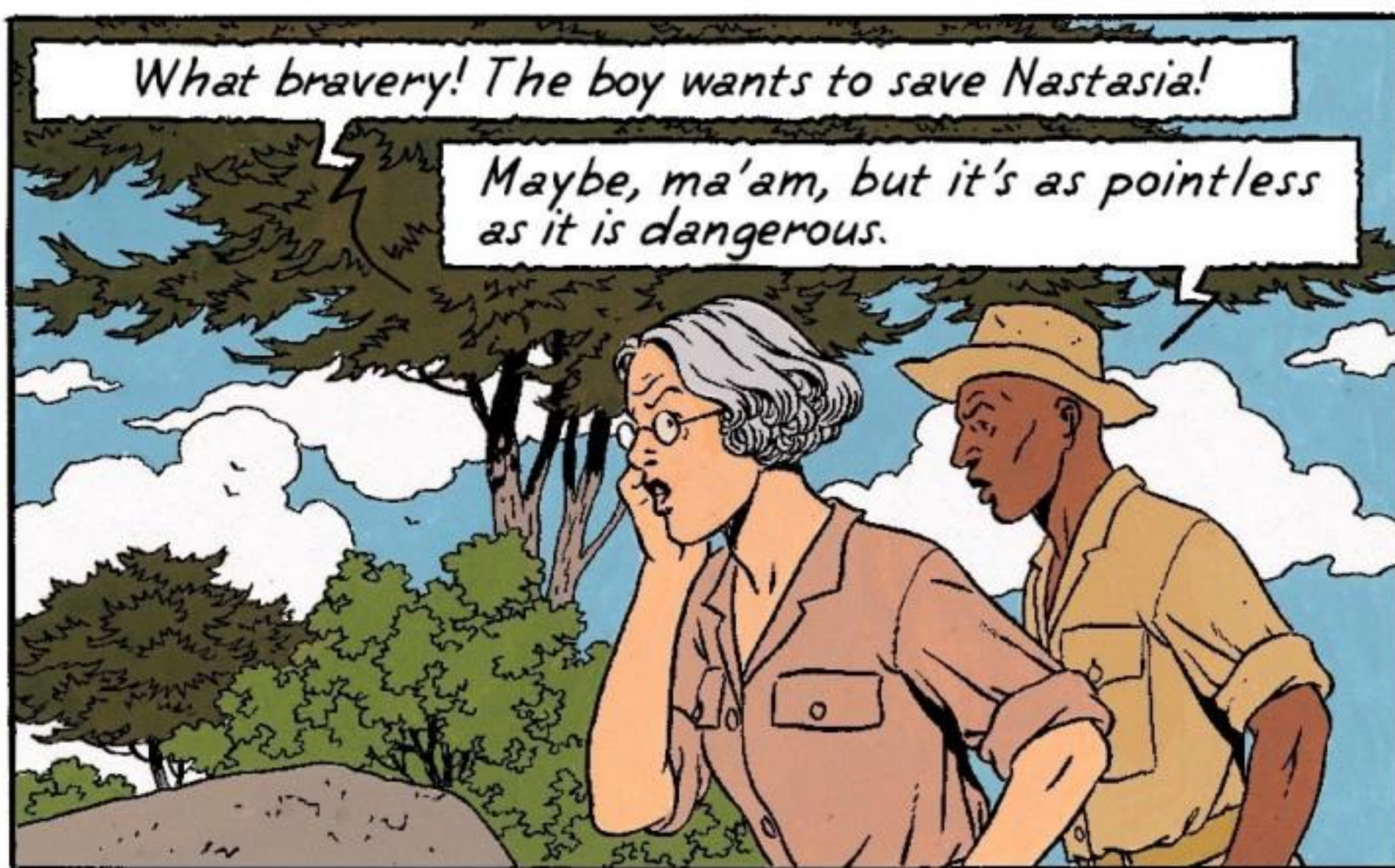
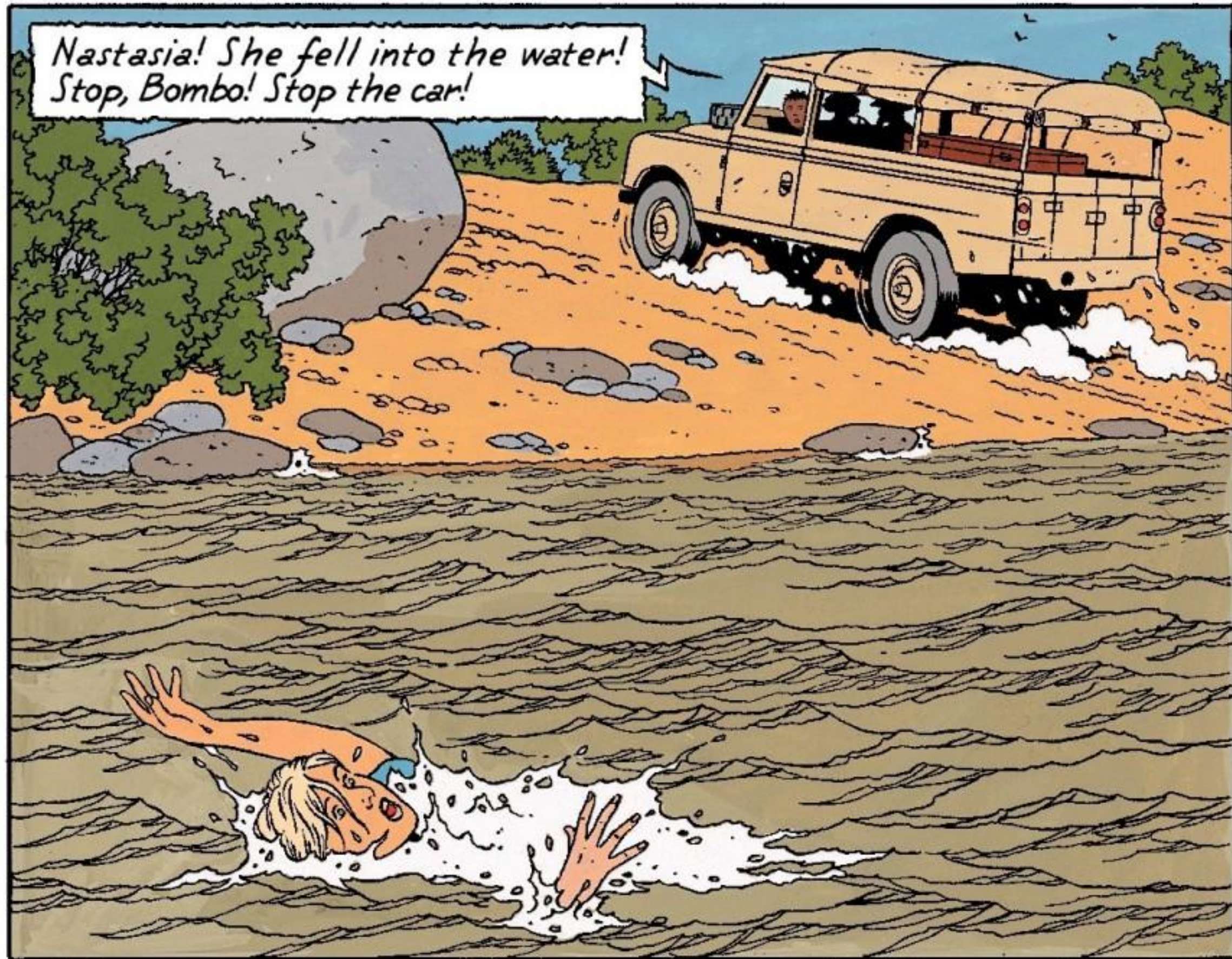


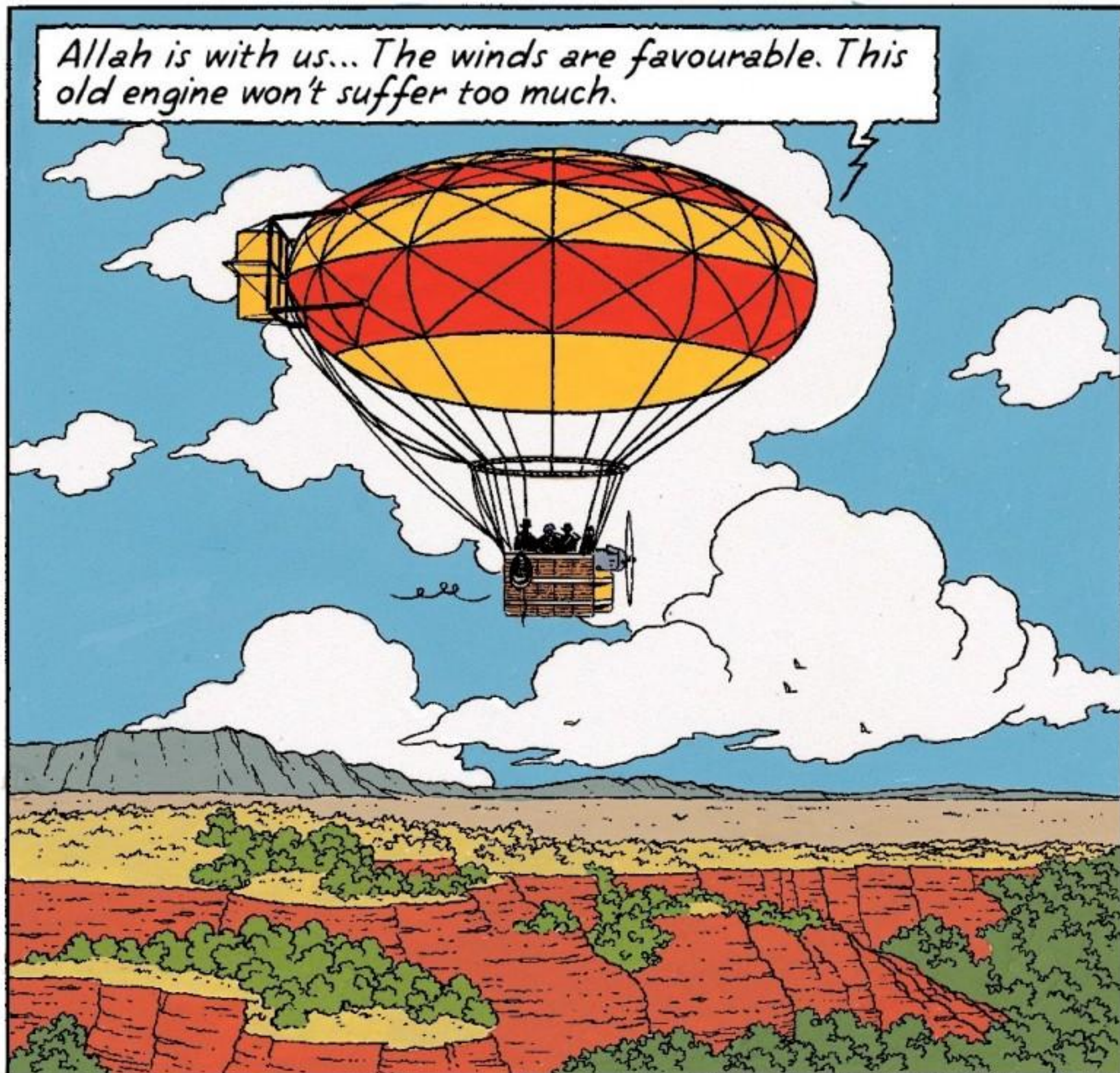
Don't worry, ma'am. They'll keep going straight to cross the river. But we're going to turn right at the ford, 200 yards upriver from them!



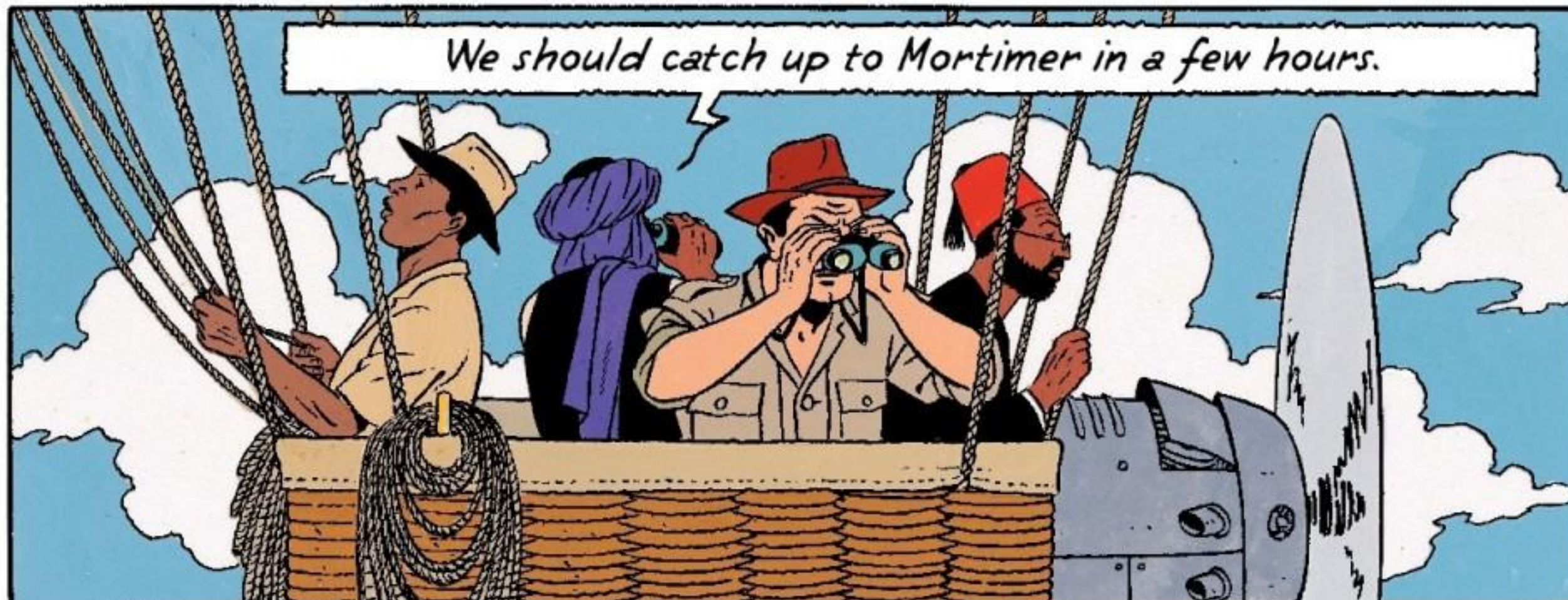
We'll cross slowly, but I advise you to hang on tight. It's going to be a bumpy ride.



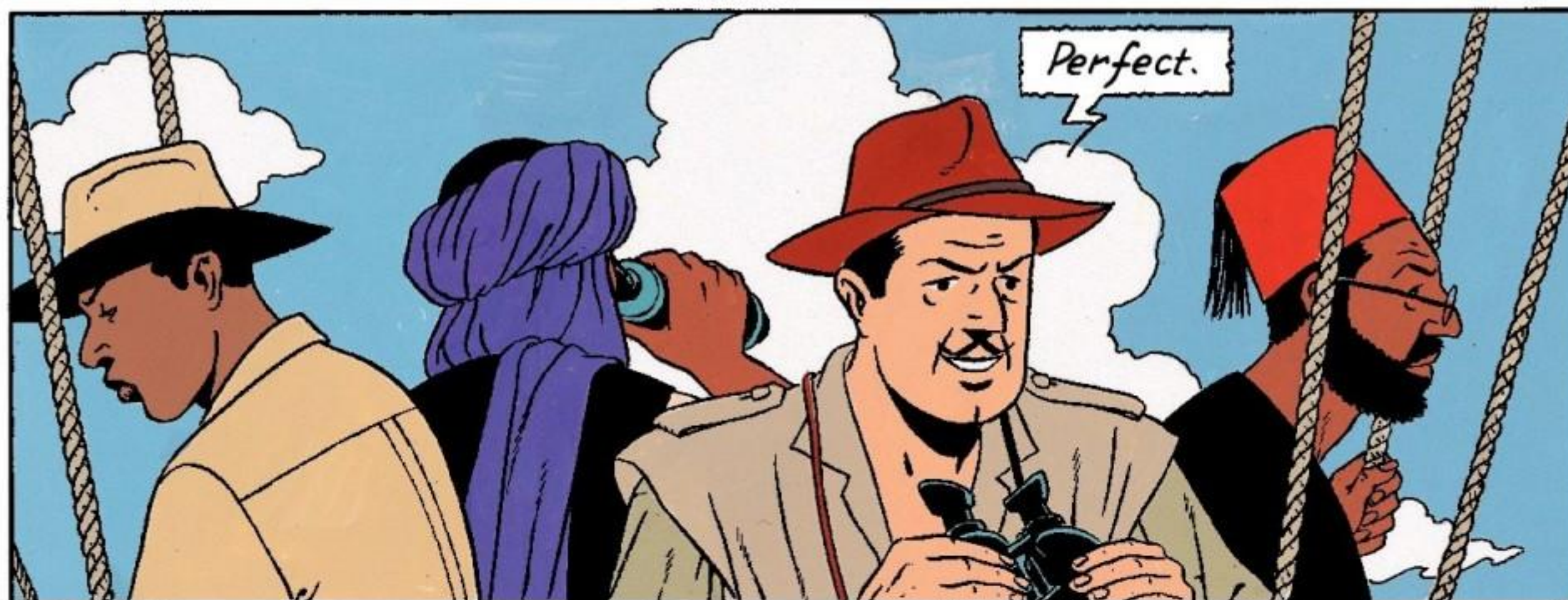




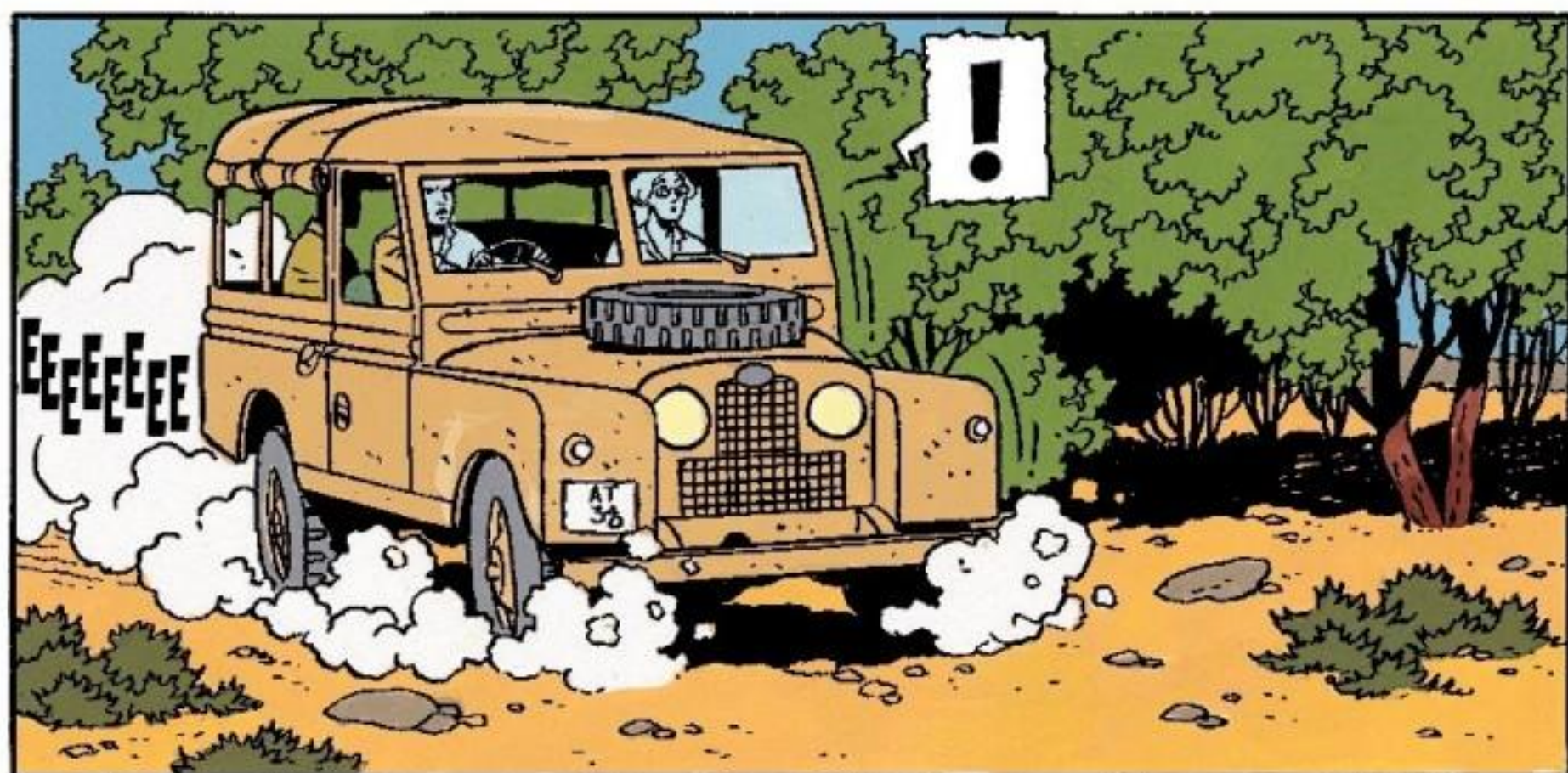
Allah is with us... The winds are favourable. This old engine won't suffer too much.



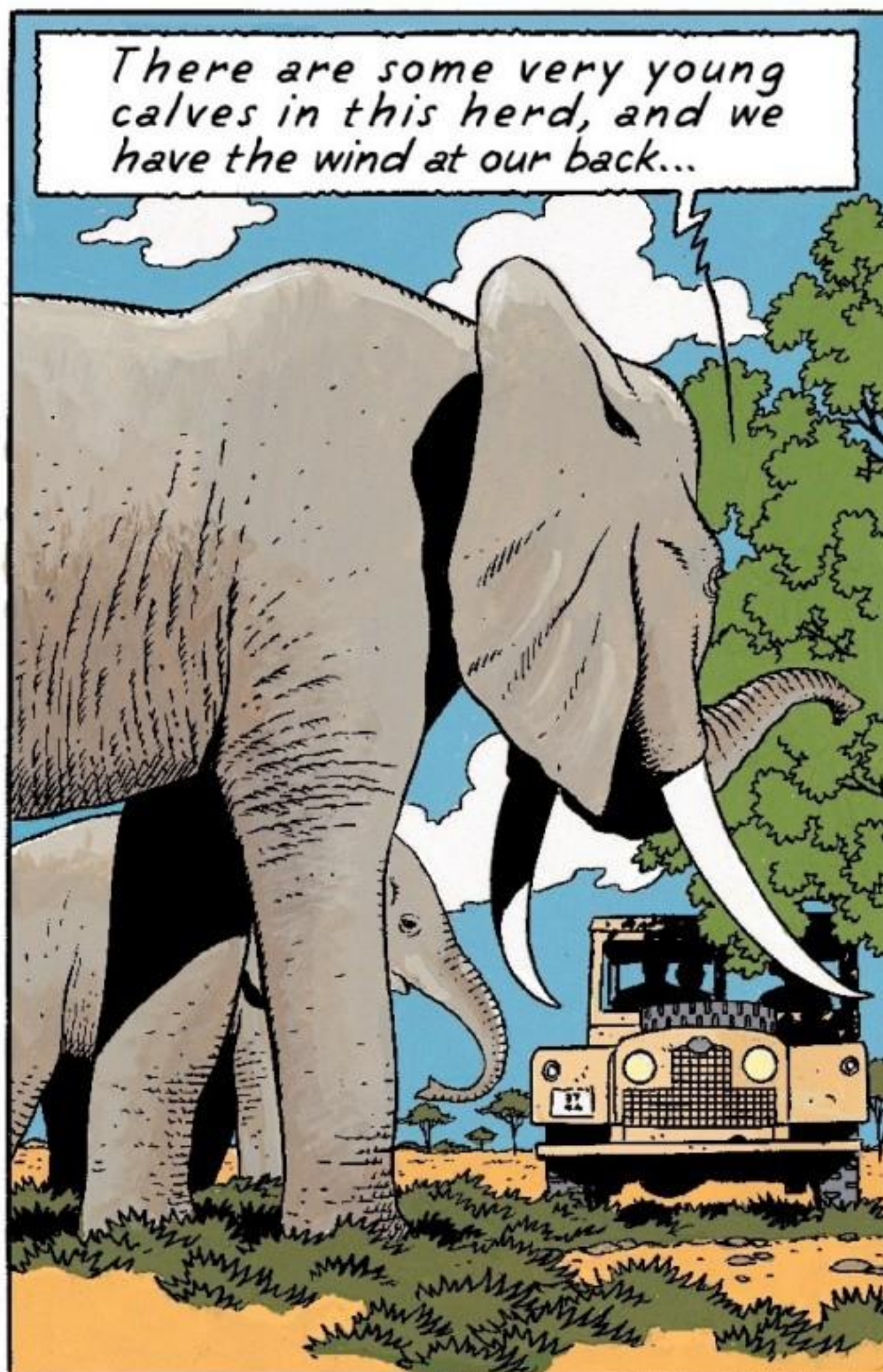
We should catch up to Mortimer in a few hours.



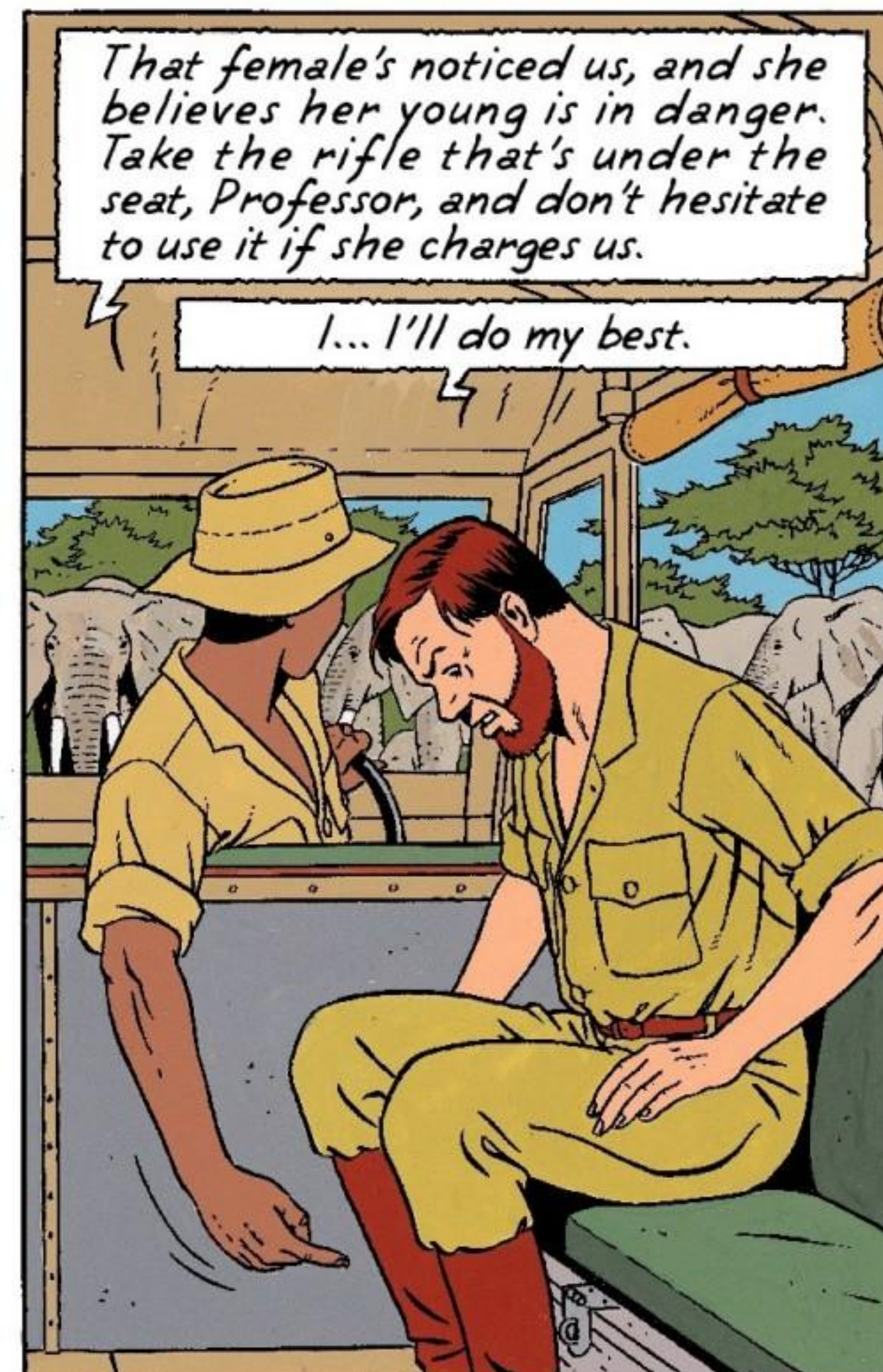
Perfect.



!



There are some very young calves in this herd, and we have the wind at our back...



That female's noticed us, and she believes her young is in danger. Take the rifle that's under the seat, Professor, and don't hesitate to use it if she charges us.

I... I'll do my best.



Hmm... I don't like this...

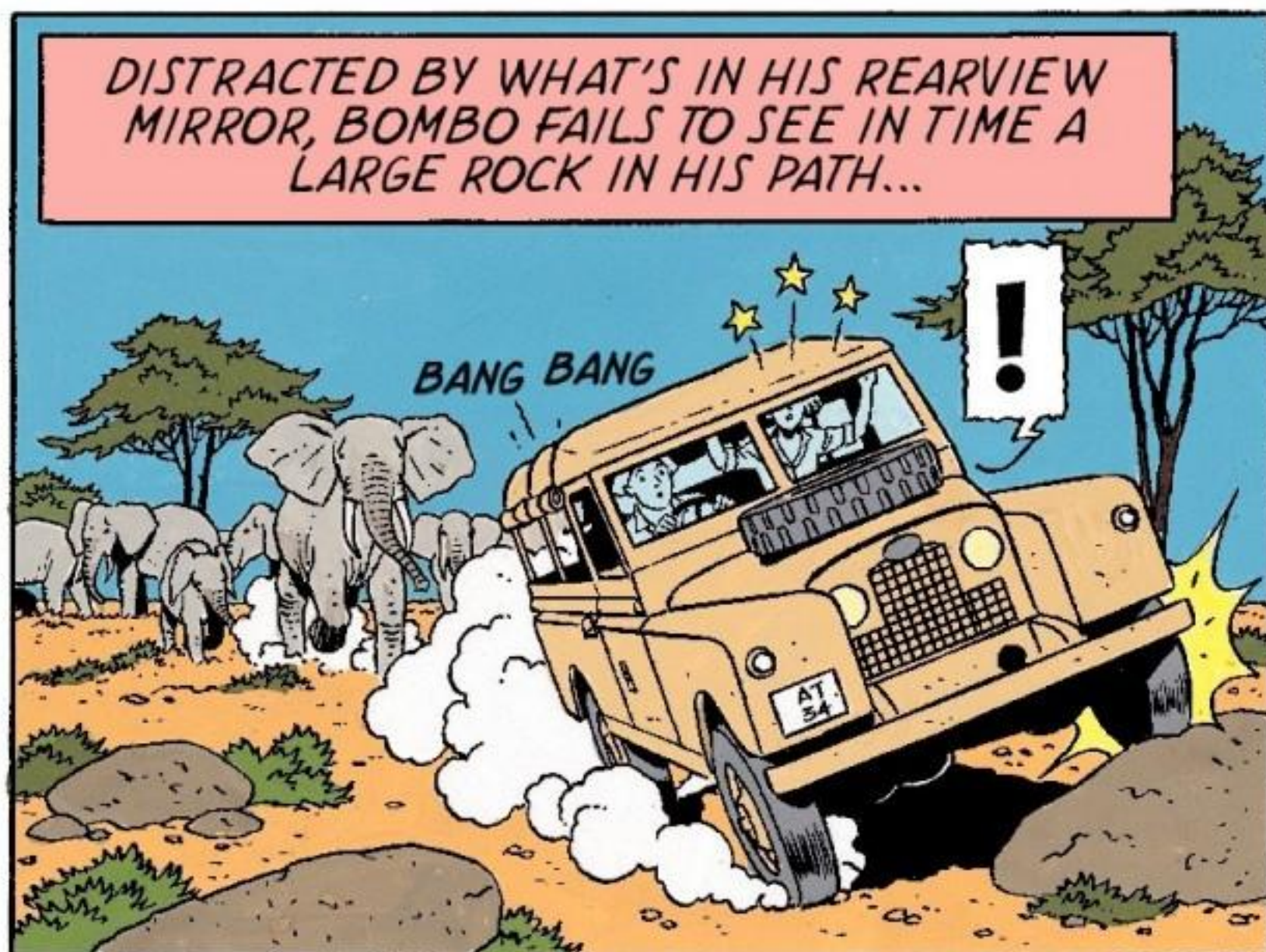


Do it, Professor! Fire! Fire! Empty your magazine!

BBRAAAA

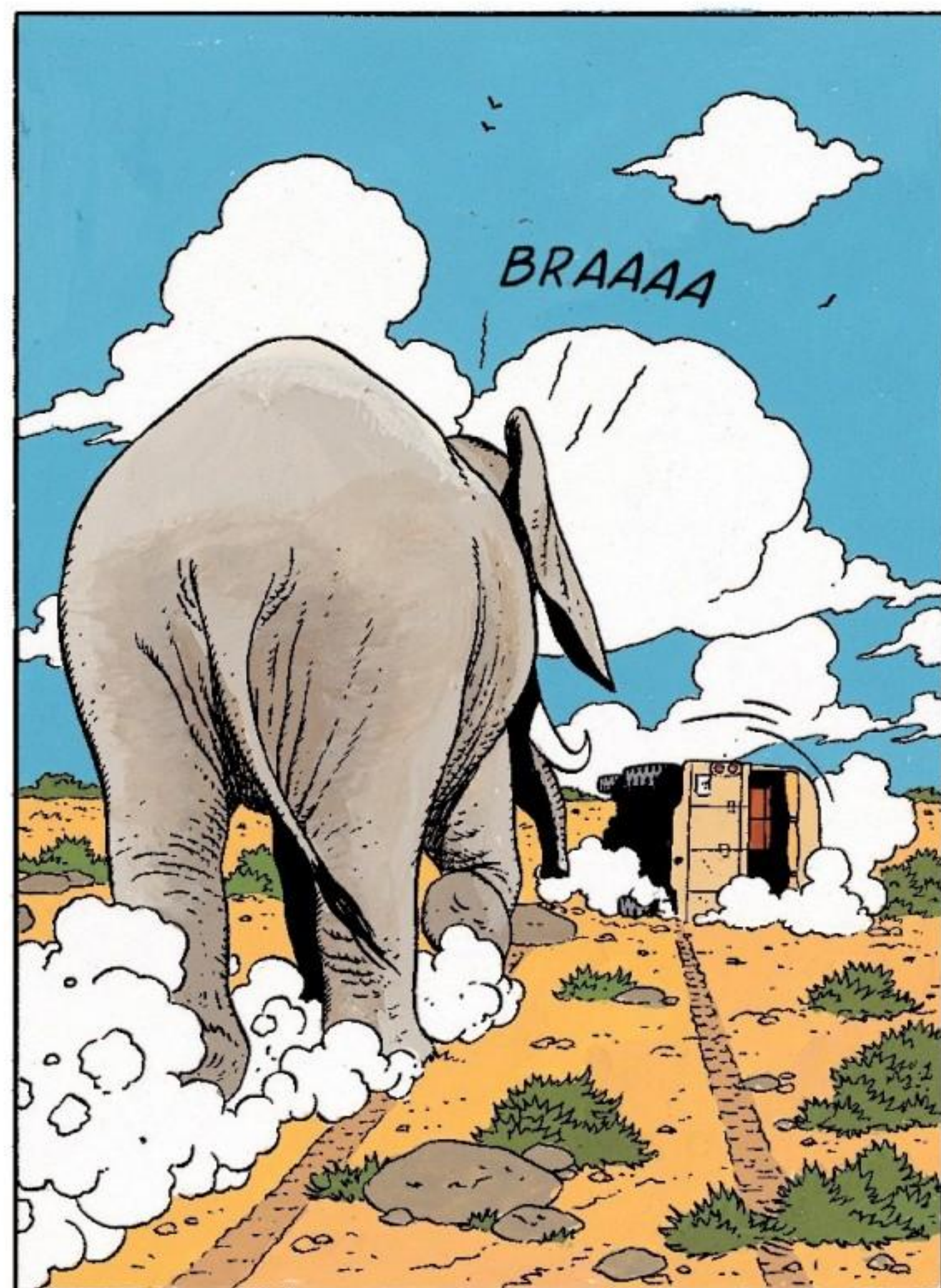


BANG BANG BANG

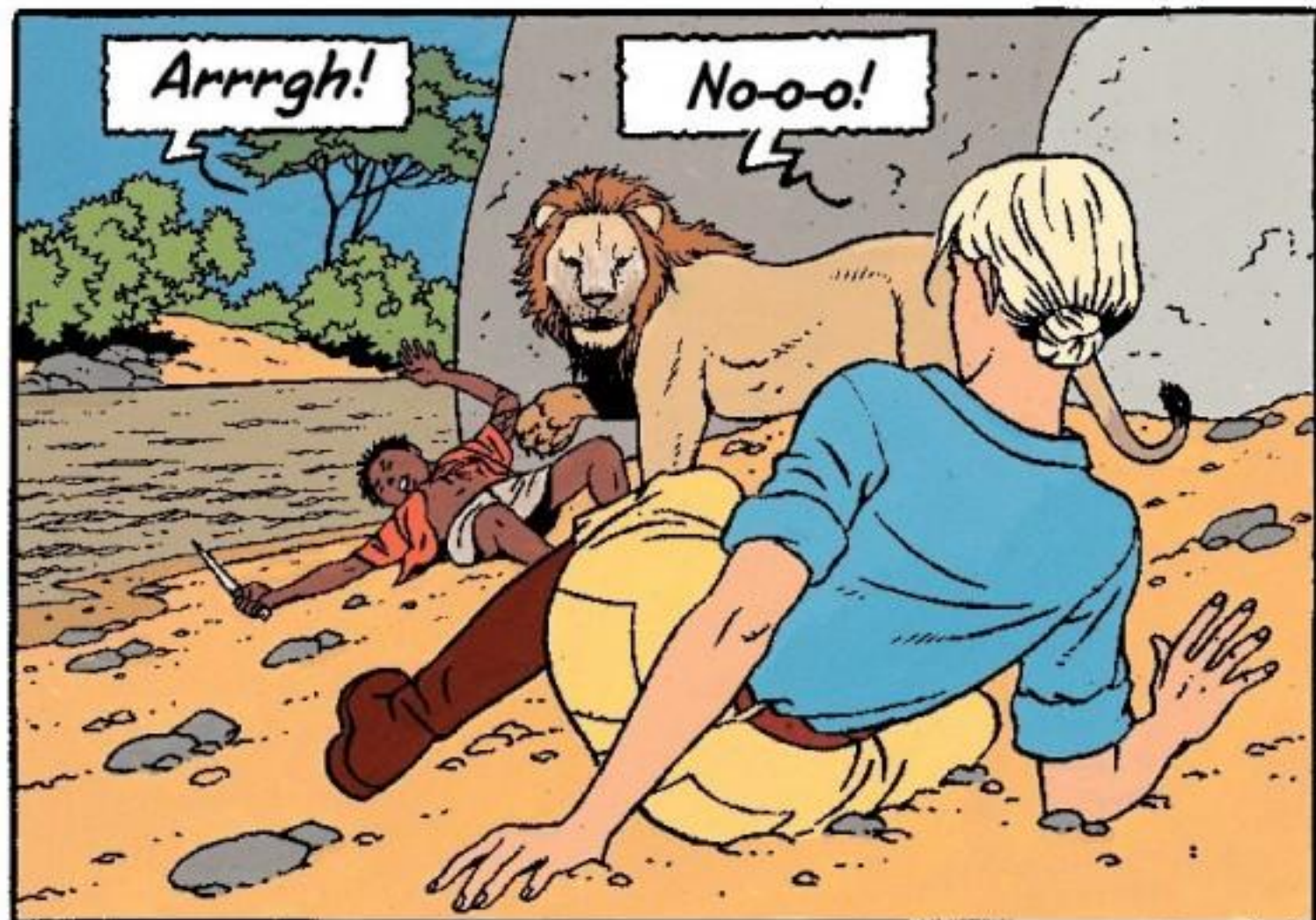
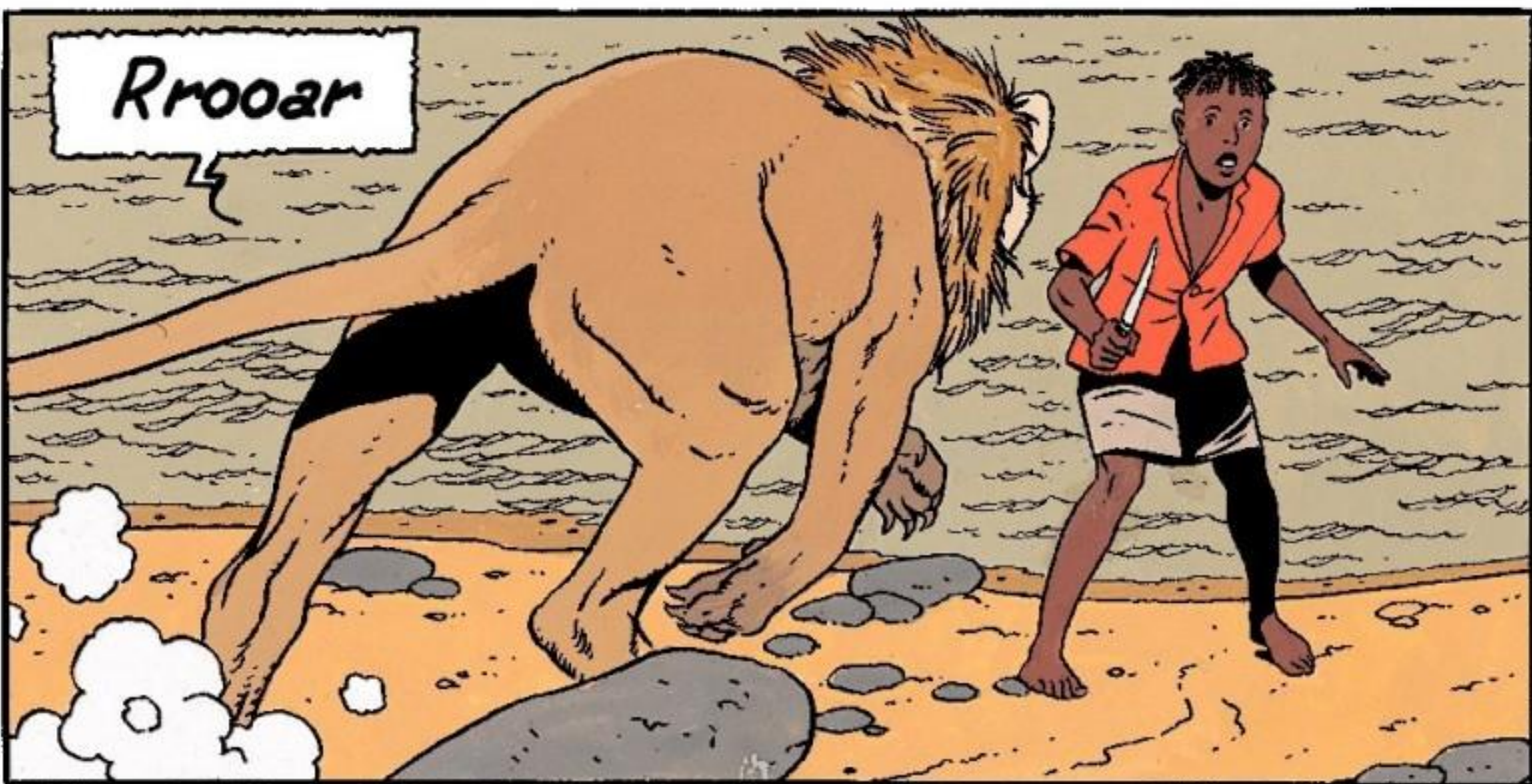
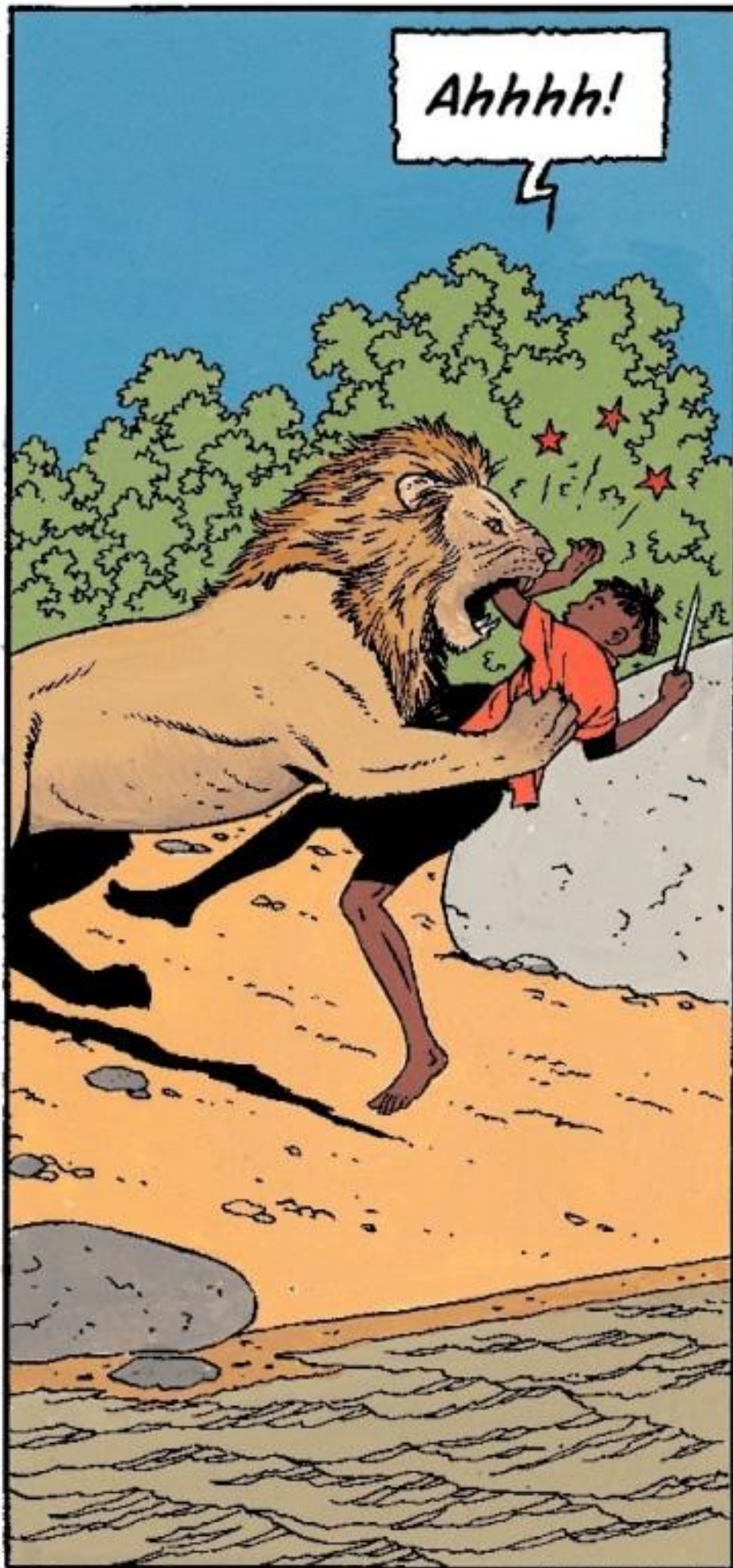
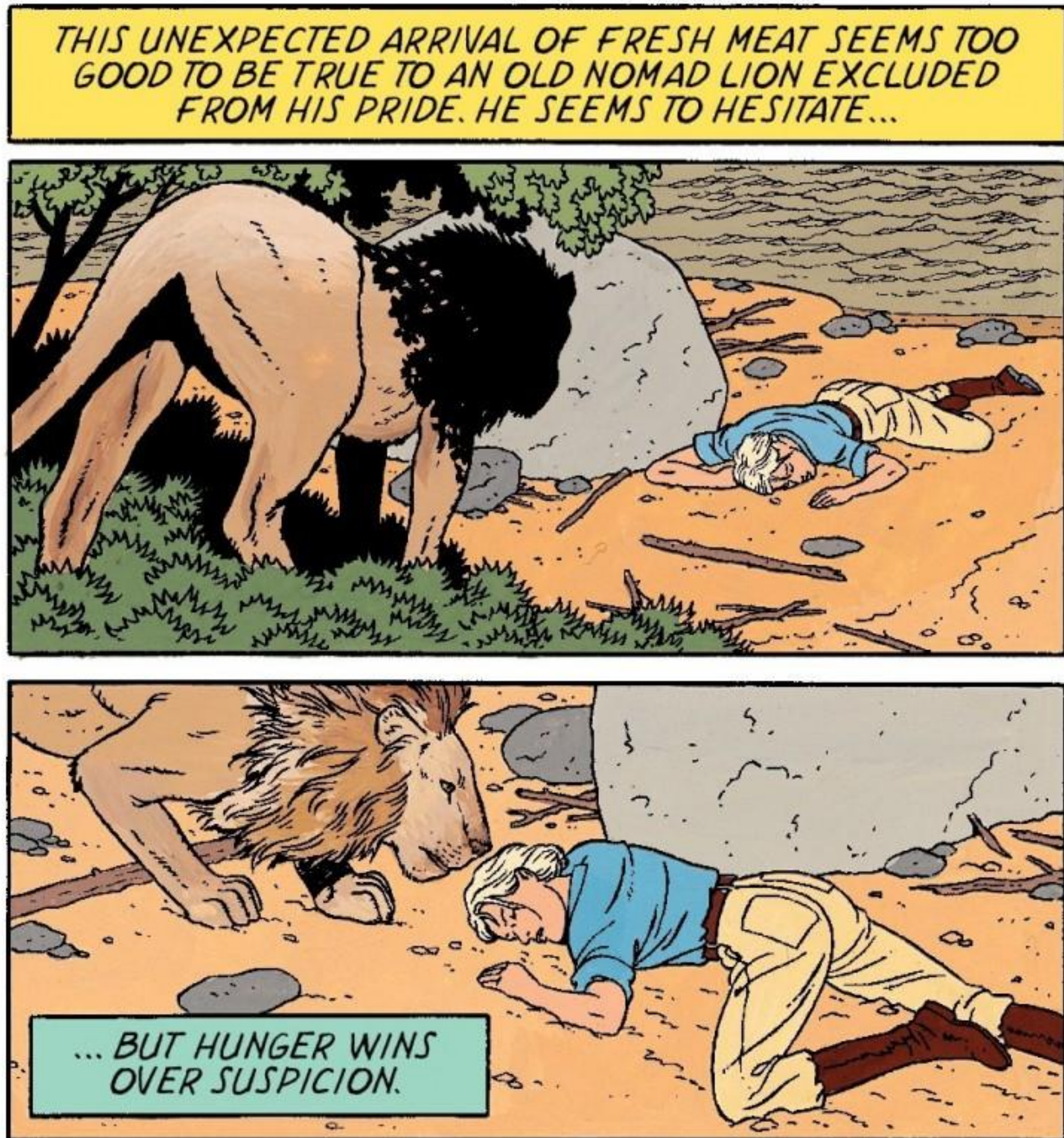
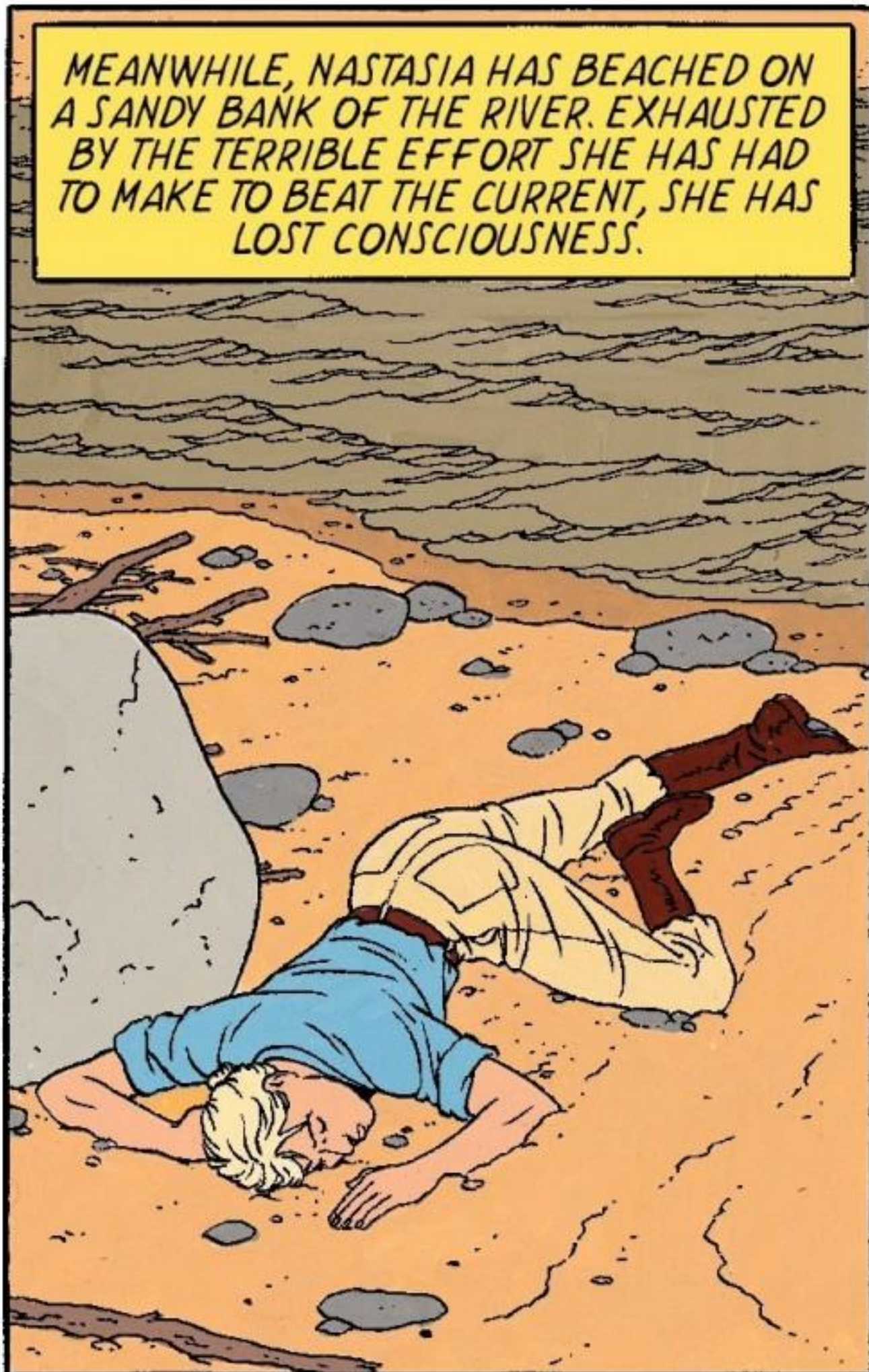


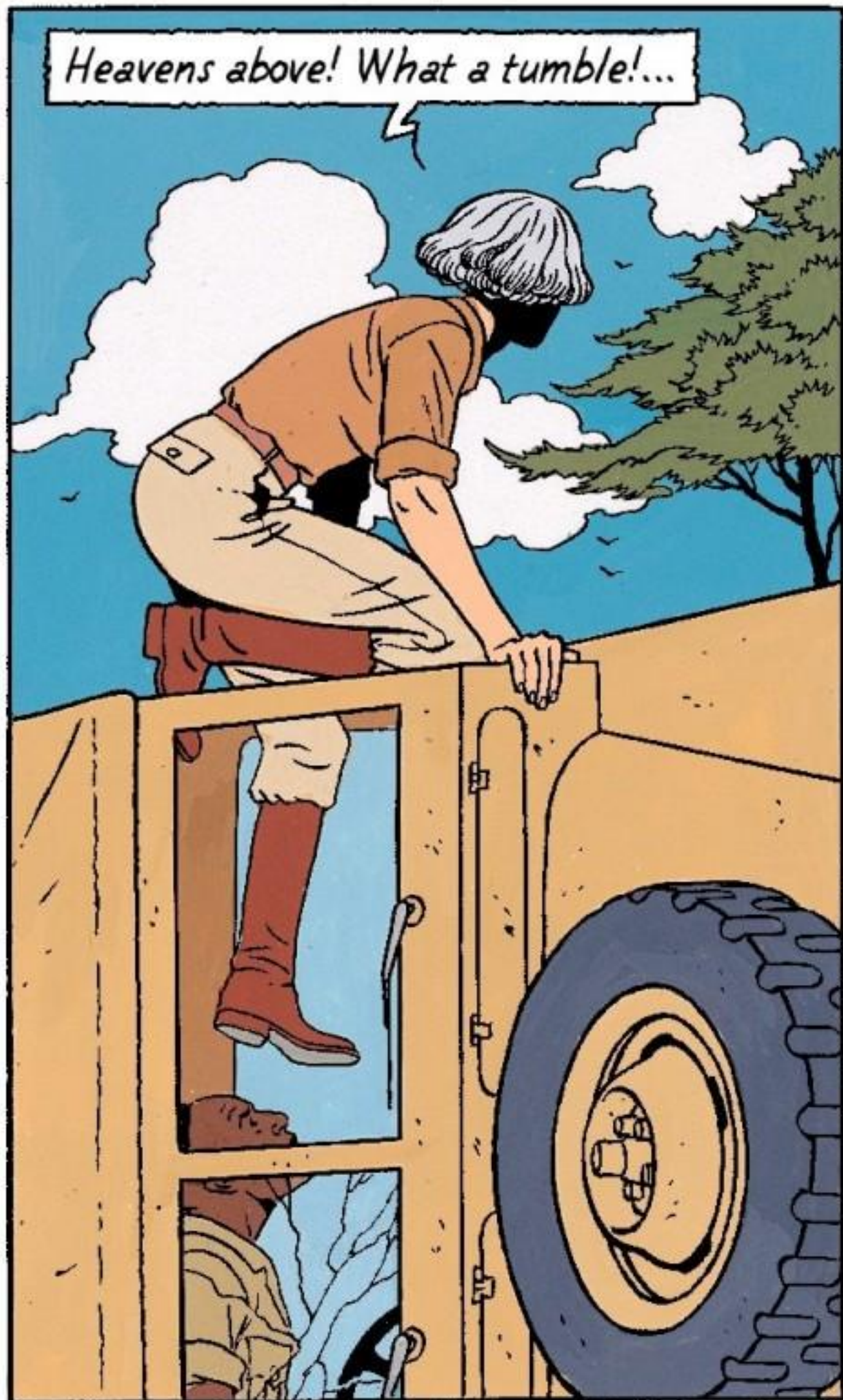
BANG BANG

DISTRACTED BY WHAT'S IN HIS REARVIEW MIRROR, BOMBO FAILS TO SEE IN TIME A LARGE ROCK IN HIS PATH...



BRAAAA



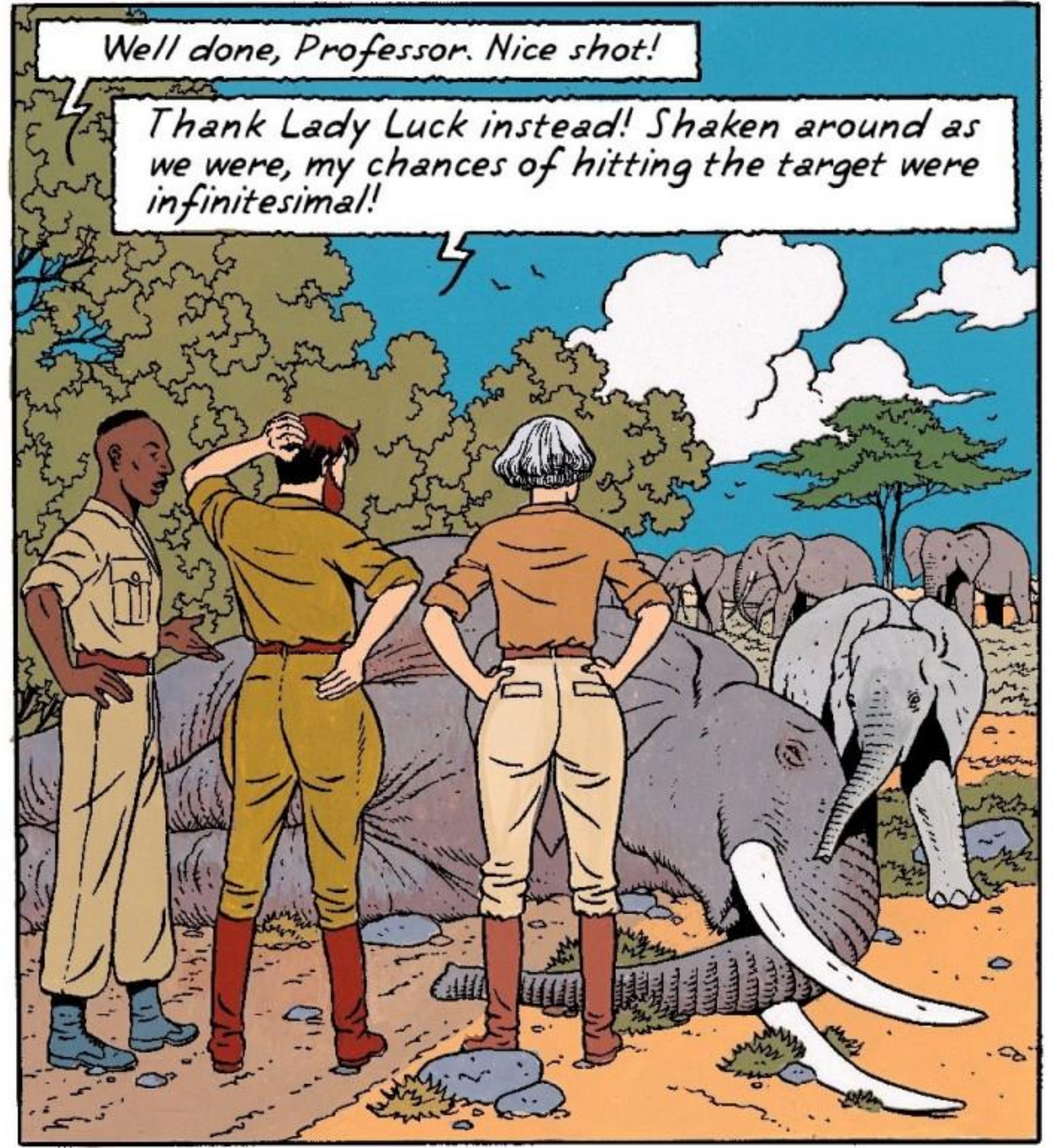


Heavens above! What a tumble!...



Philip! Are you all right?...

Er... I think so...
Where is the... the...?

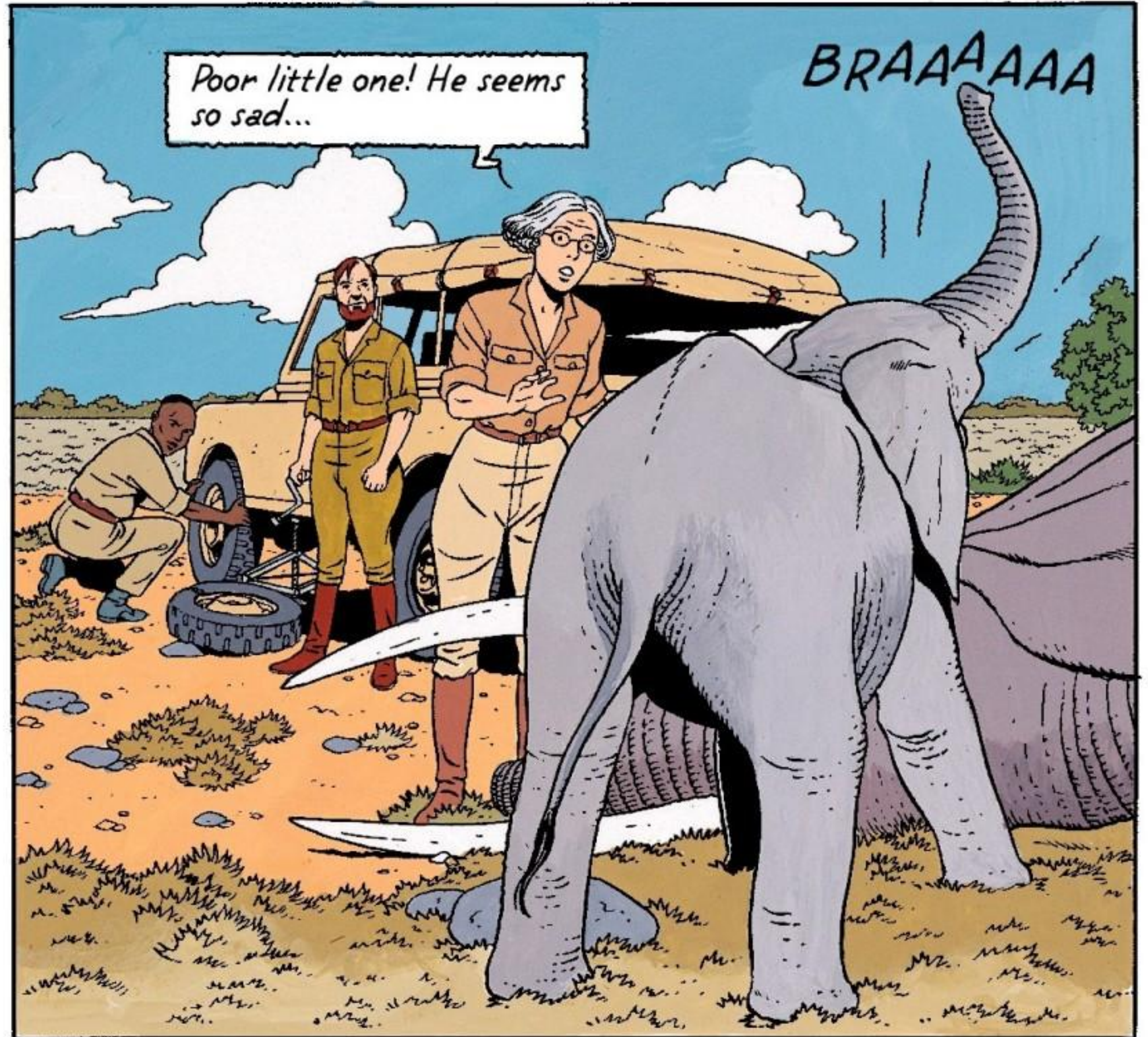
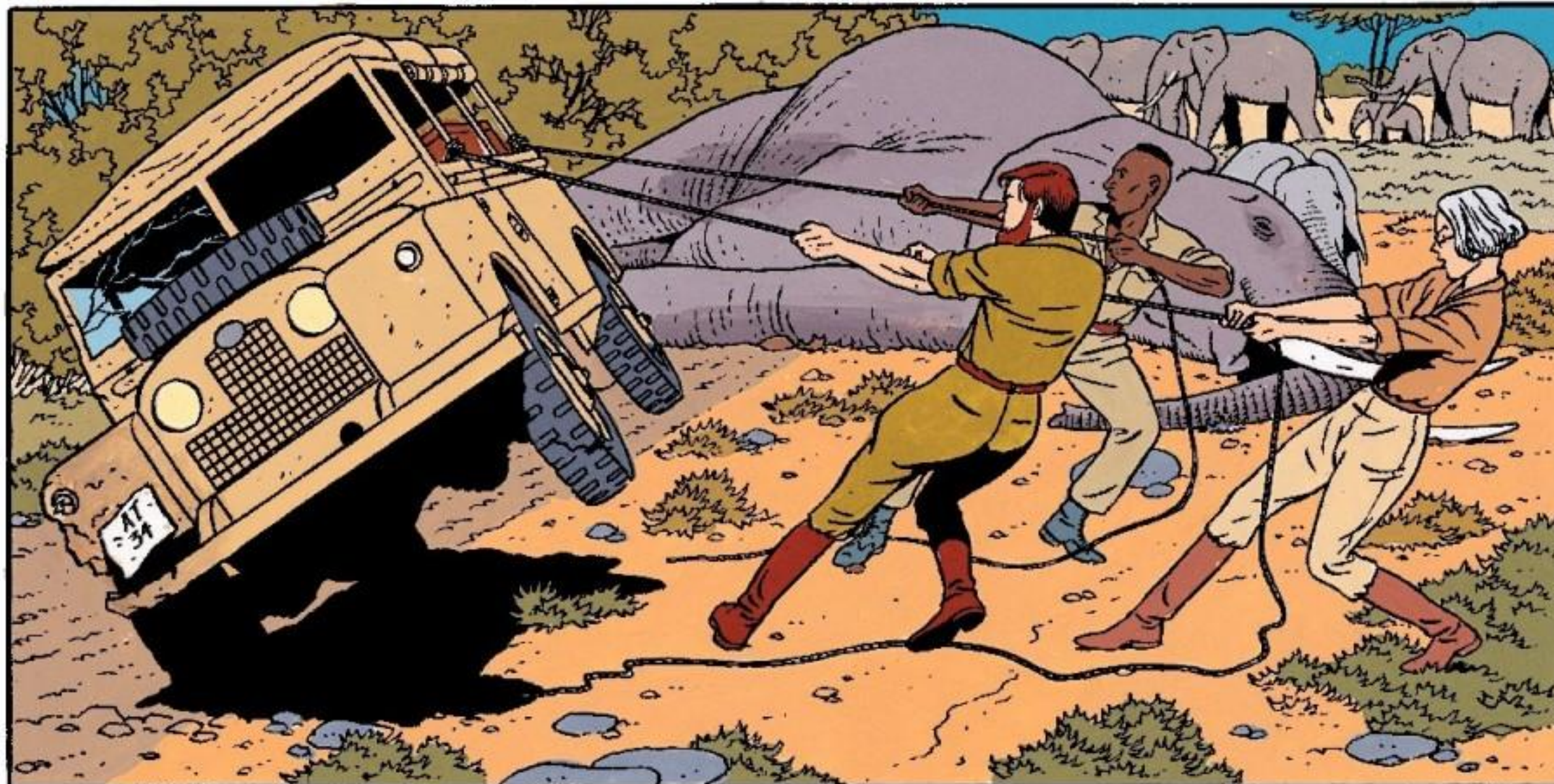


Well done, Professor. Nice shot!

Thank Lady Luck instead! Shaken around as
we were, my chances of hitting the target were
infinitesimal!

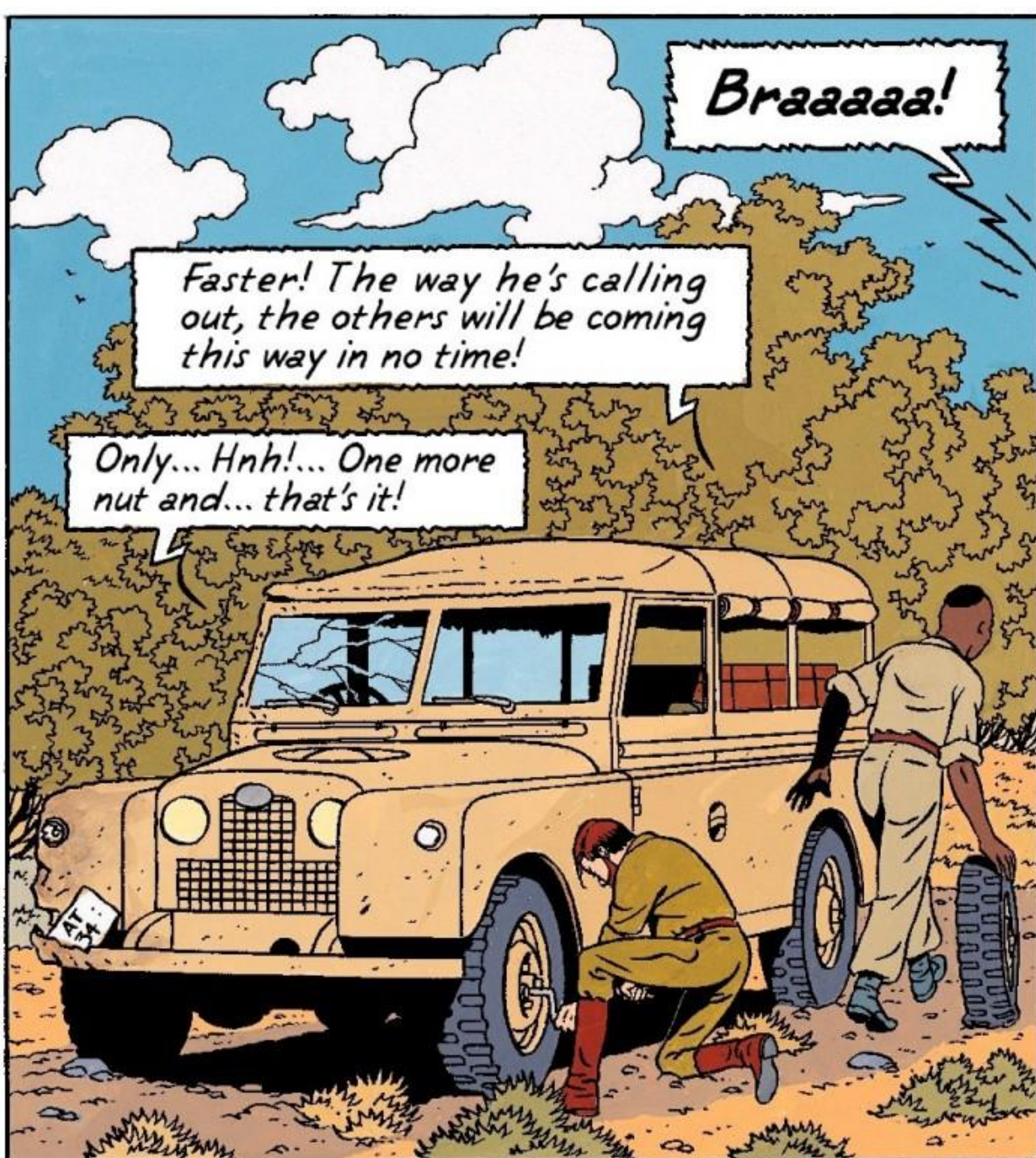


Let's not waste any time. We
have to right the car and
change the blown tyre
before the other elephants
come to get the calf.



Poor little one! He seems
so sad...

BRAAAAAA



Braaaaaa!

Faster! The way he's calling
out, the others will be coming
this way in no time!

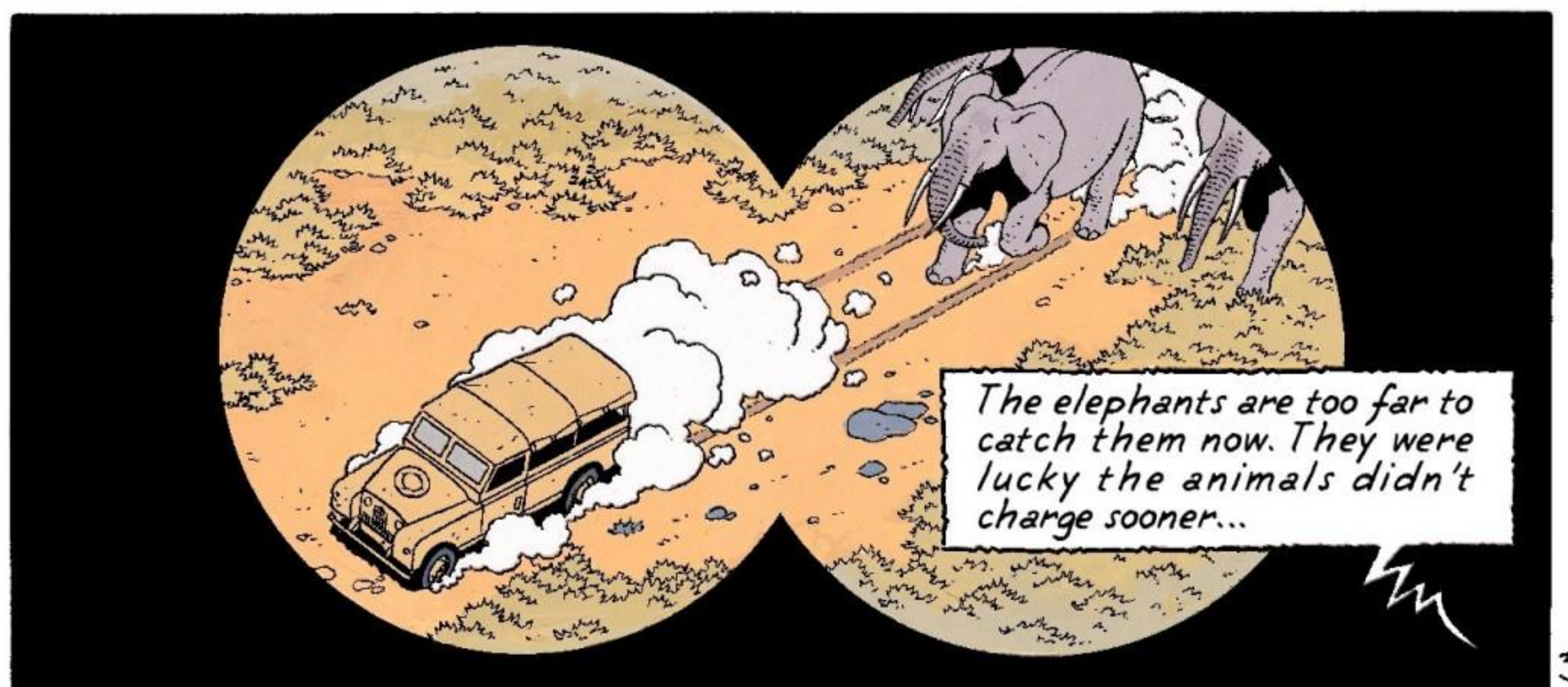
Only... Hnh!... One more
nut and... that's it!



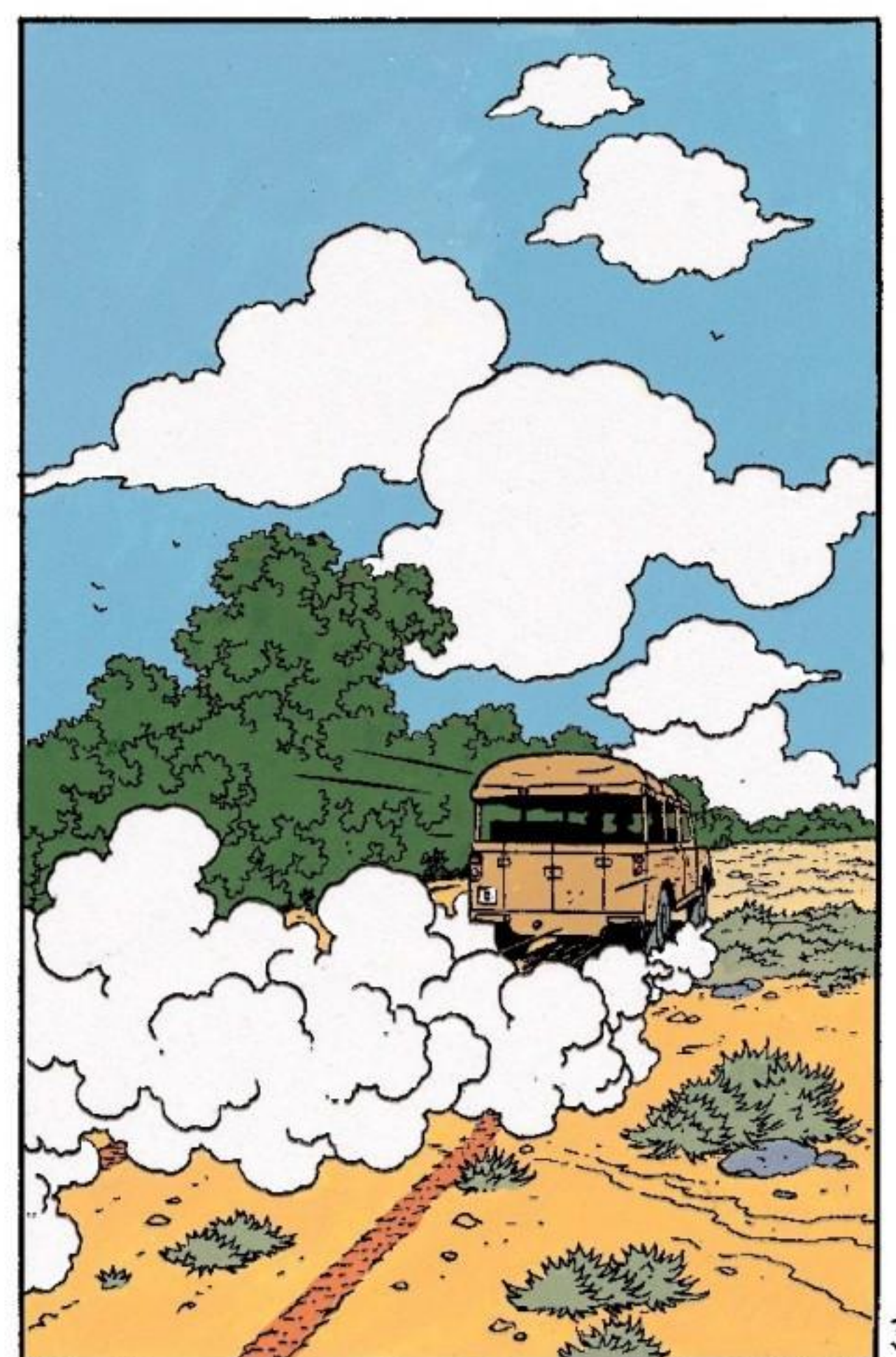
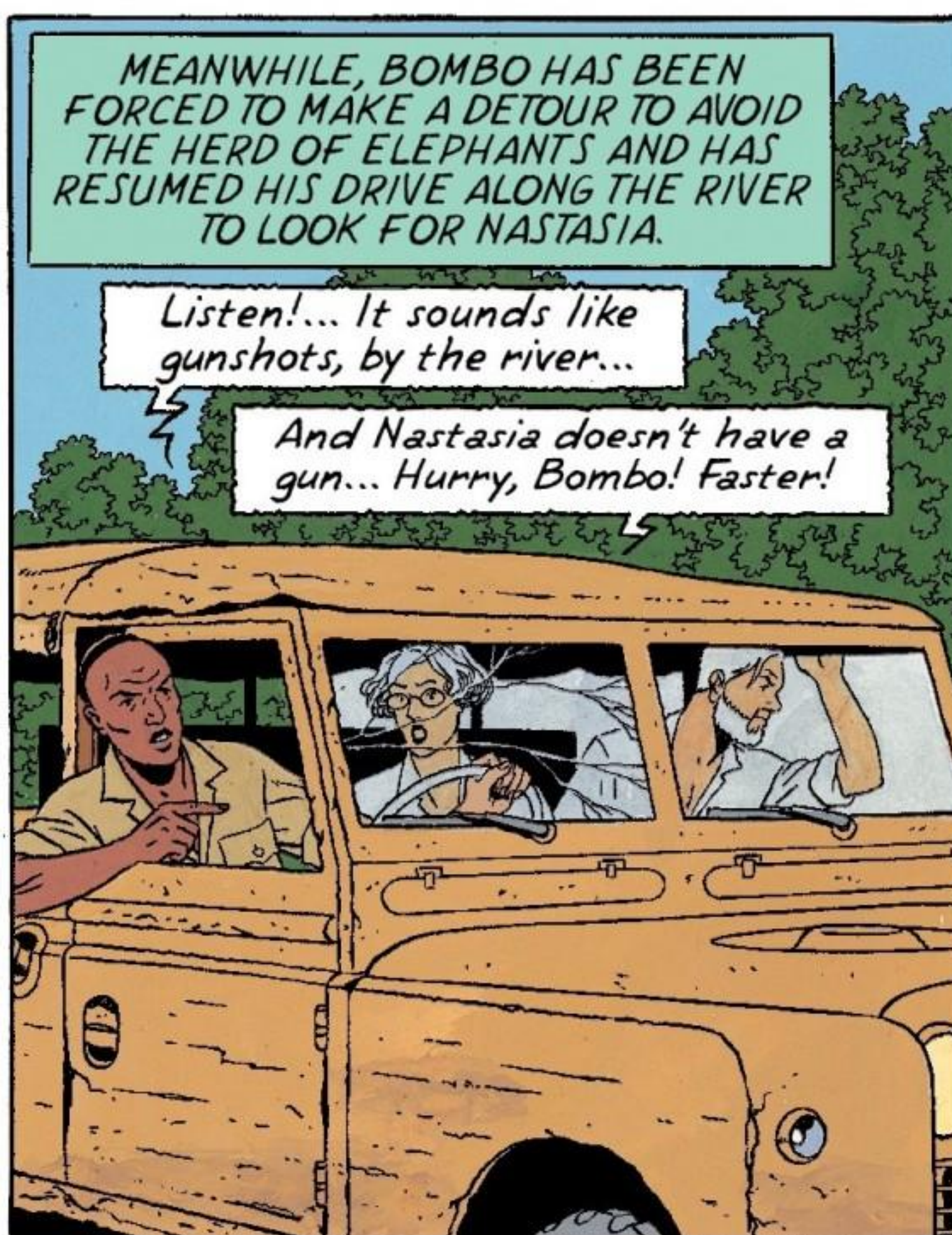
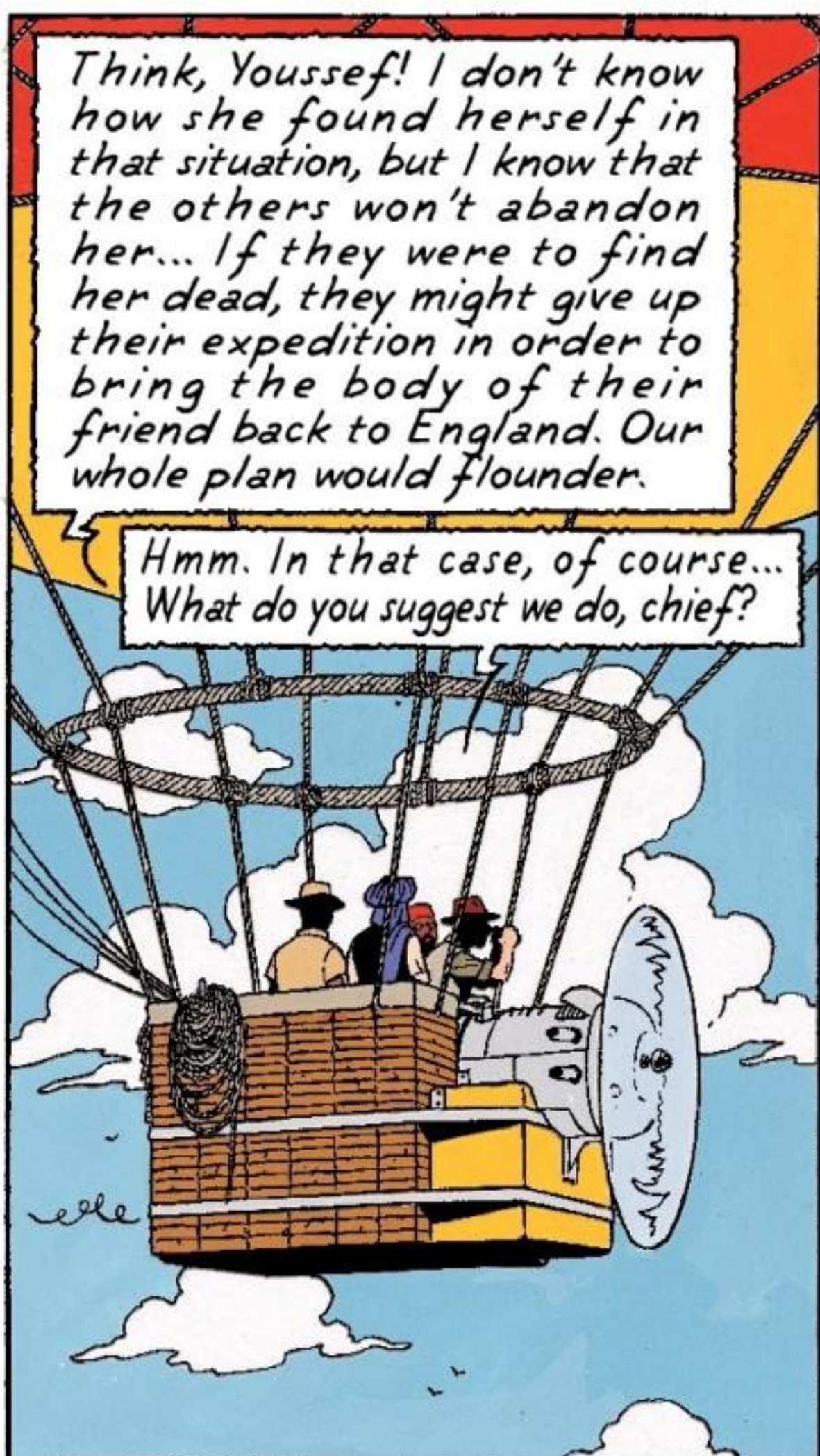
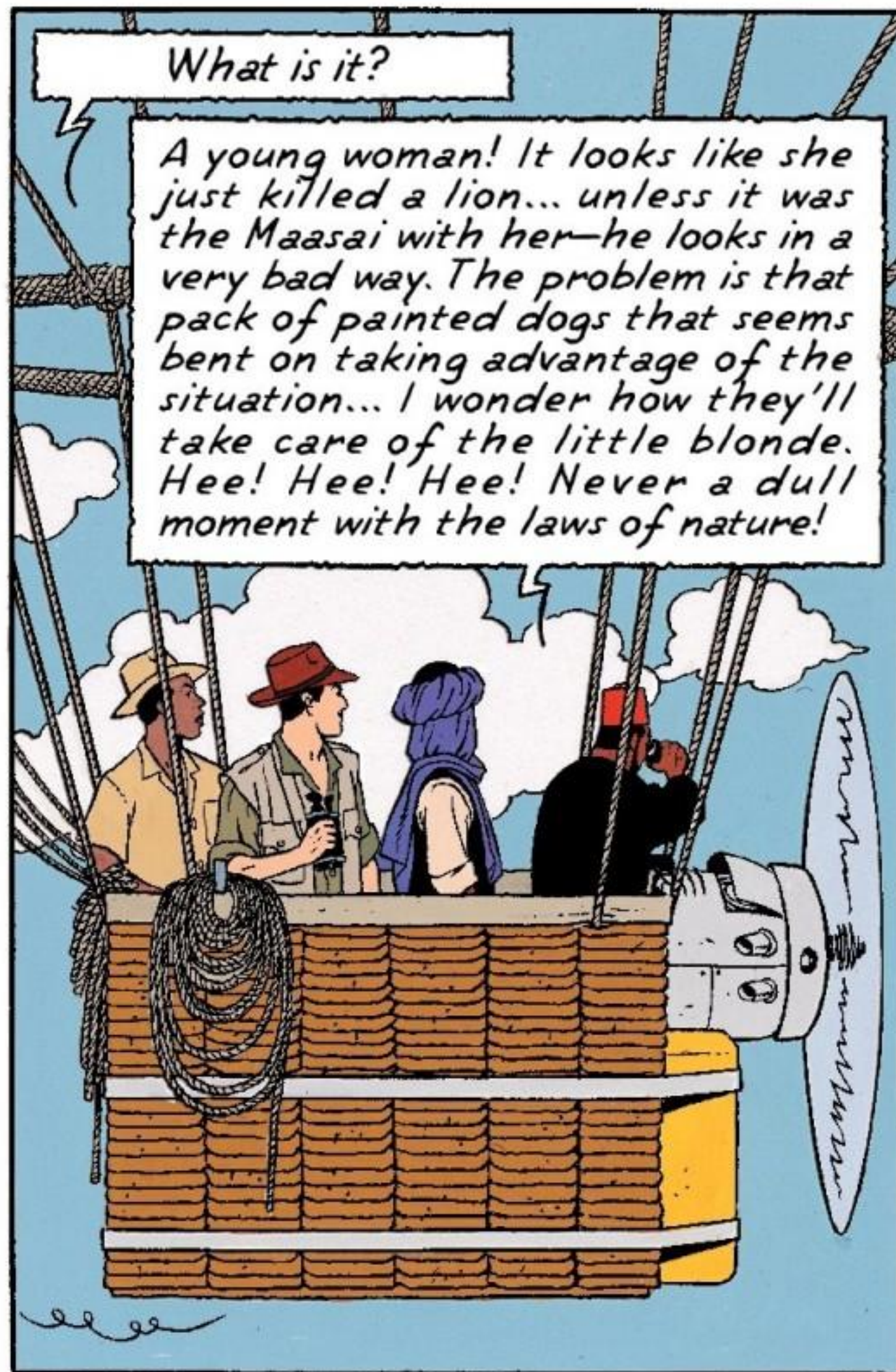
Look! The elephants! Oh, heavens... They... They're charging!

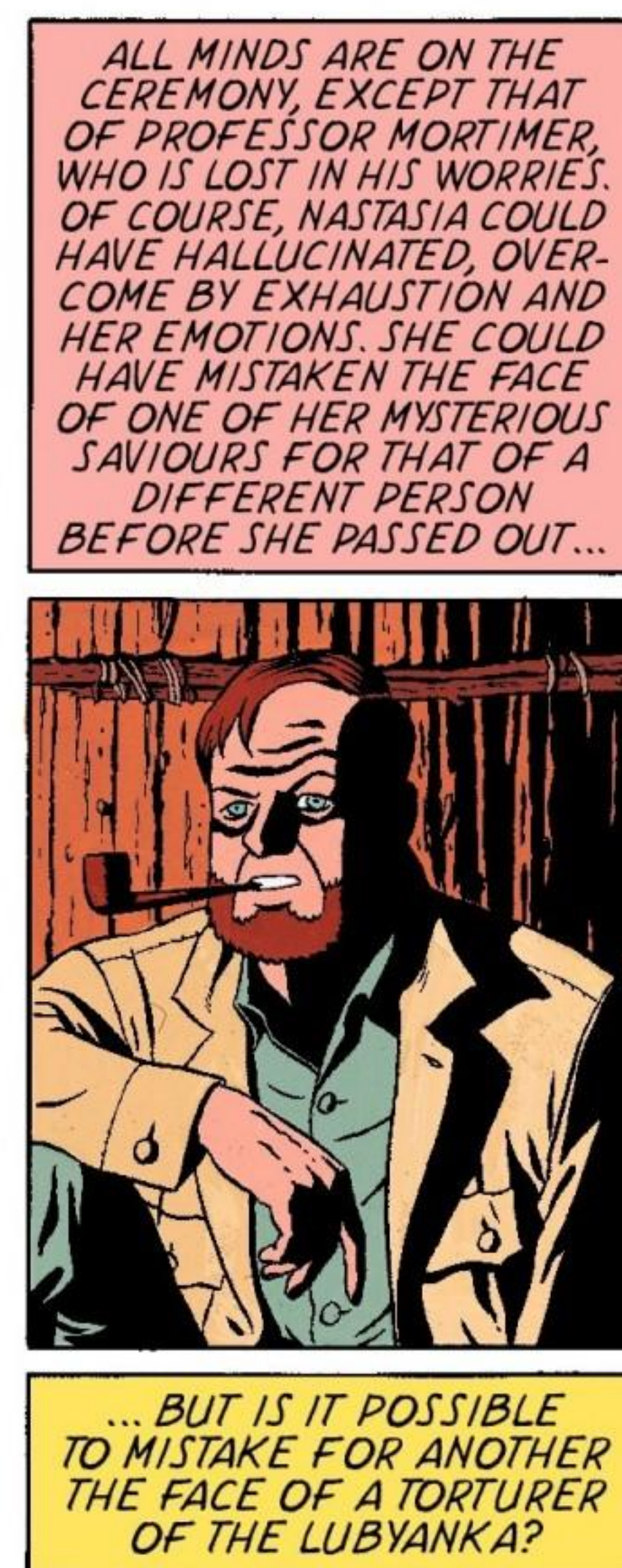
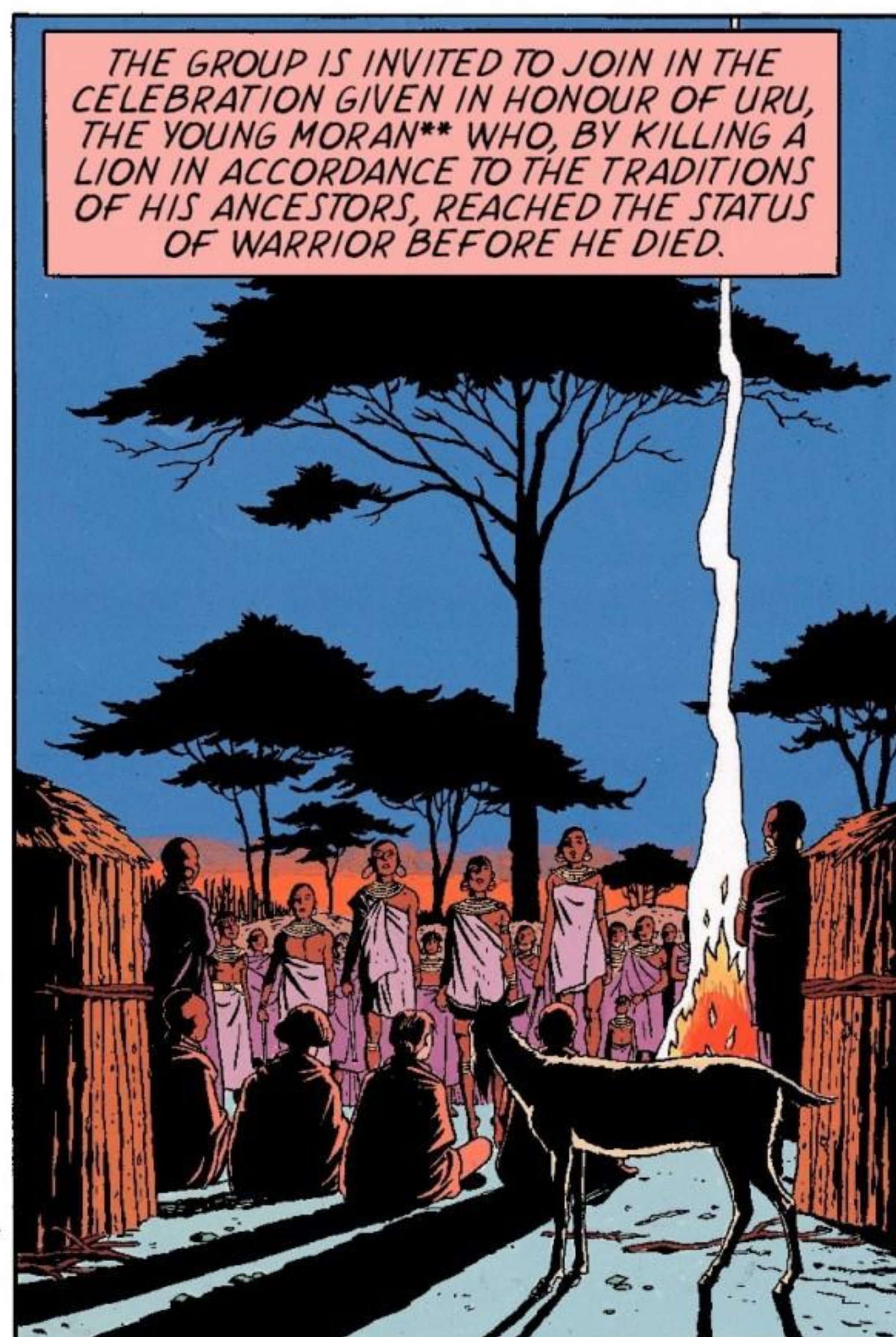
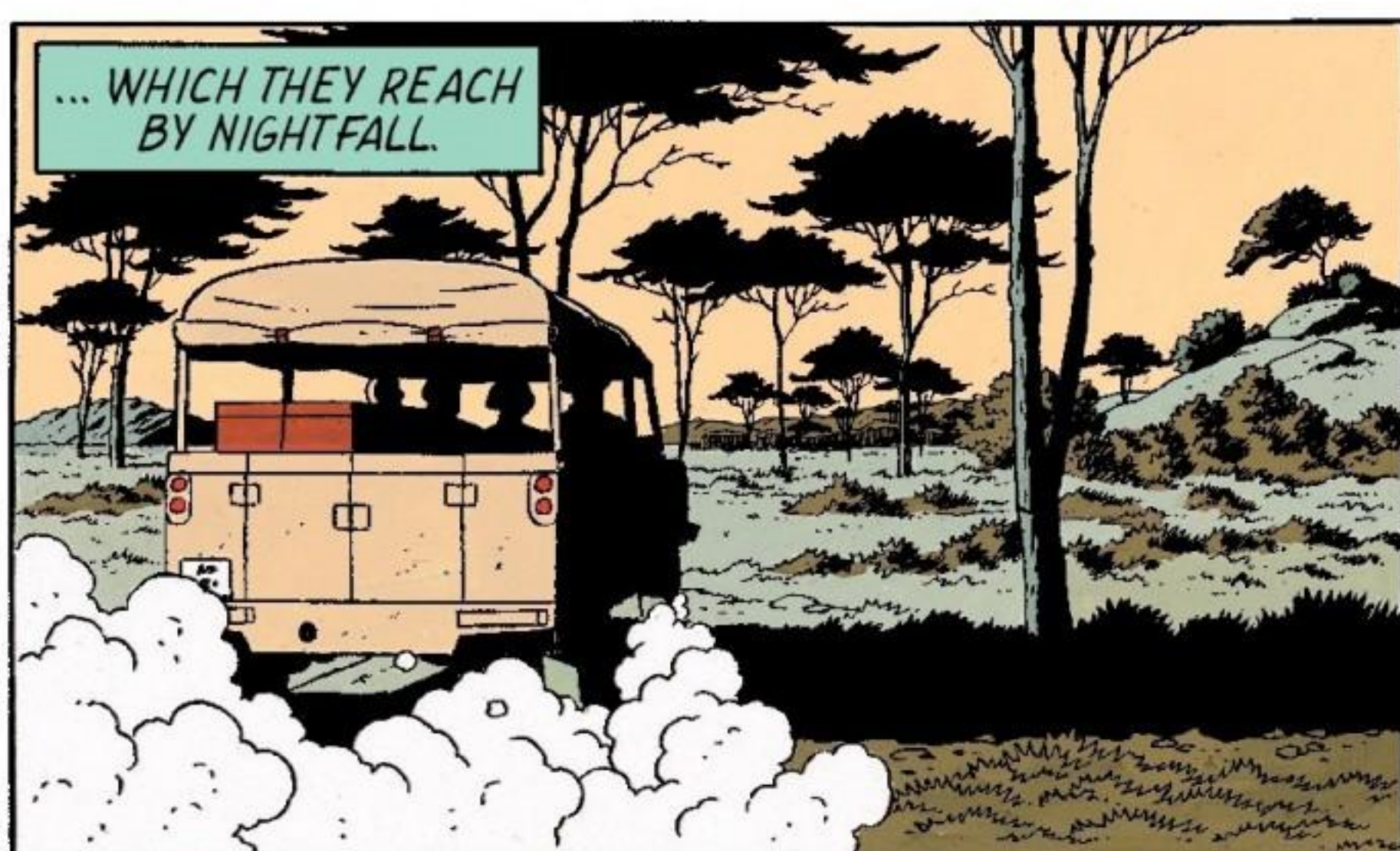
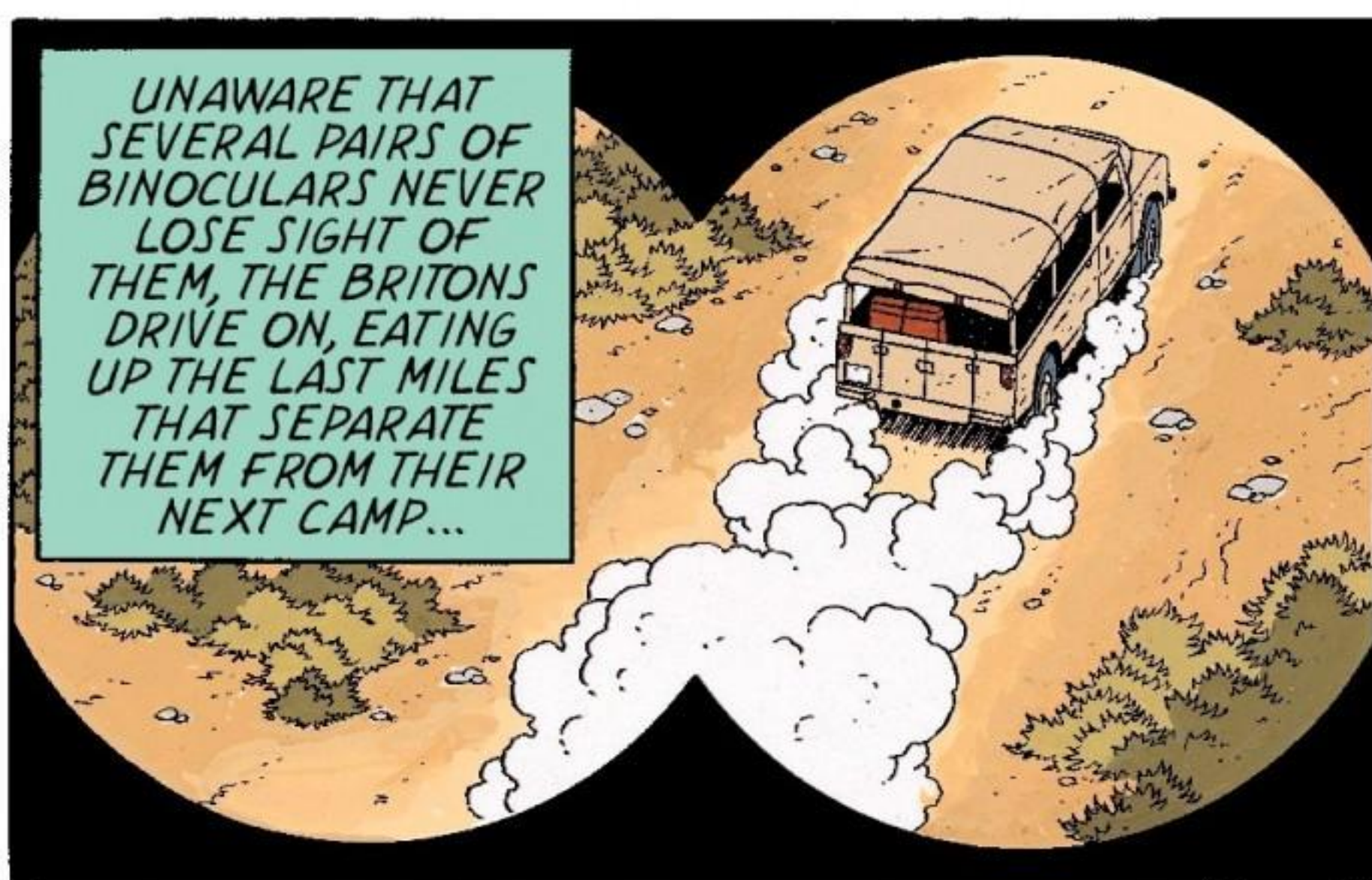
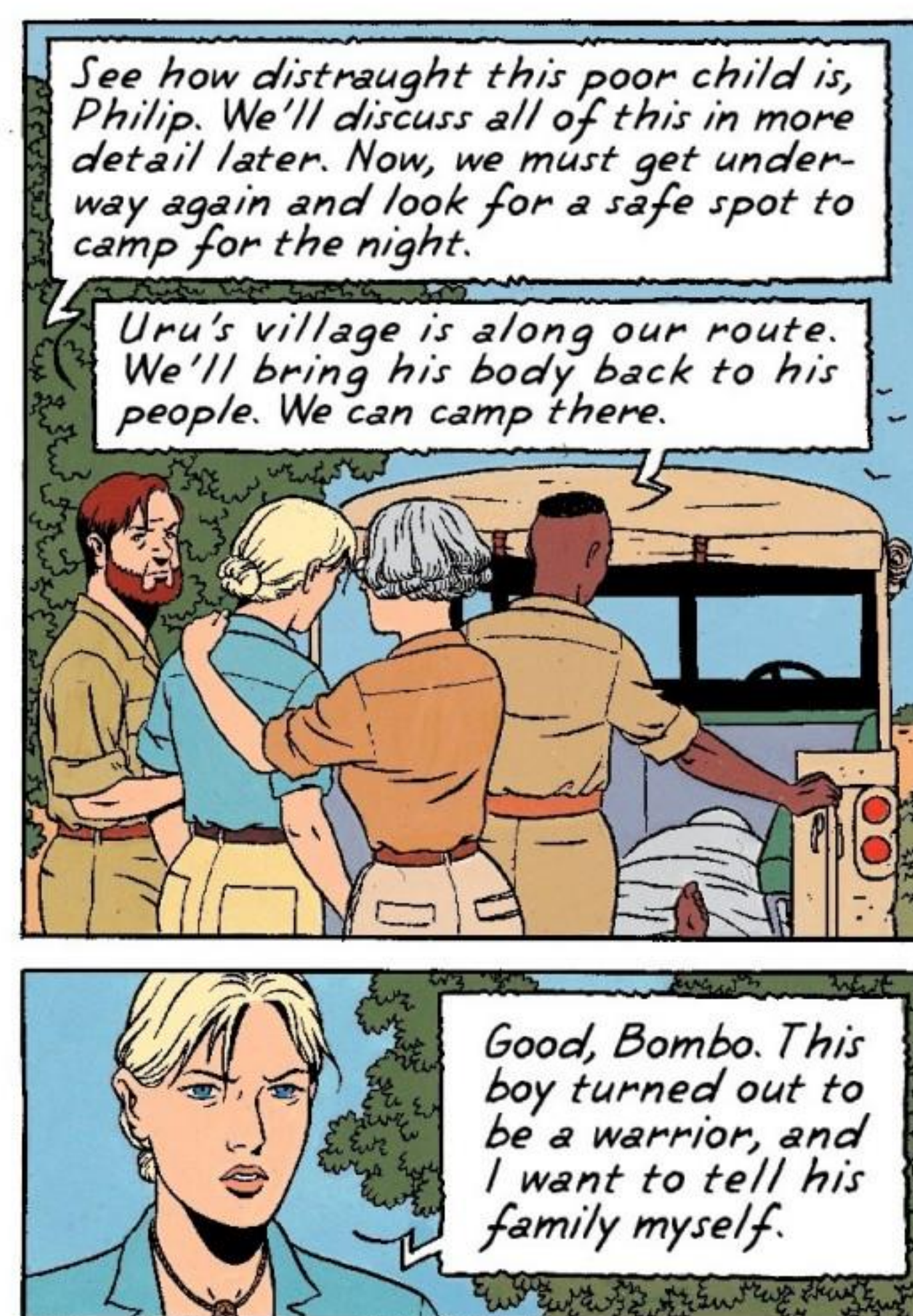
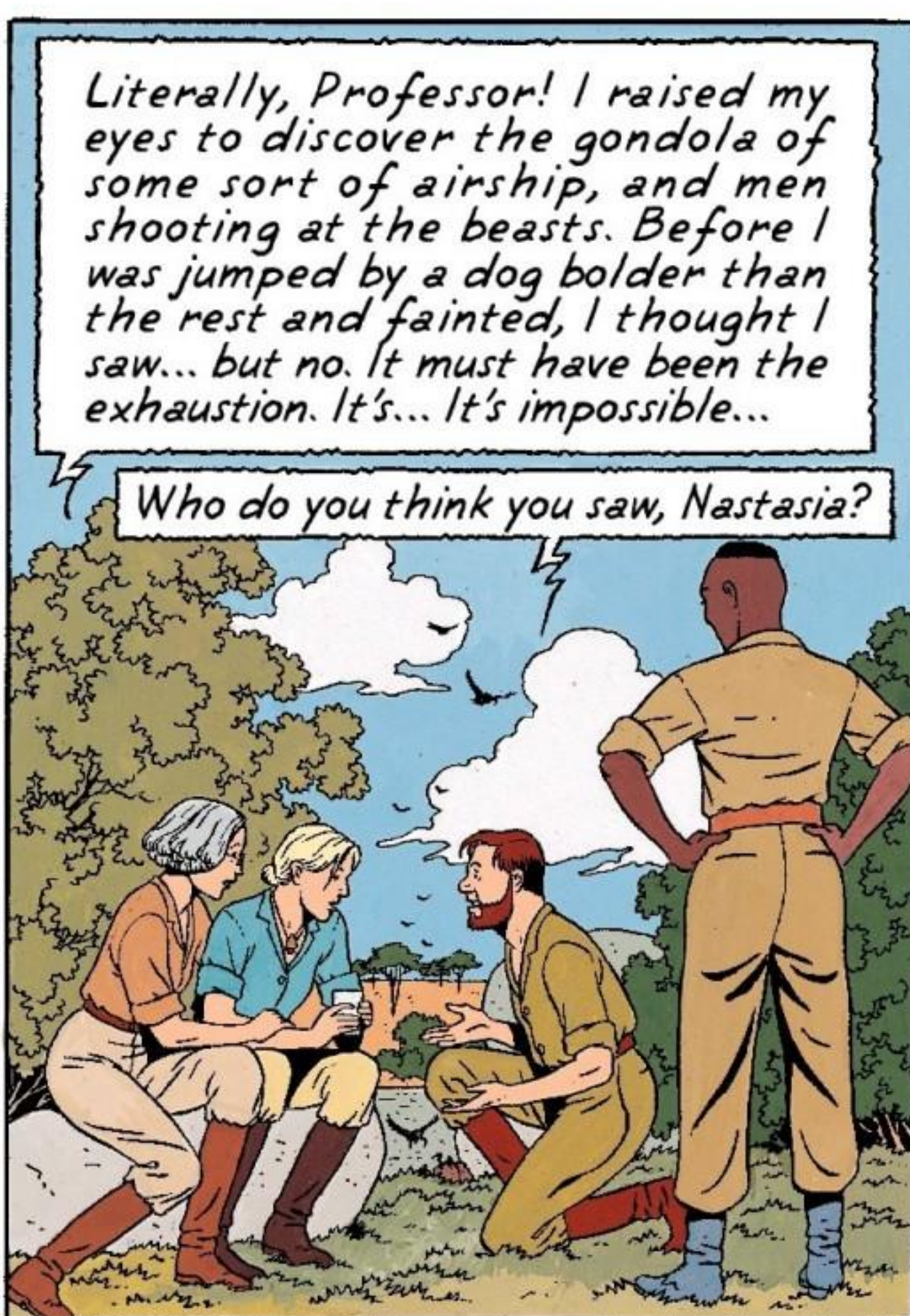
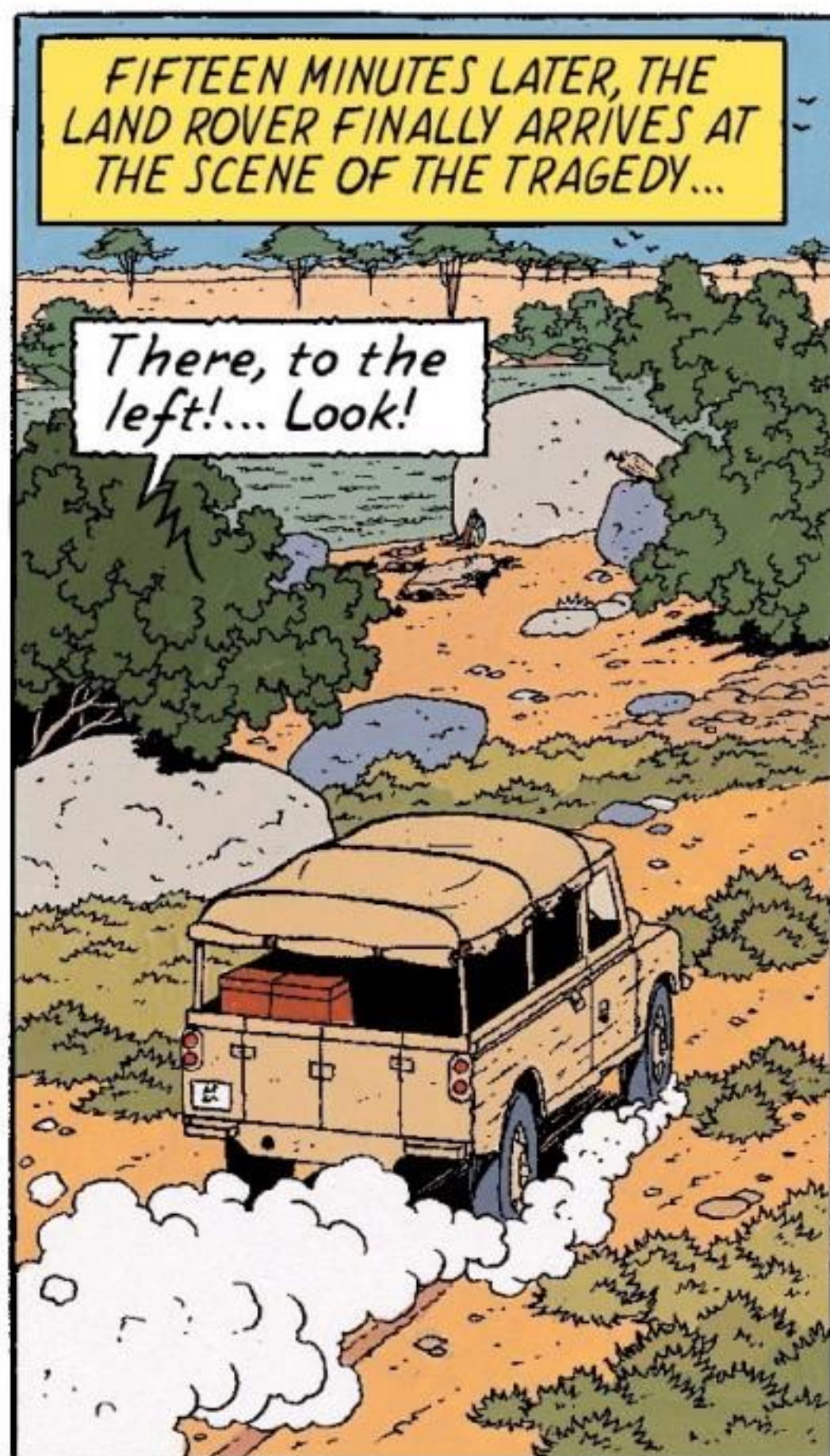
Climb in, Sarah! Hurry!

BRAAA BRAAA BRAA



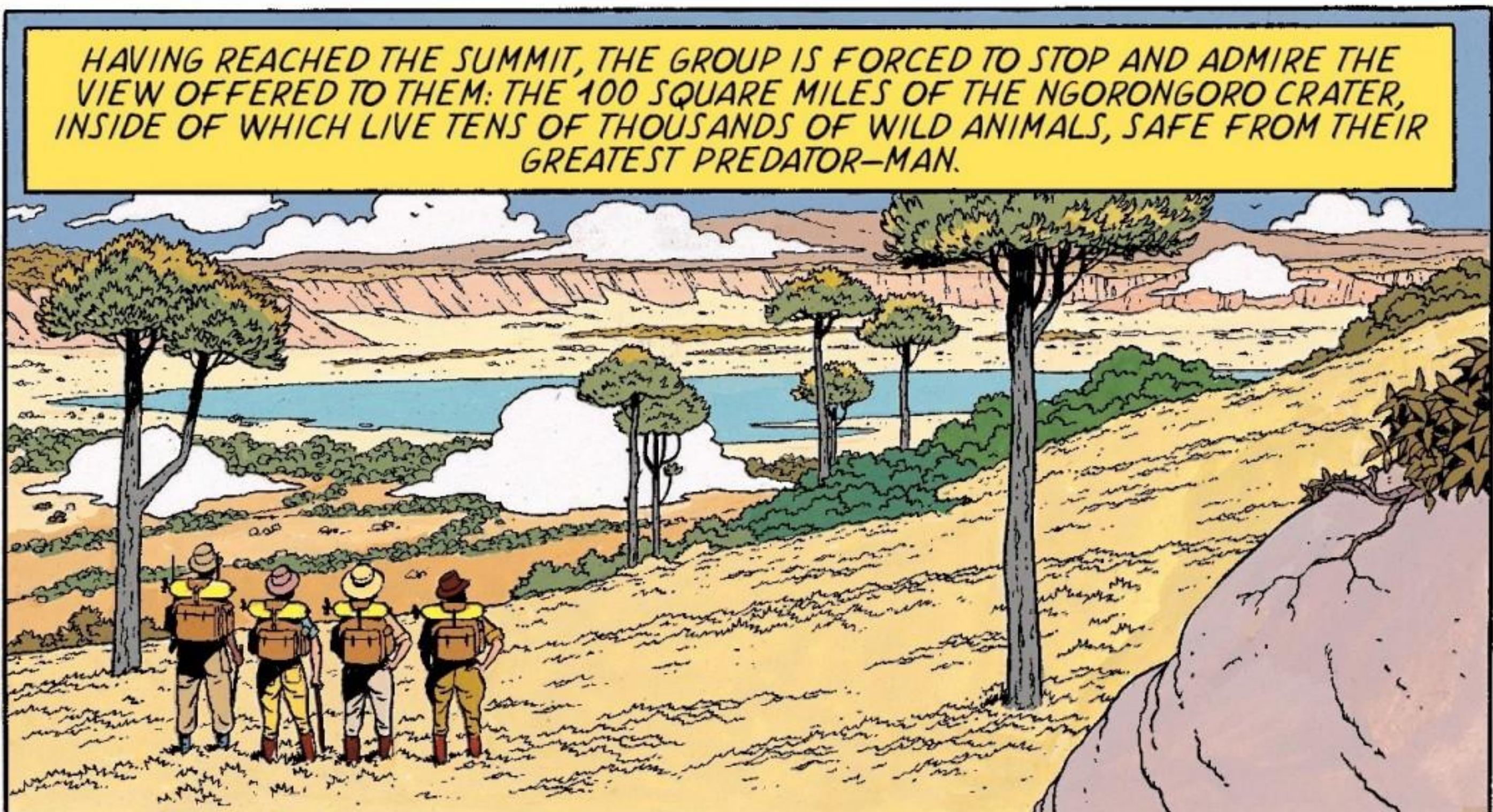
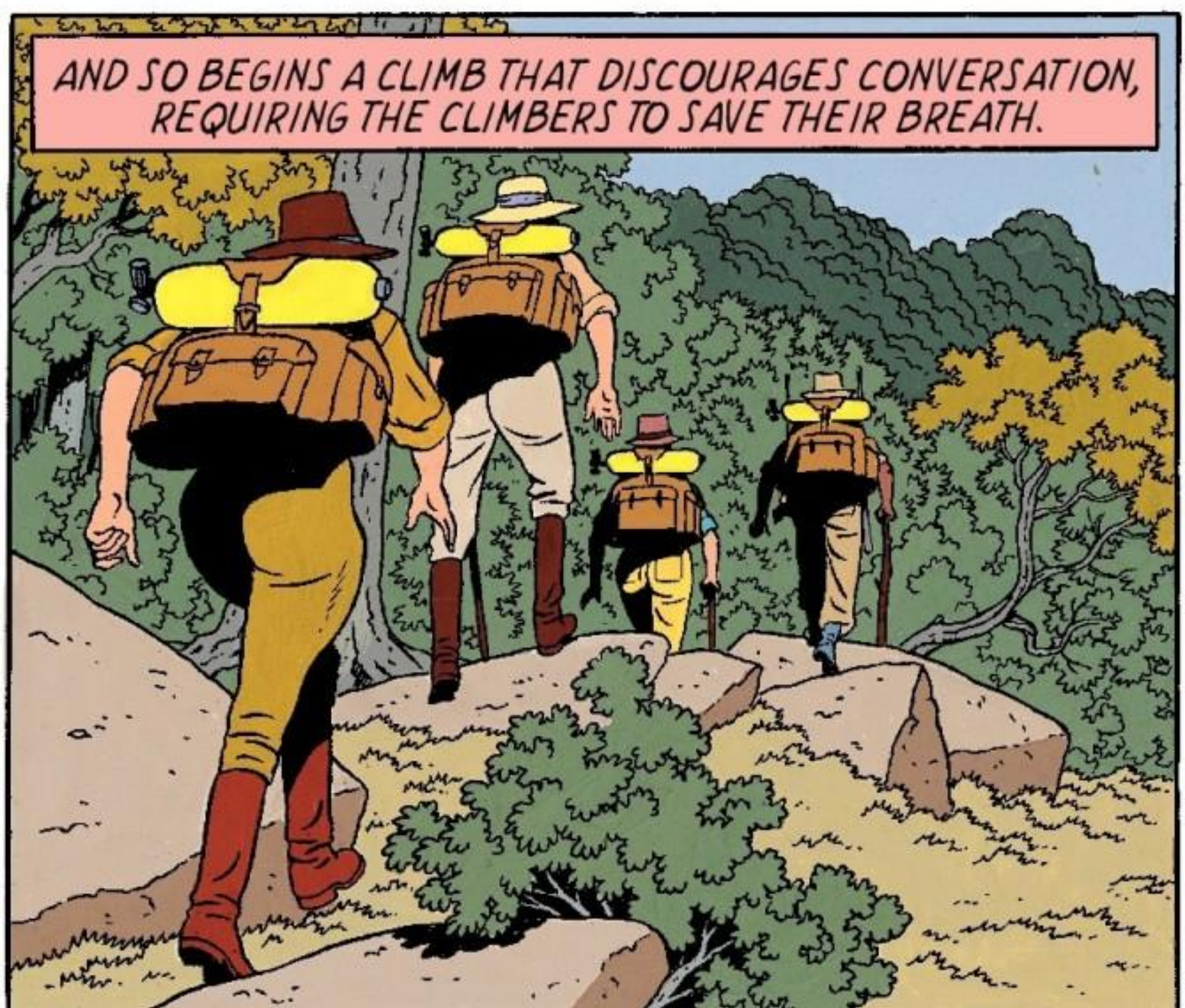
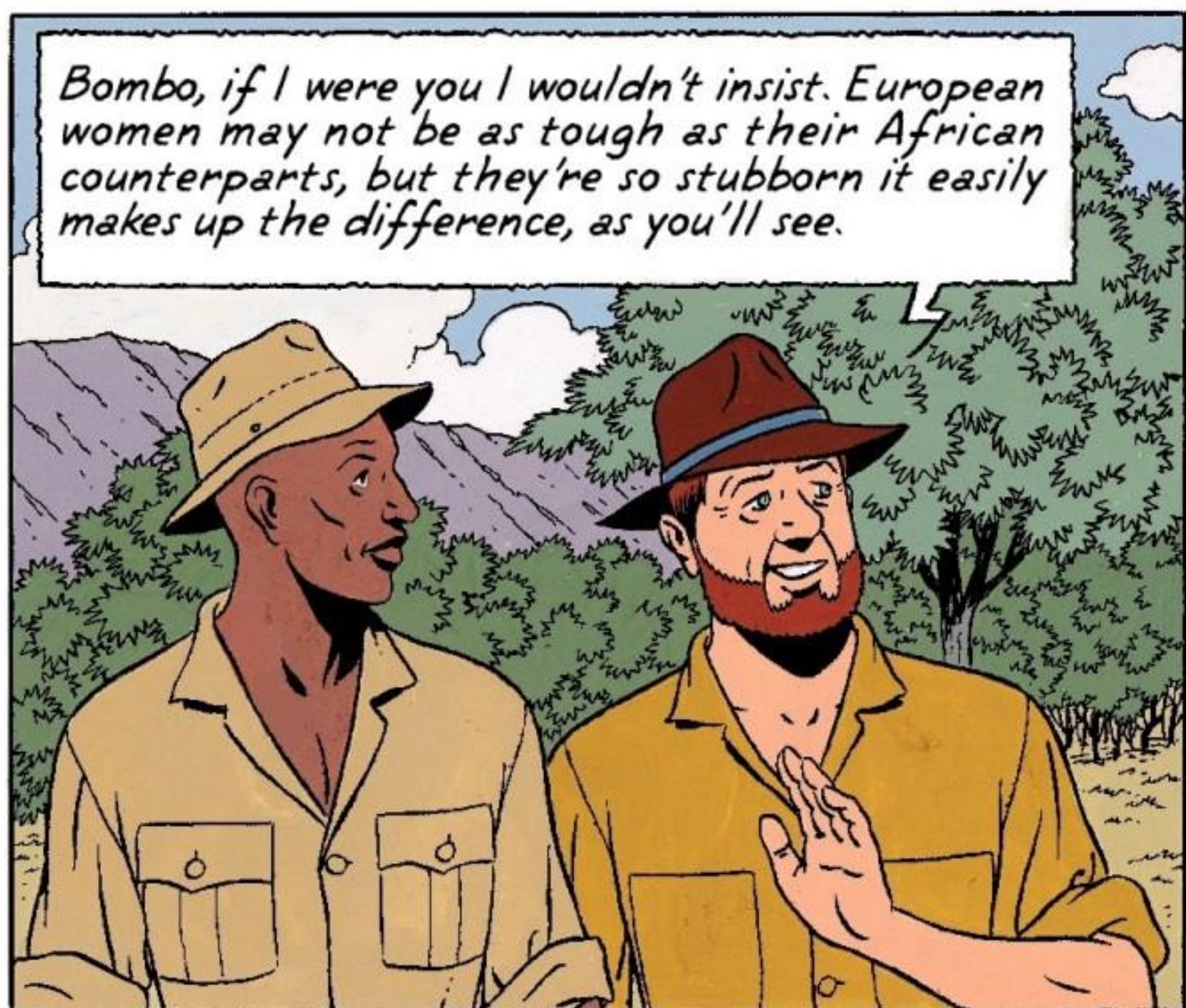
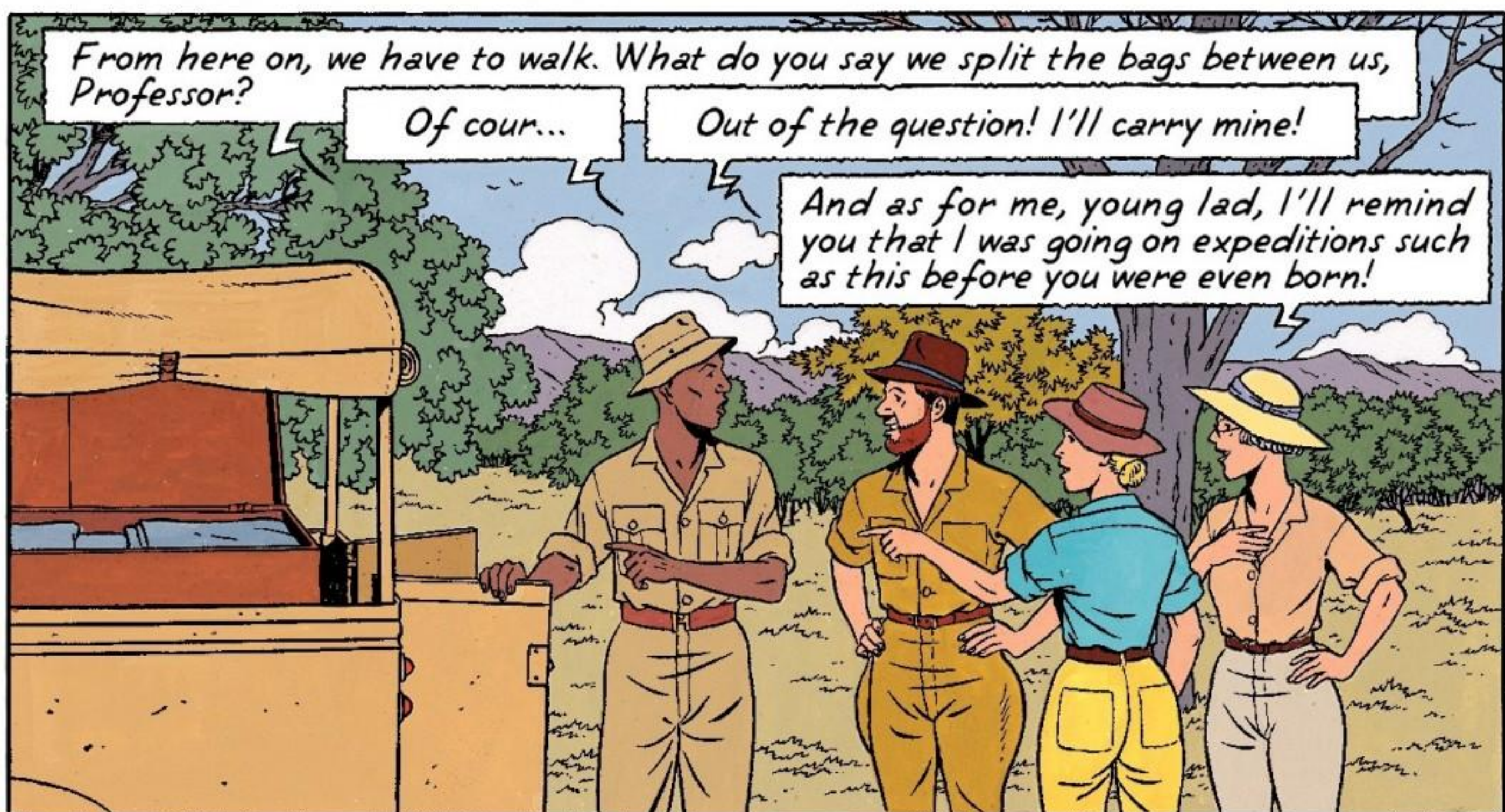
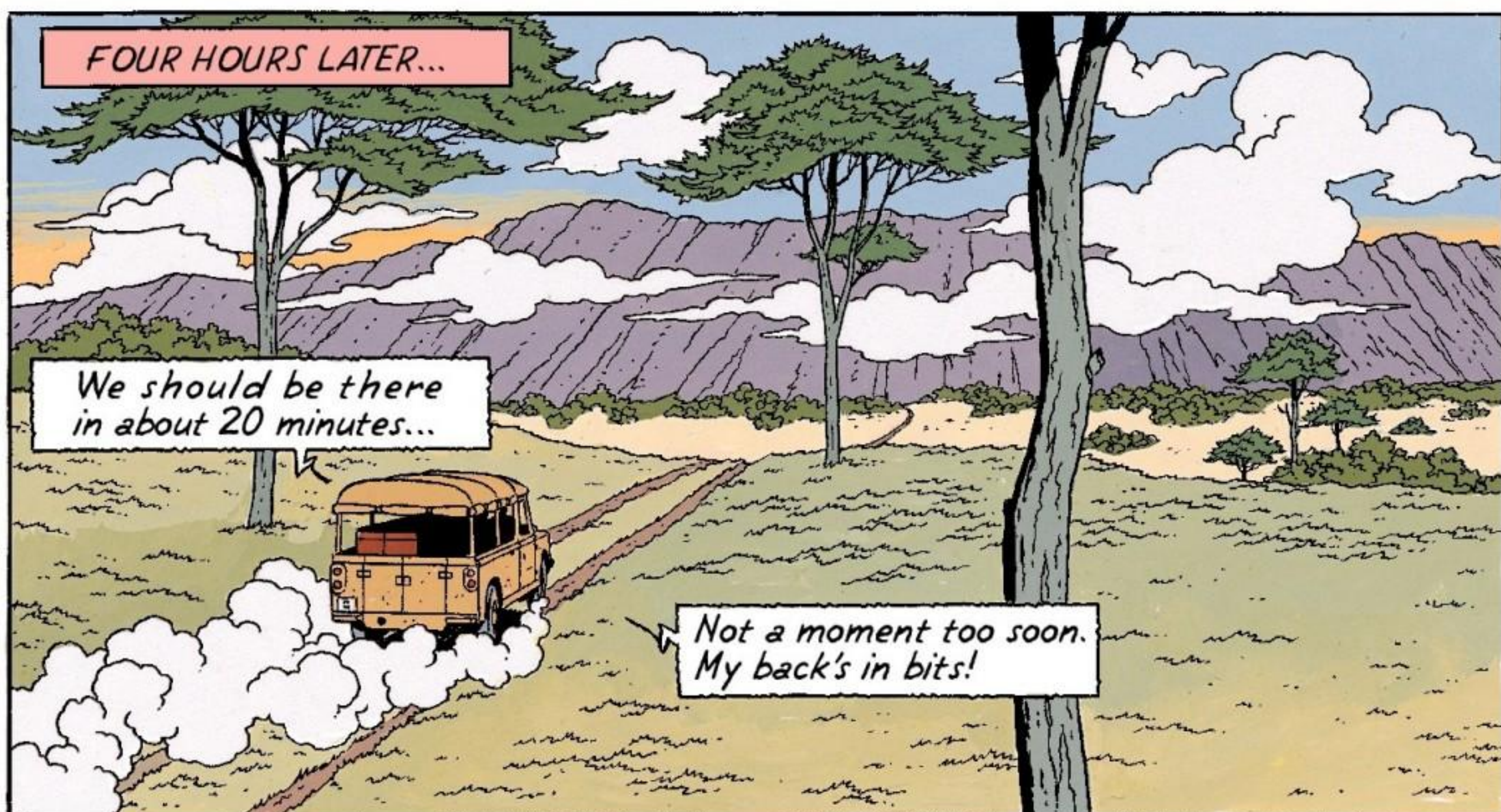
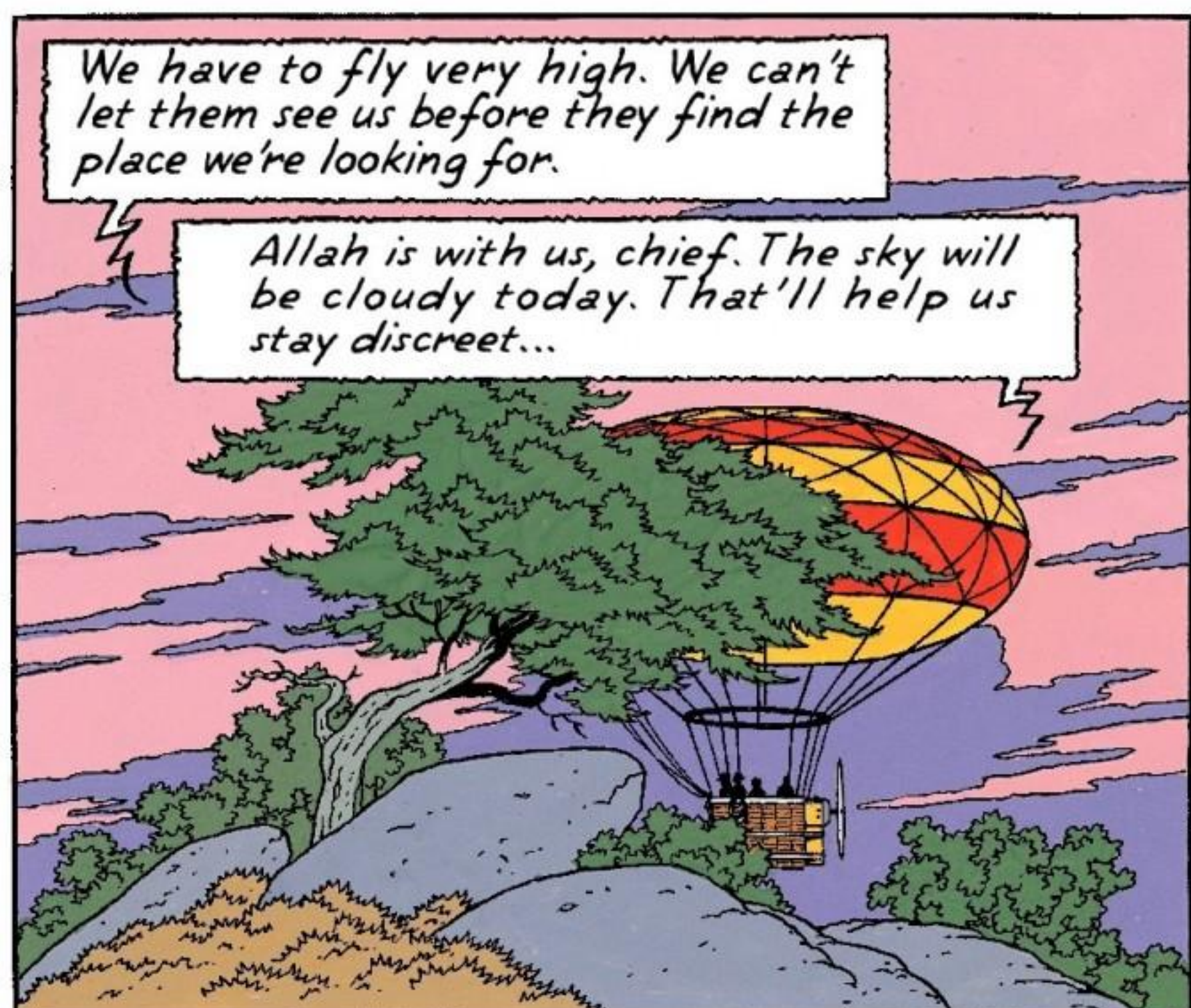
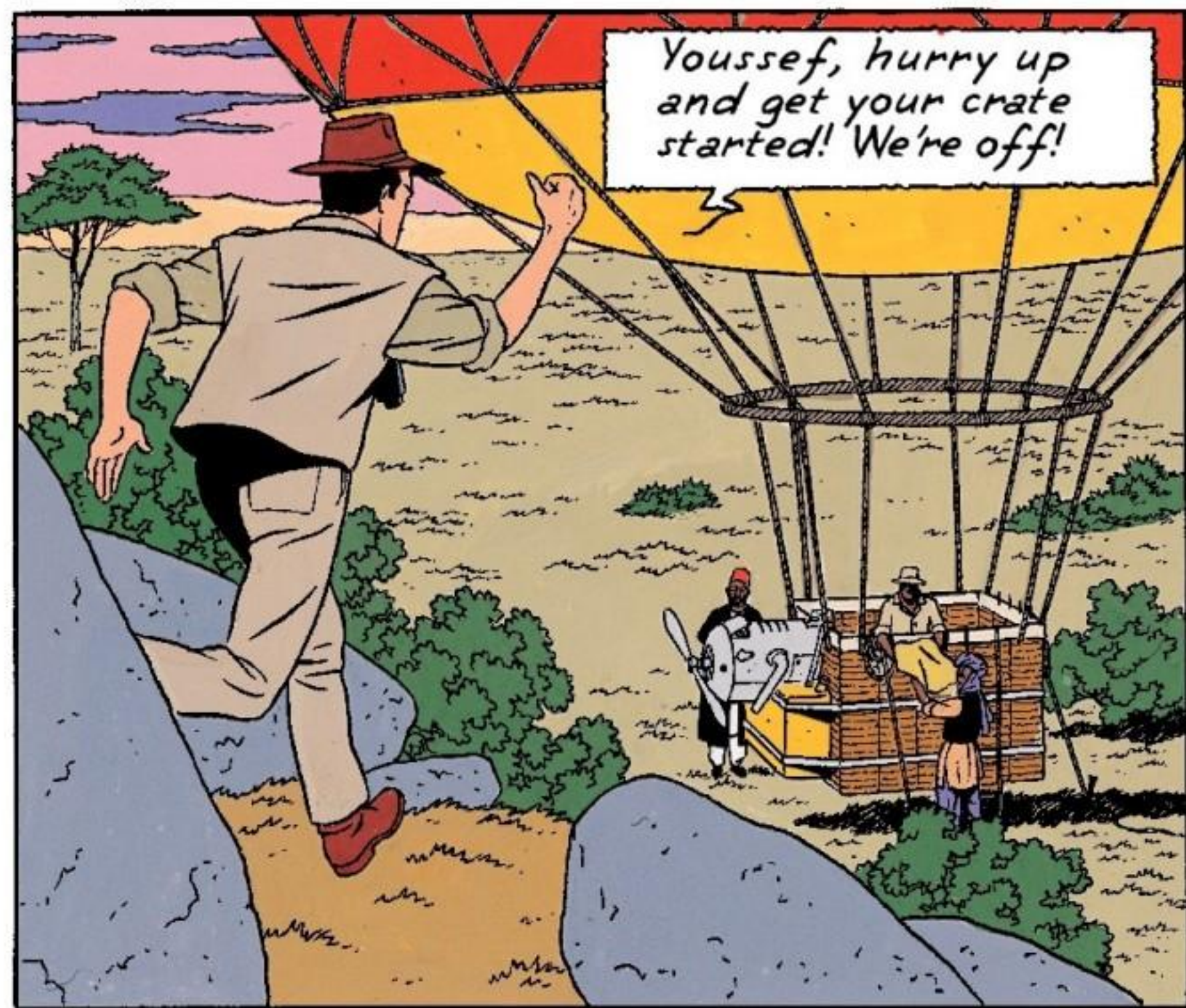
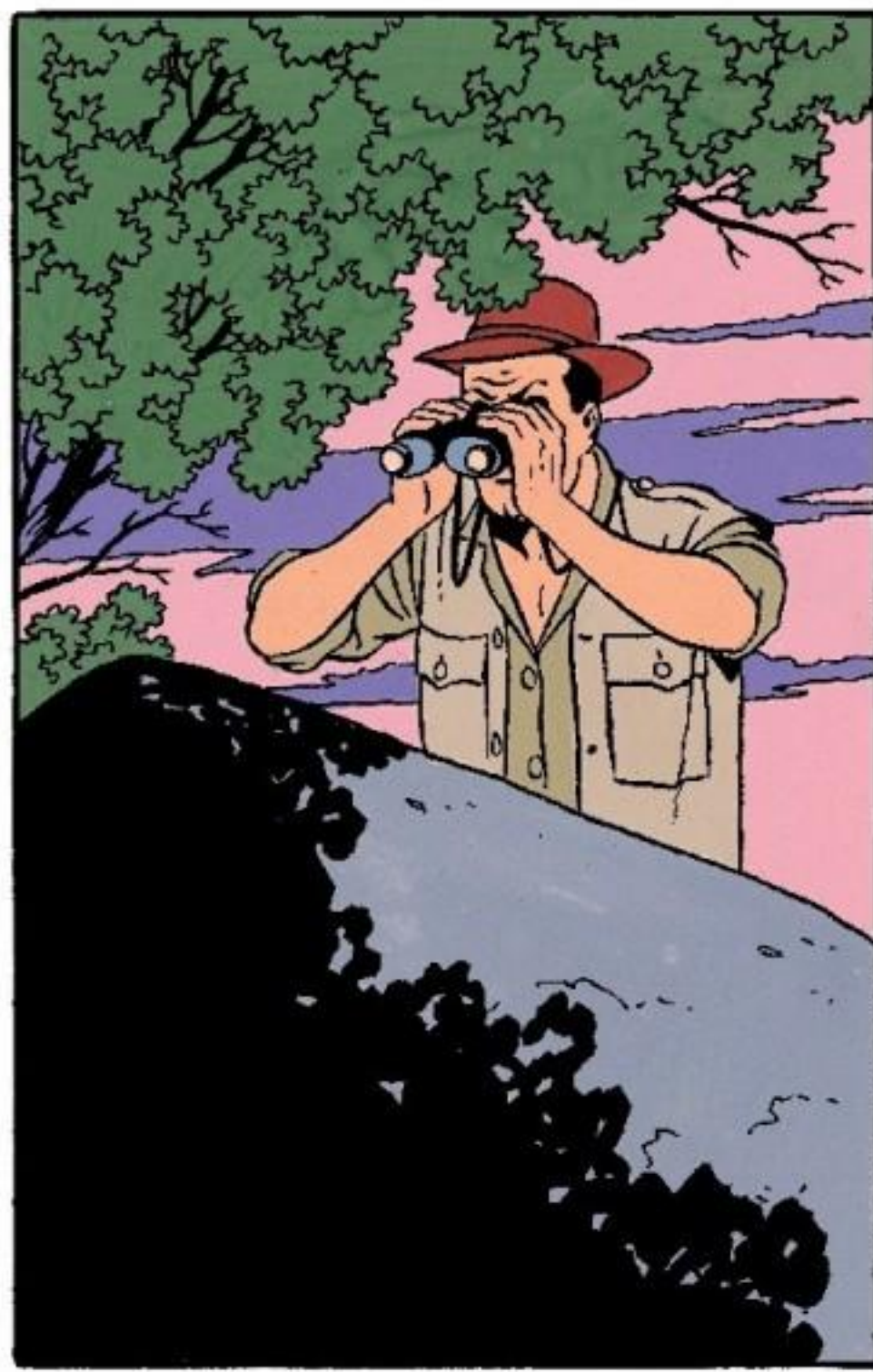
The elephants are too far to
catch them now. They were
lucky the animals didn't
charge sooner...

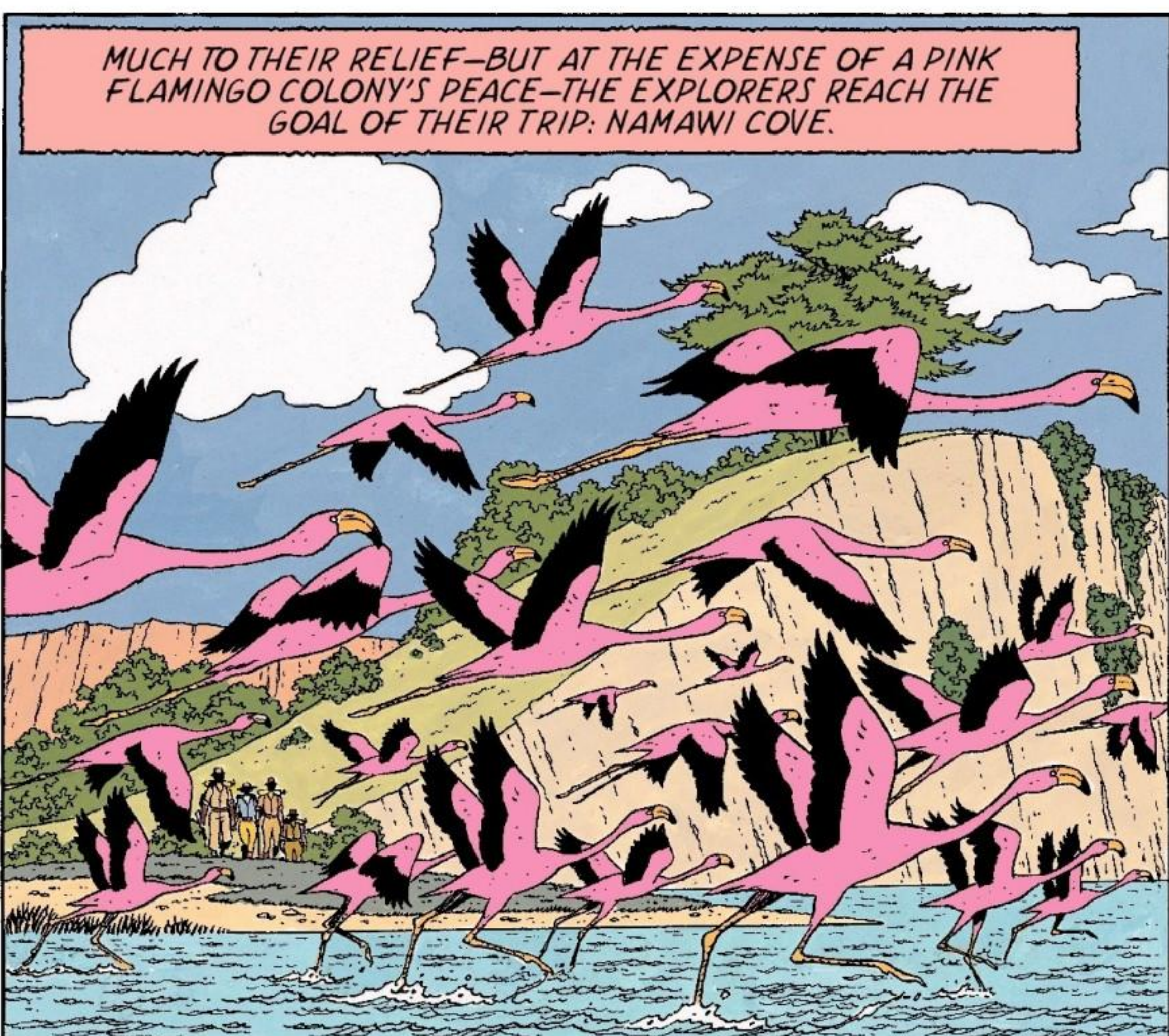
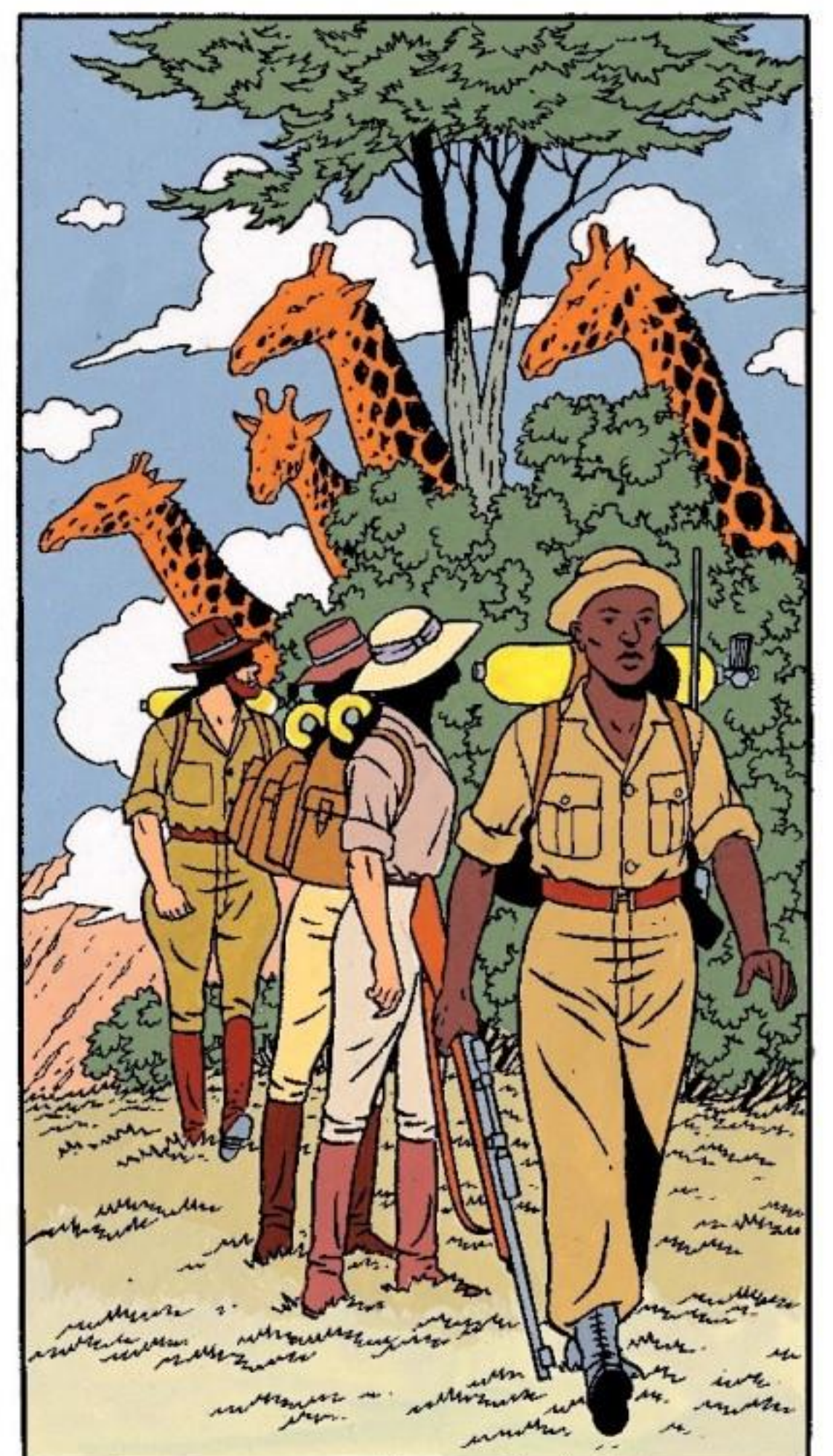
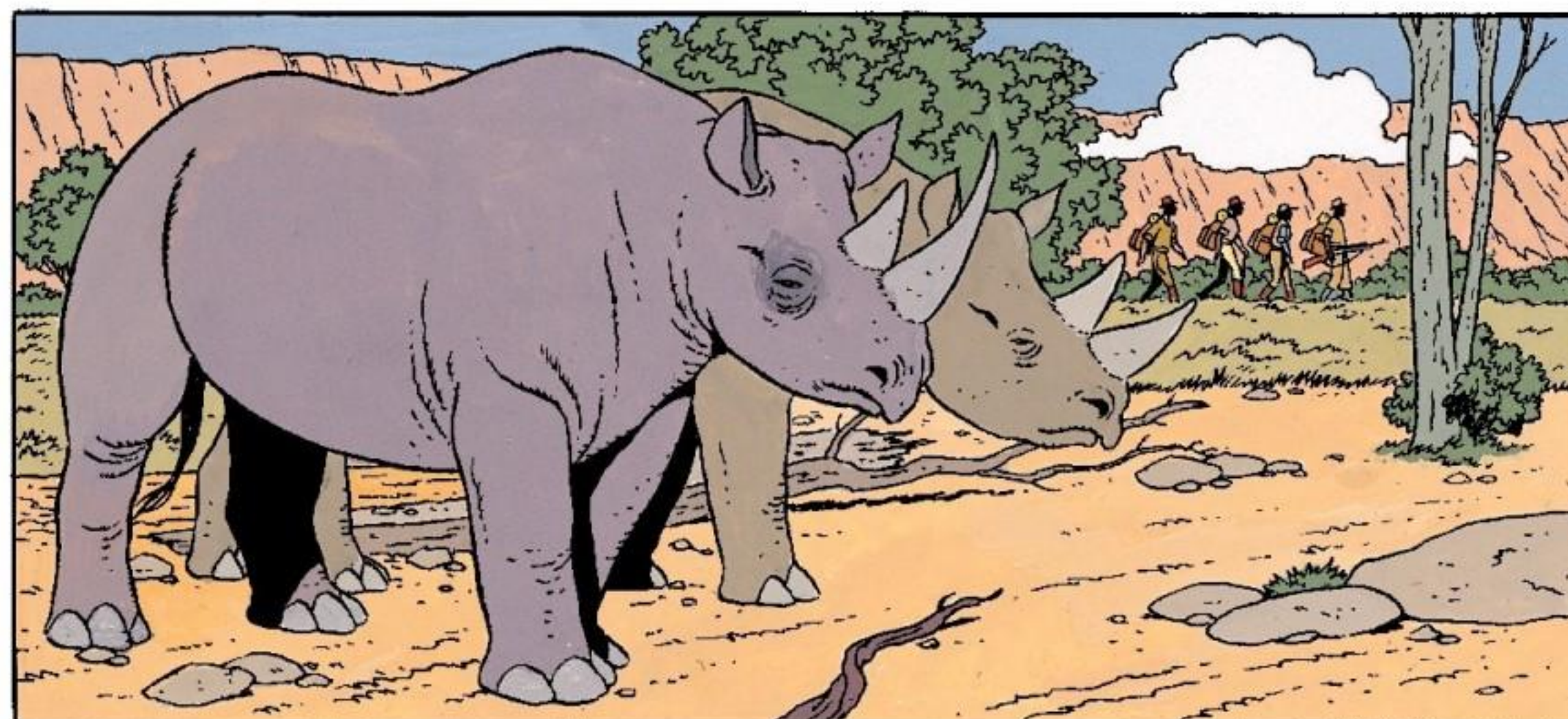
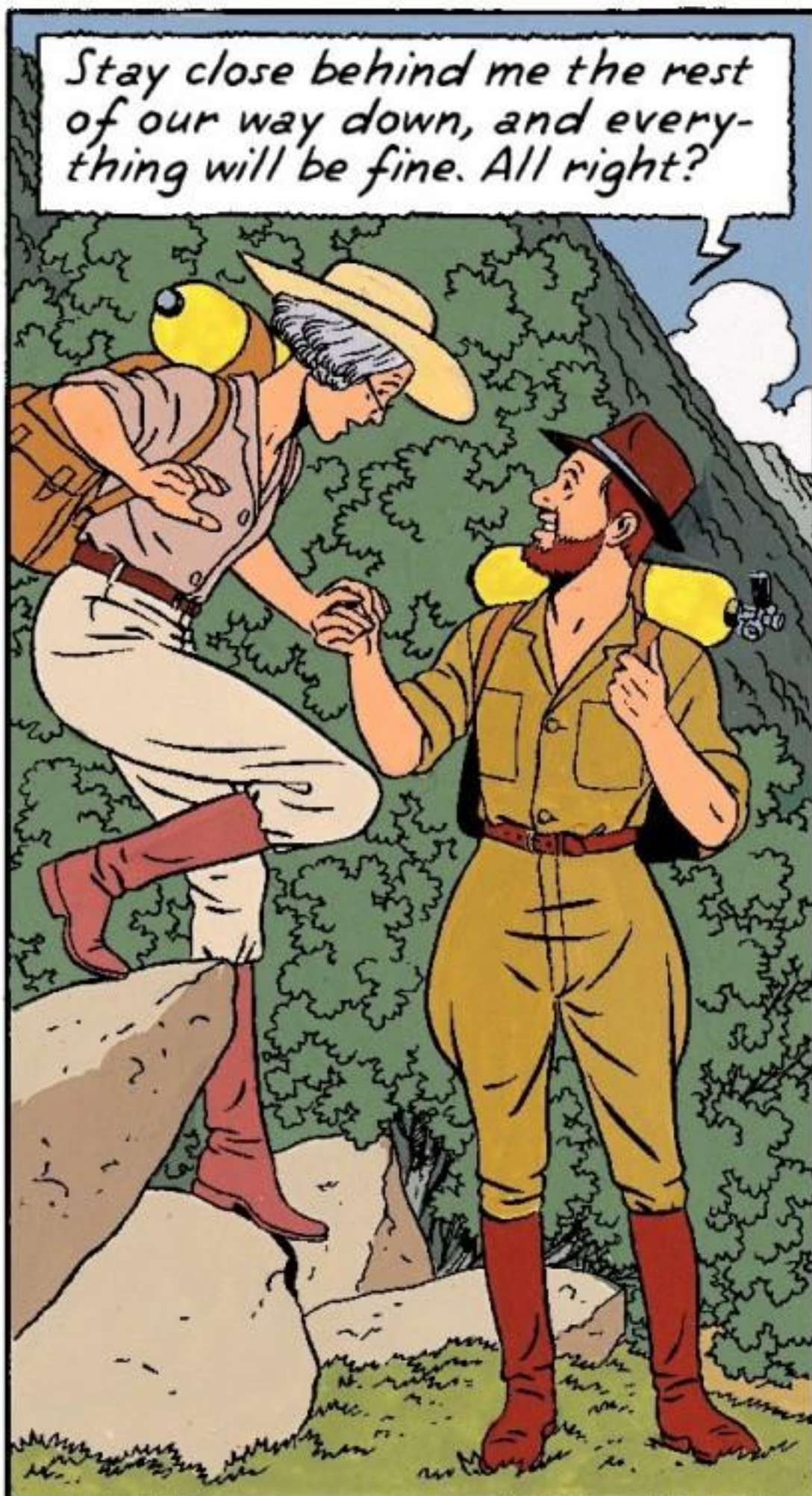
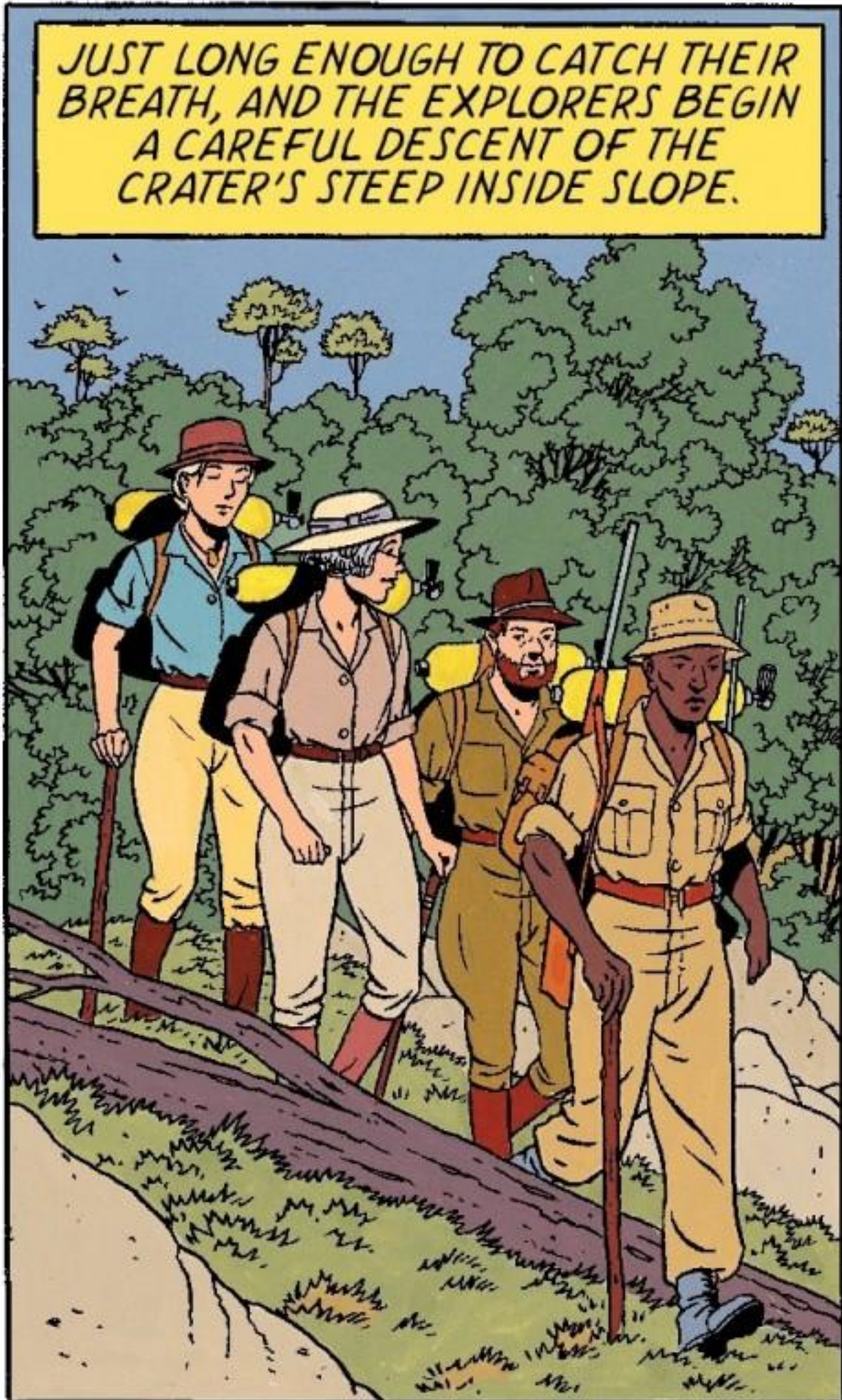


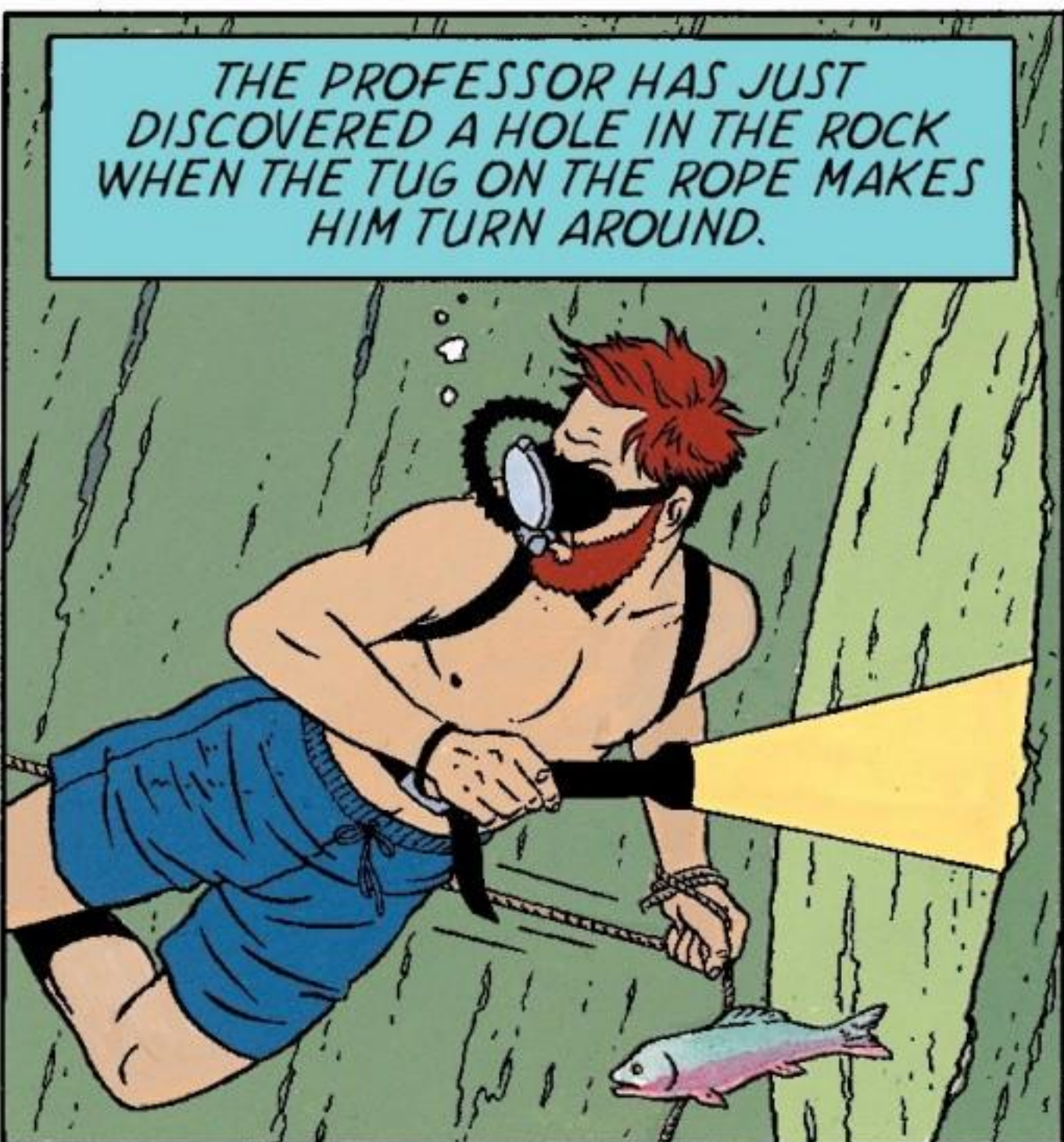
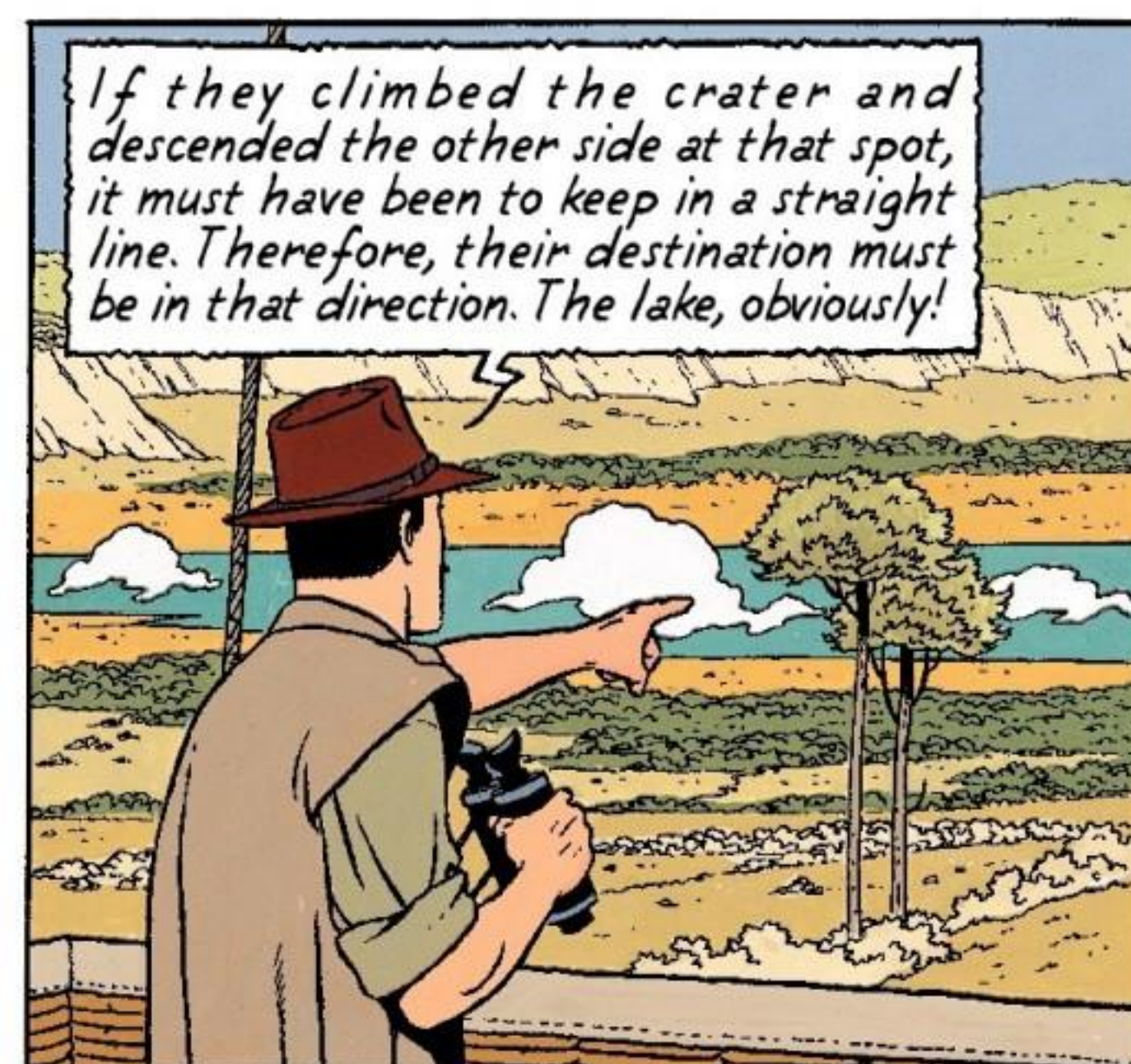
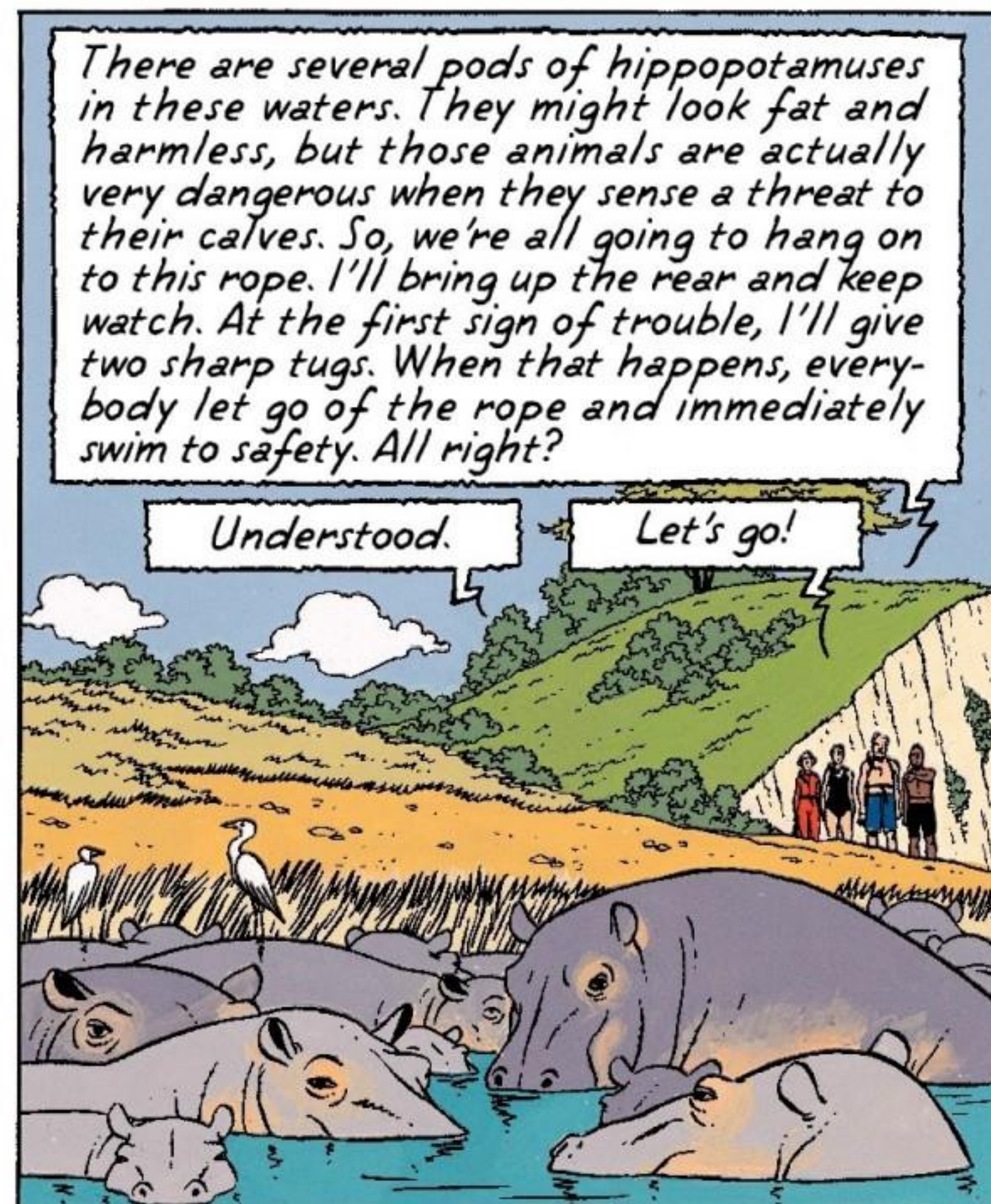
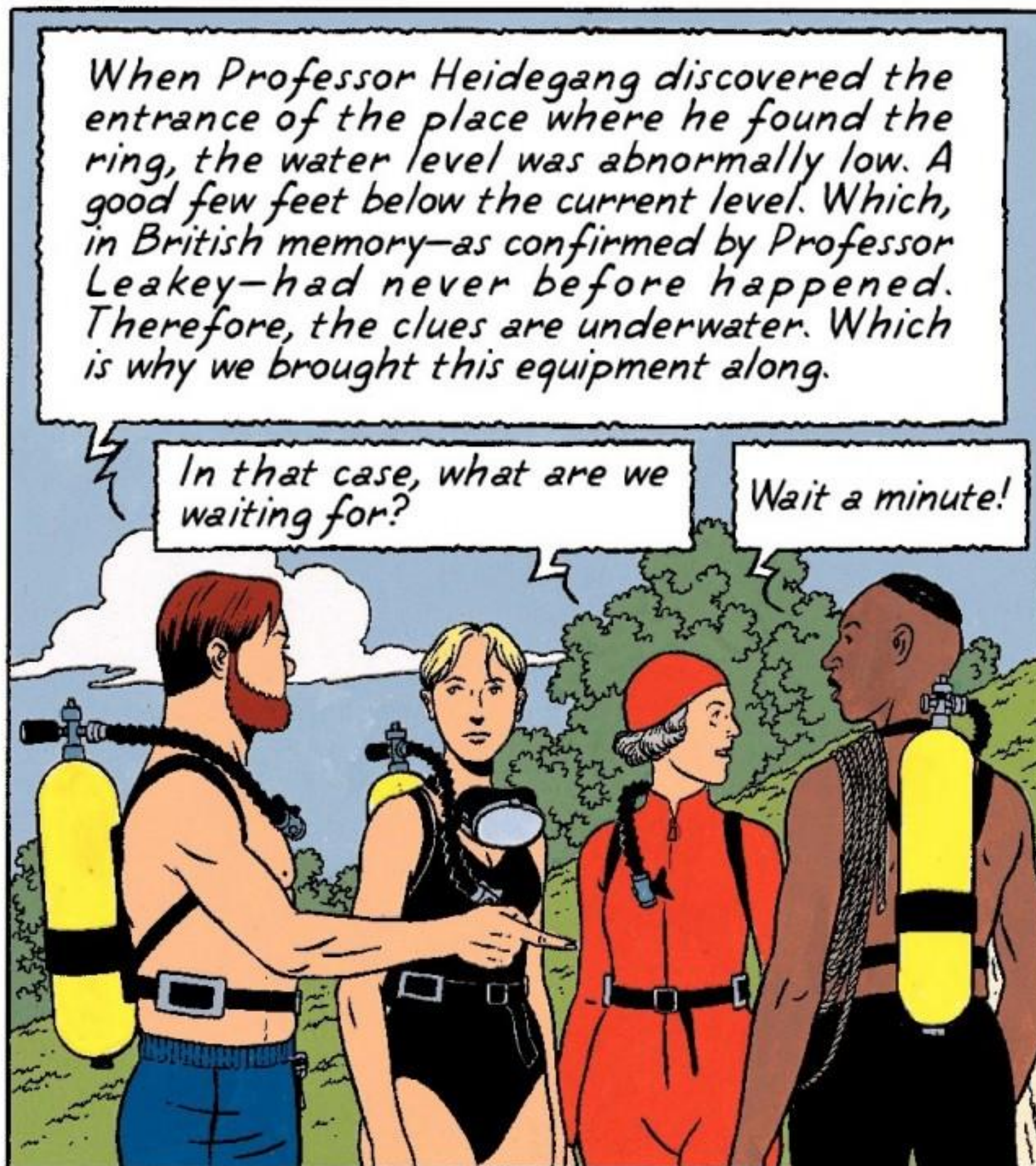
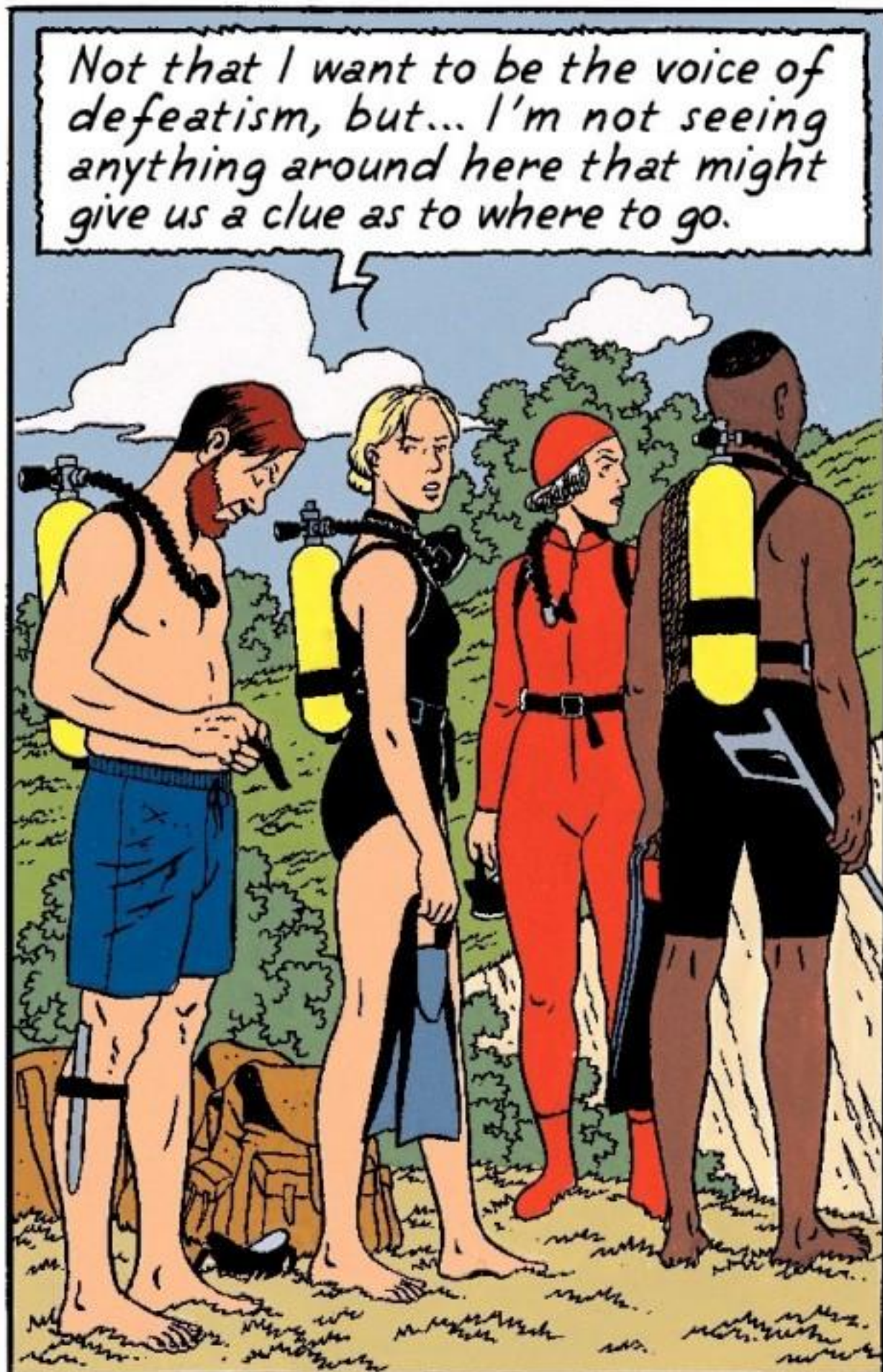


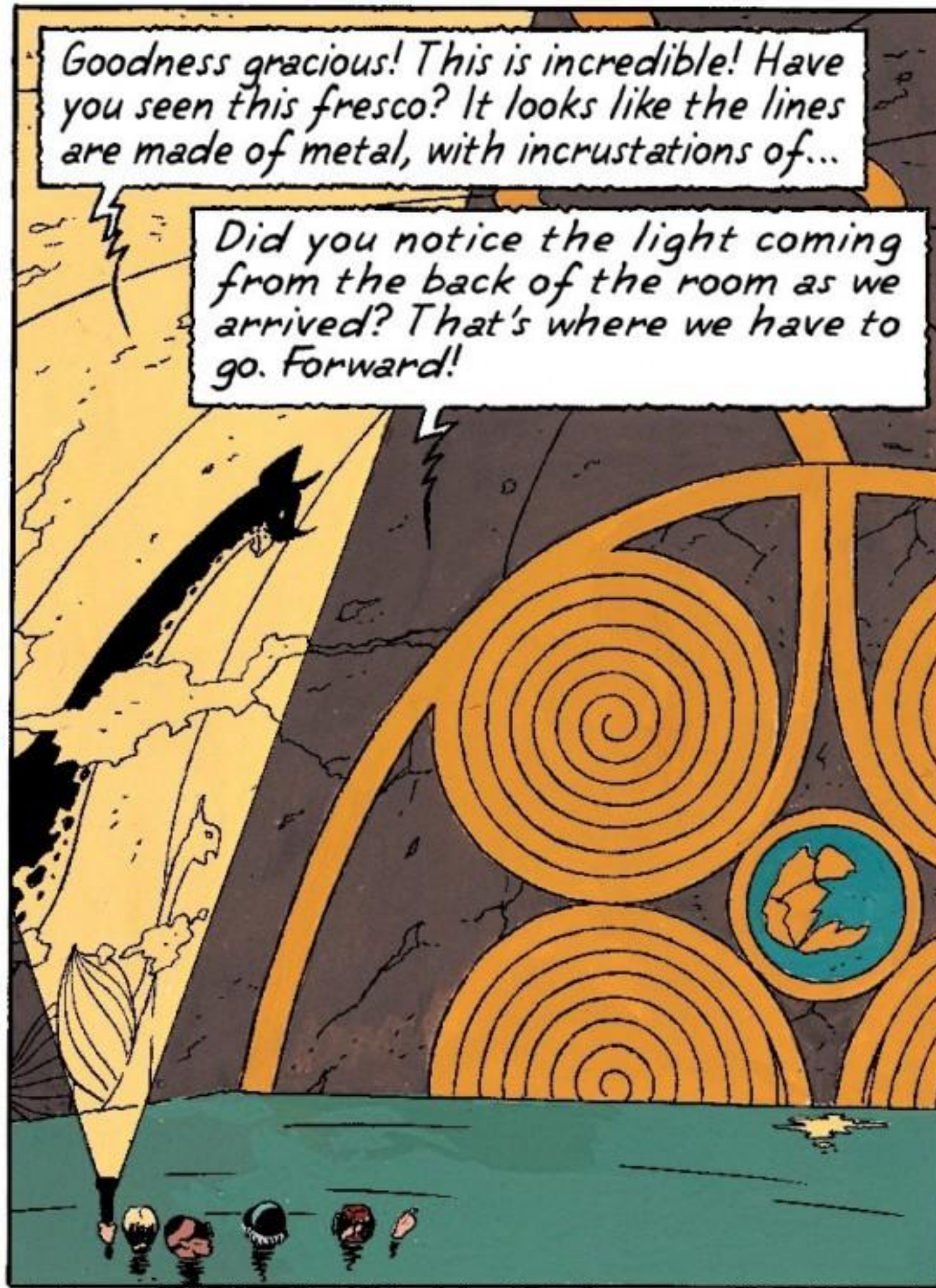
*SEE THE VORONOV PLOT.

**MAASAI WORD FOR "WARRIOR", WHICH APPLIES TO YOUNG MEN FROM 12 TO 25









Goodness gracious! This is incredible! Have you seen this fresco? It looks like the lines are made of metal, with incrustations of...

Did you notice the light coming from the back of the room as we arrived? That's where we have to go. Forward!



Incredible!...



This statue doesn't remind me of any of the local tribal art styles.

Local or elsewhere!



SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO OUT...

?



... ONLY TO COME BACK ON MOMENTS LATER.



The ring, Nastasia! The ring Heidegang brought back. Show it to them! Hurry!



OOOOOOOOOOHHH!



VS 75AAT:

EOBETILL ES ST
QSRLL QA+VAT VYS

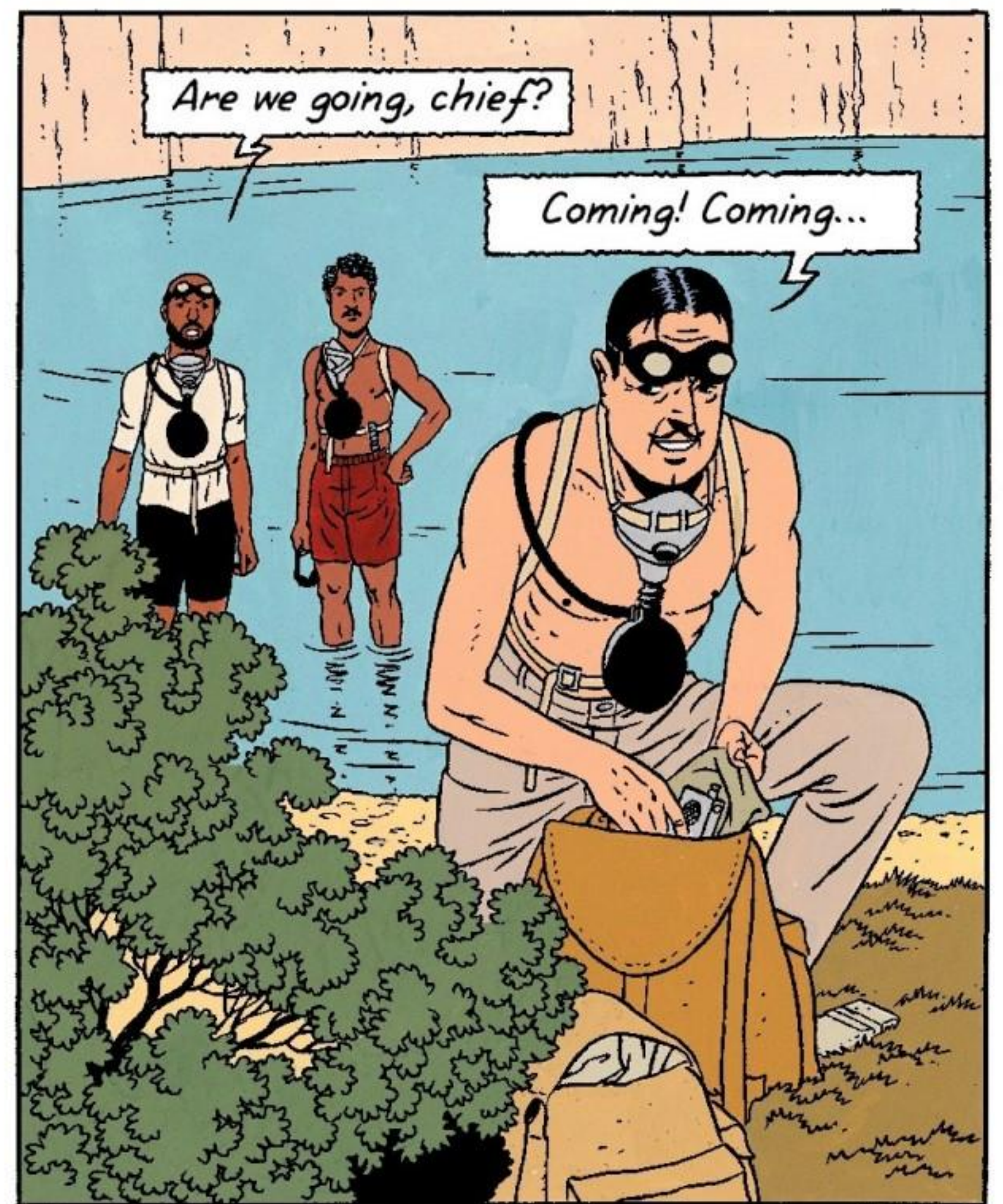
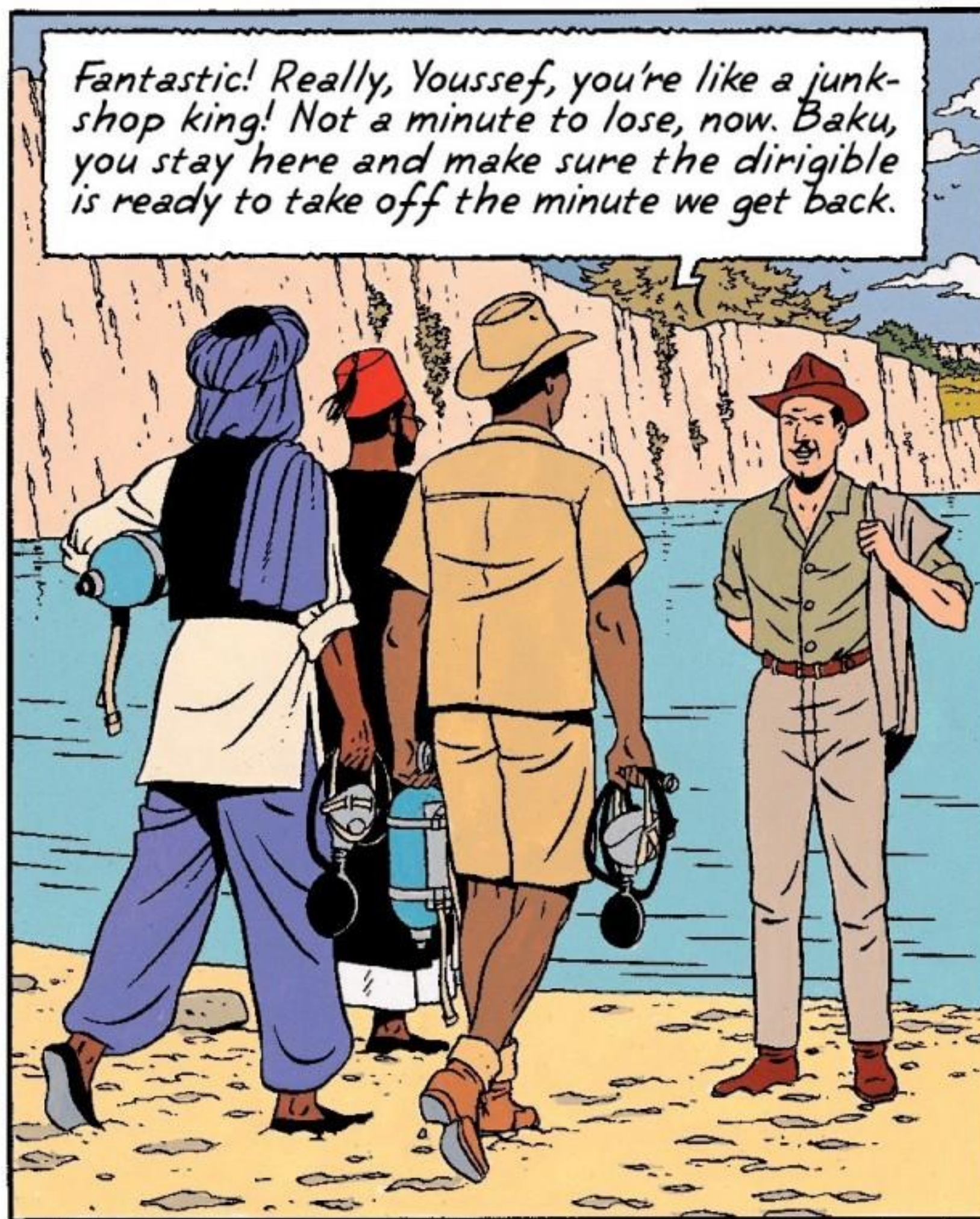
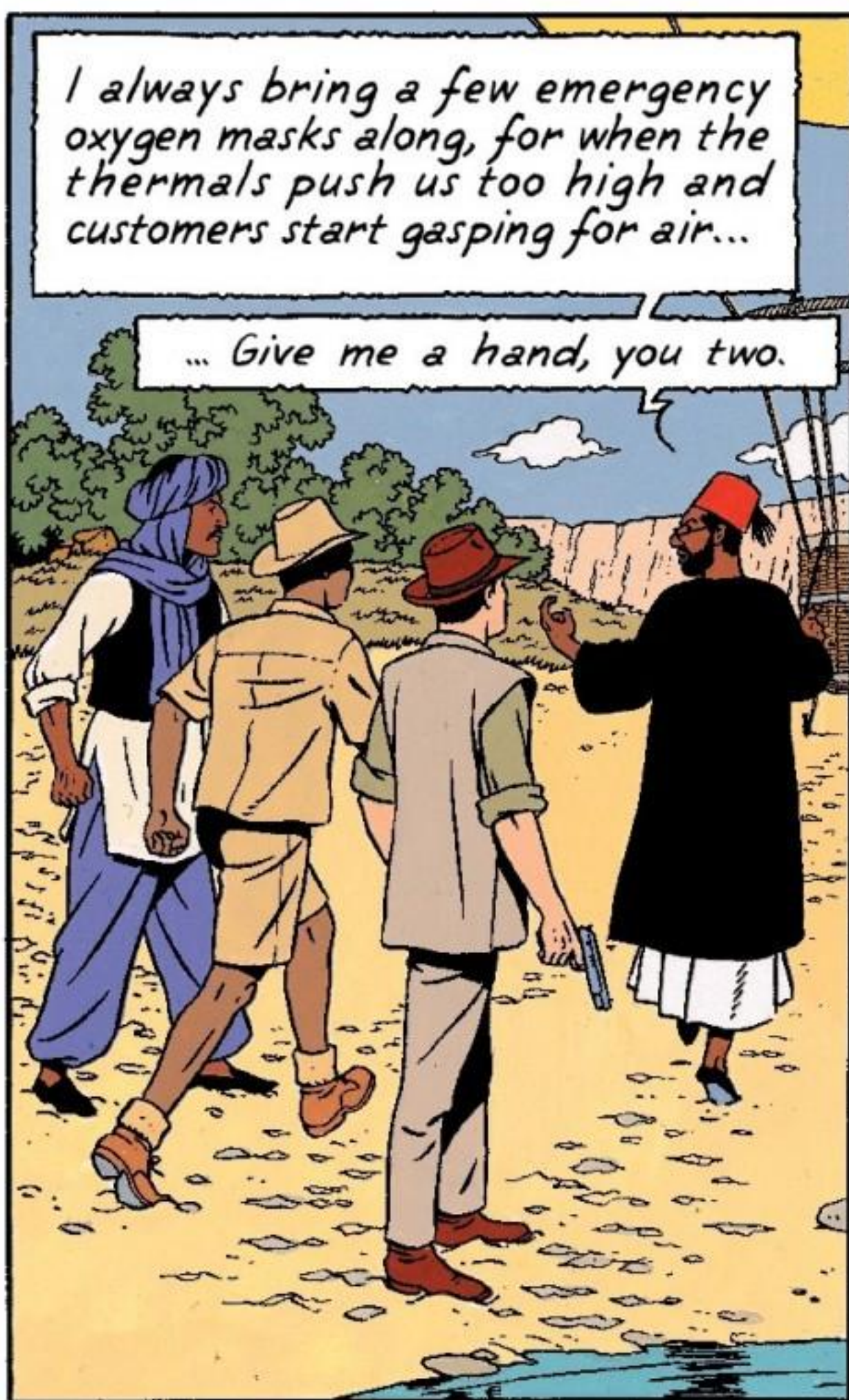
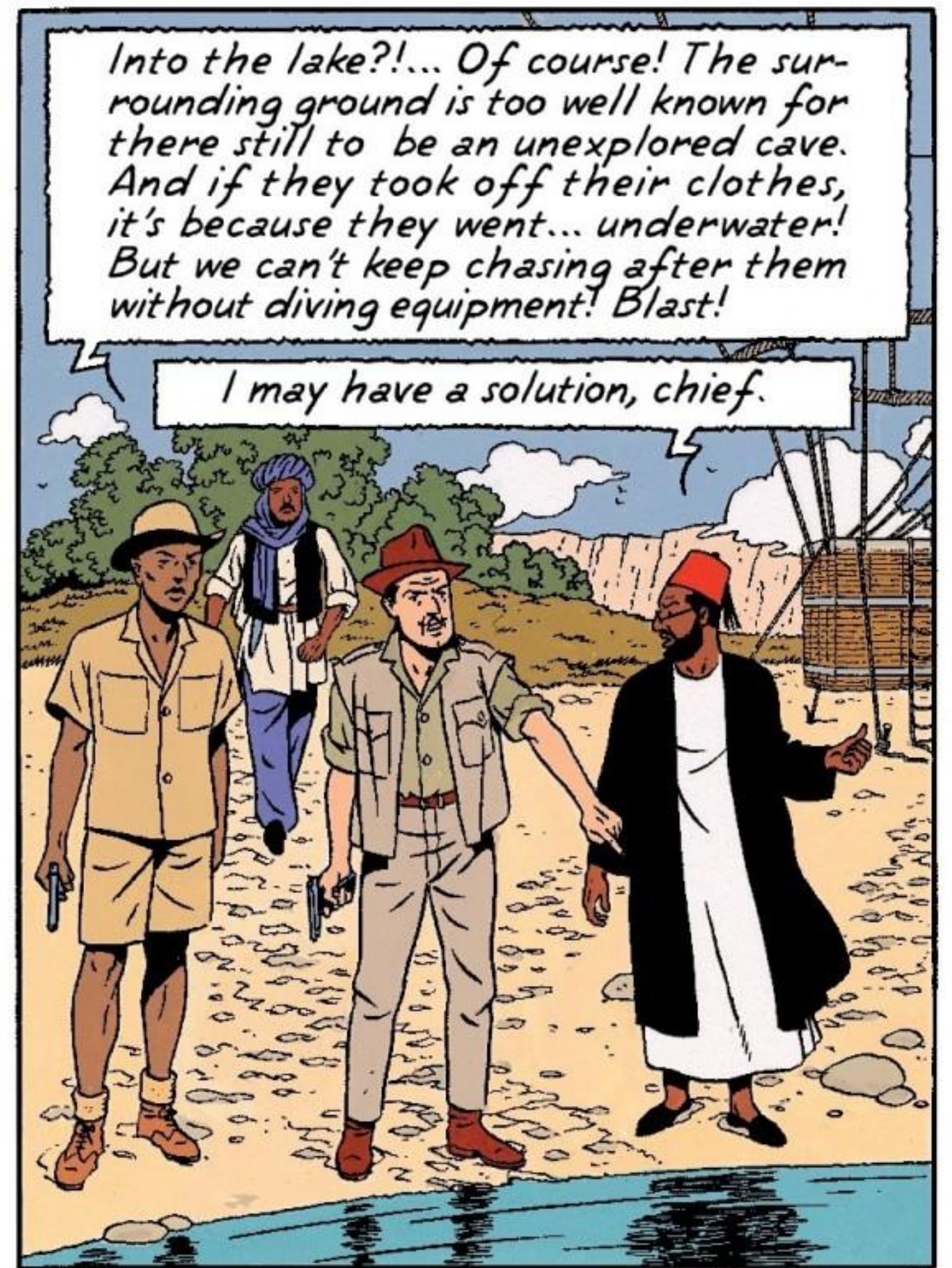
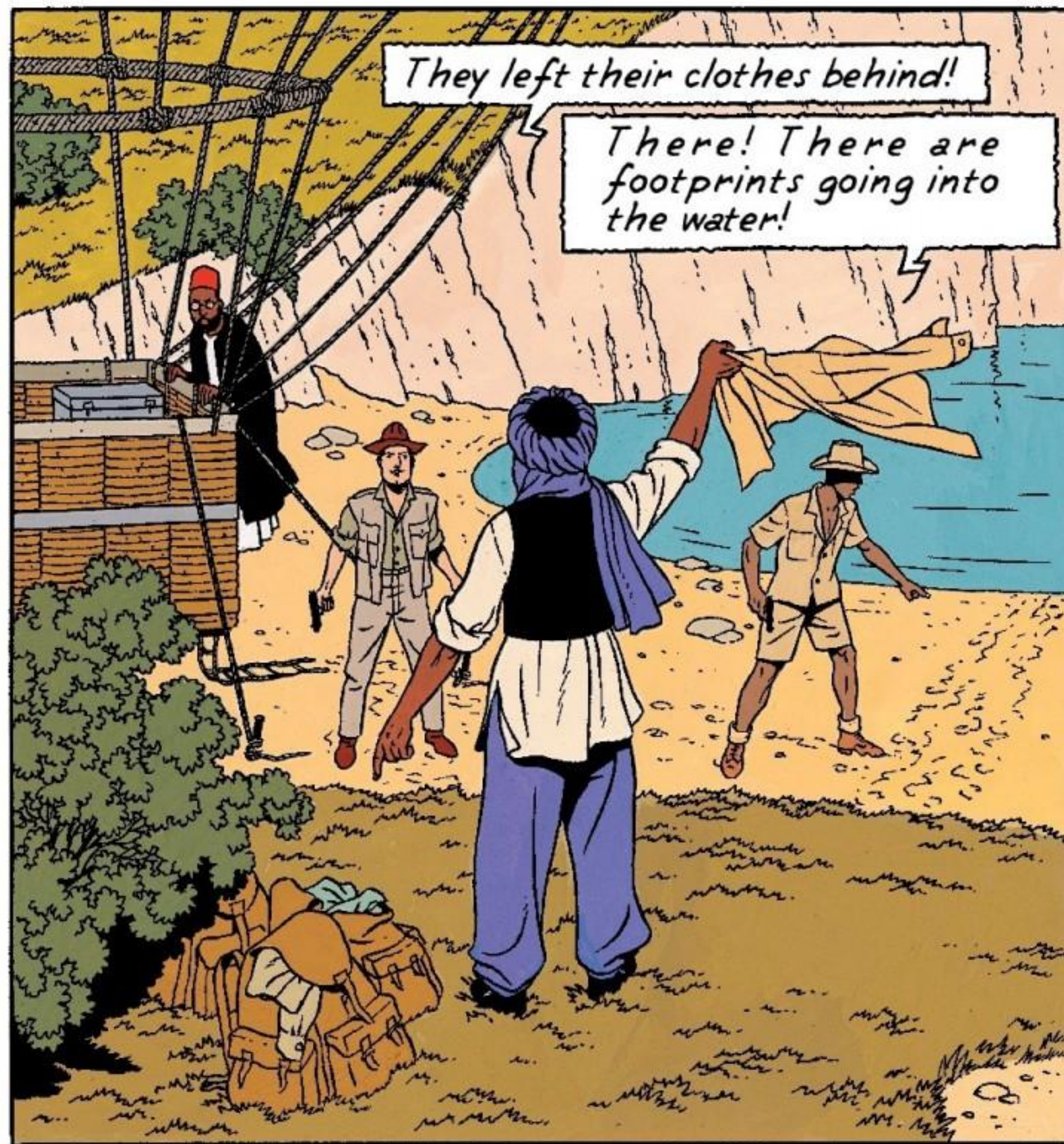
E'7SL V7 7507A QAR"

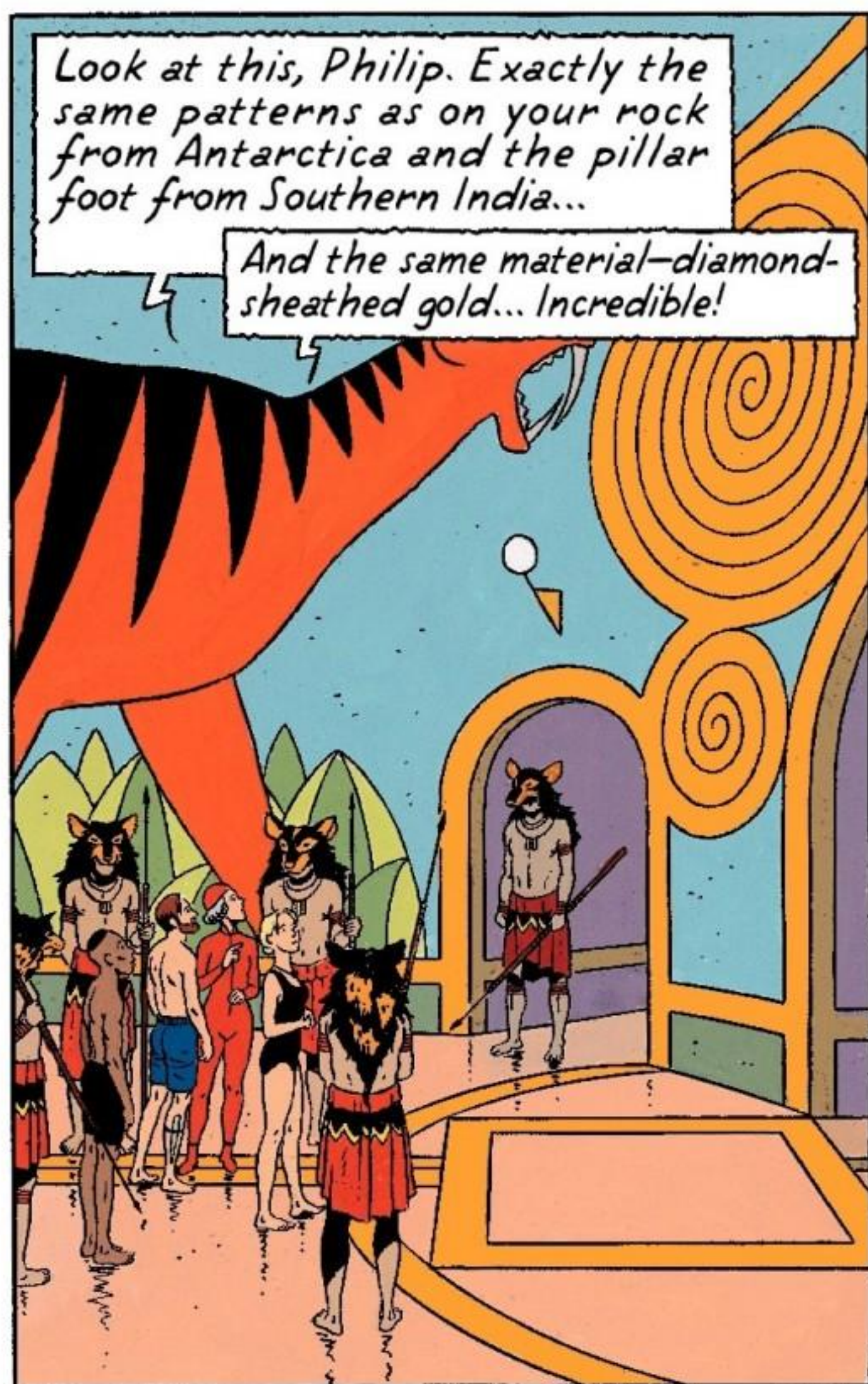
NA ESAT+ OIXS VAS
+IXOATQ SA BSHLOA:



850 2E2 i

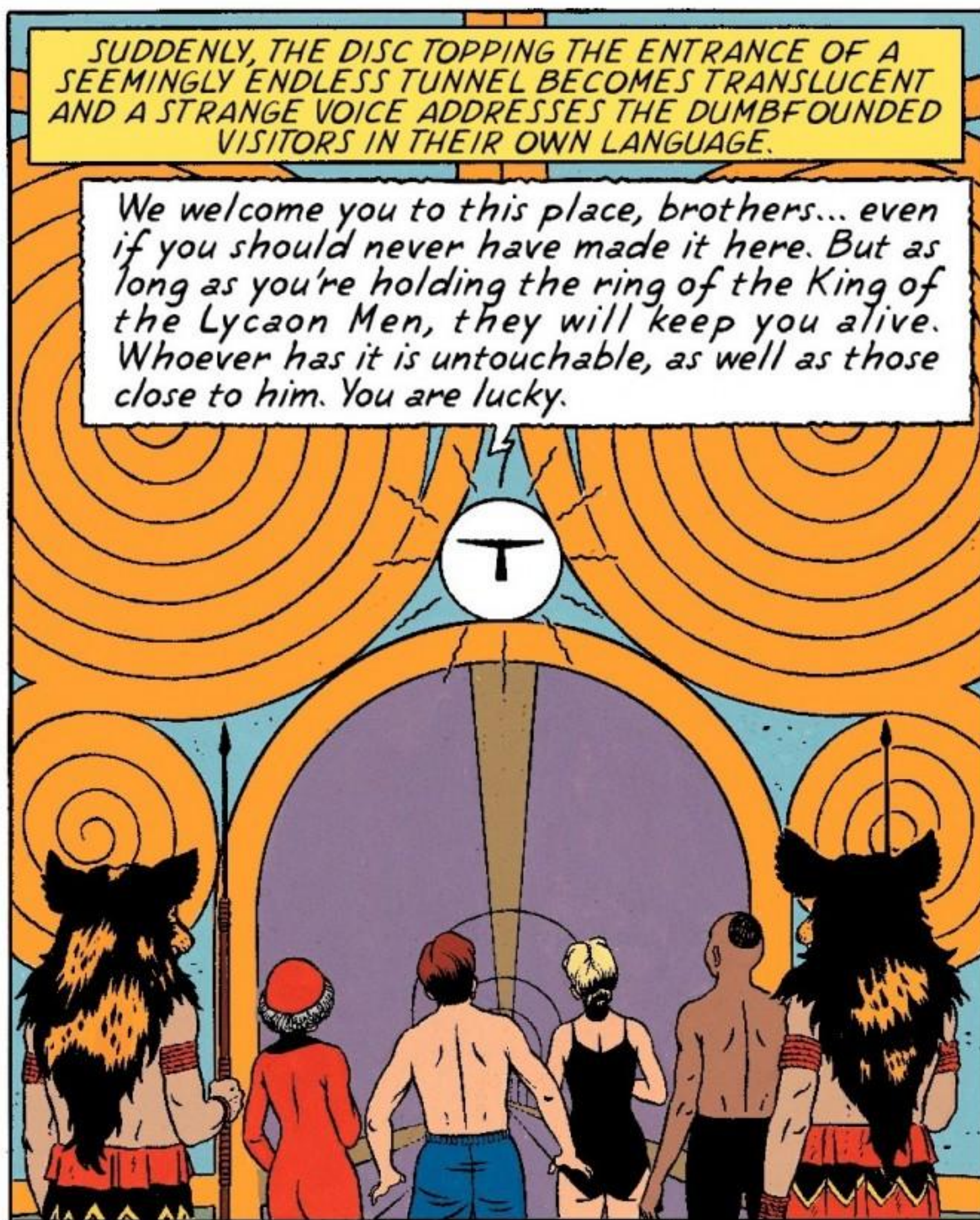
It looks like we don't have much of a choice, my friends.





Look at this, Philip. Exactly the same patterns as on your rock from Antarctica and the pillar foot from Southern India...

And the same material—diamond-sheathed gold... Incredible!



SUDDENLY, THE DISC TOPPING THE ENTRANCE OF A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS TUNNEL BECOMES TRANSLUCENT AND A STRANGE VOICE ADDRESSES THE DUMBFOUNDED VISITORS IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE.

We welcome you to this place, brothers... even if you should never have made it here. But as long as you're holding the ring of the King of the Lycaon Men, they will keep you alive. Whoever has it is untouchable, as well as those close to him. You are lucky.

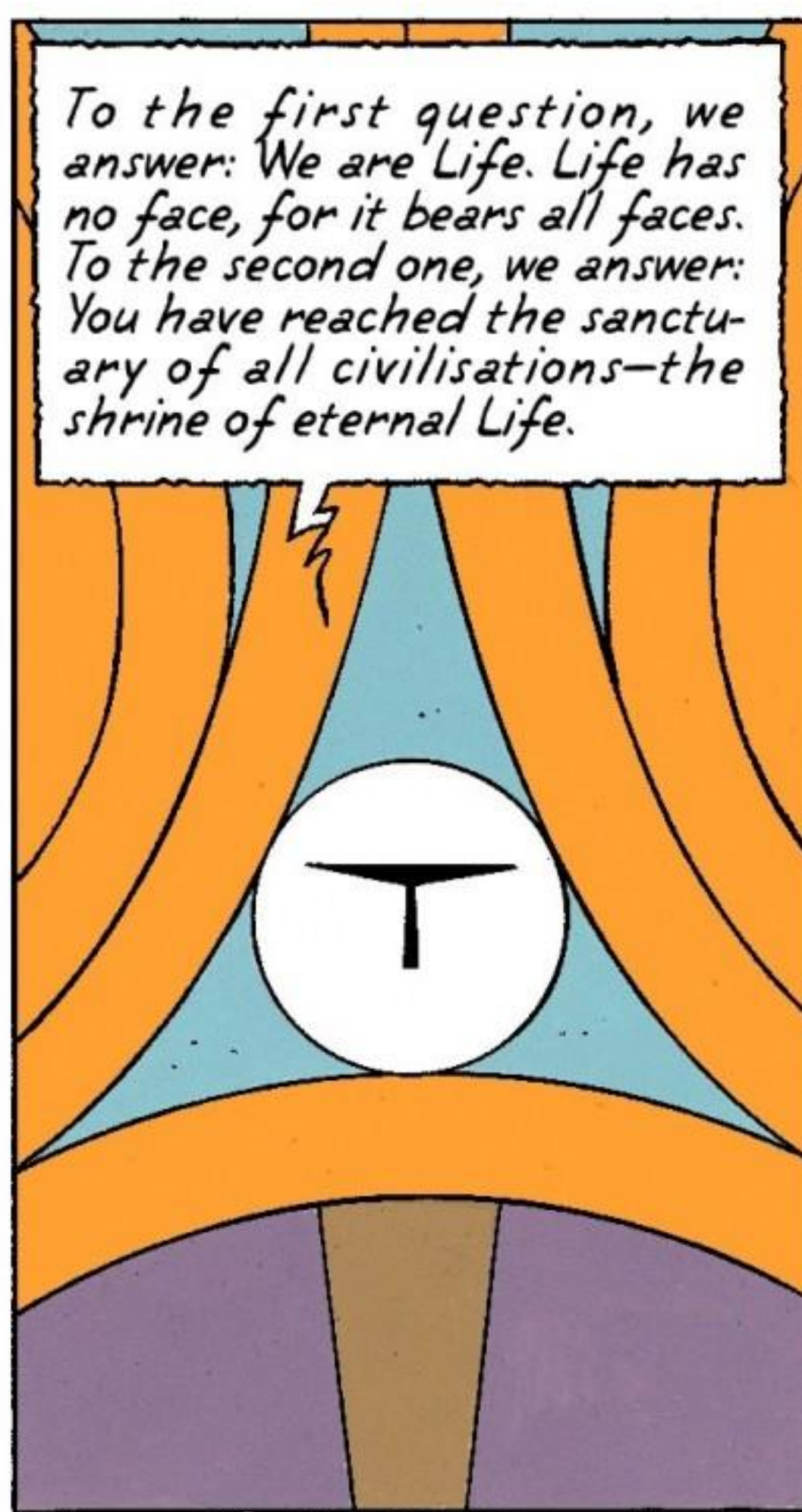


Why lucky? We came in peace and have done nothing wrong. Who are you, anyway?

My friend tells the truth. We're just scientists looking for a very ancient civilisation, one we wish to let the world know about...



So many questions. And such ambition for the simple, moving conglomerates of cells that you are! But we will attempt to answer you simply...

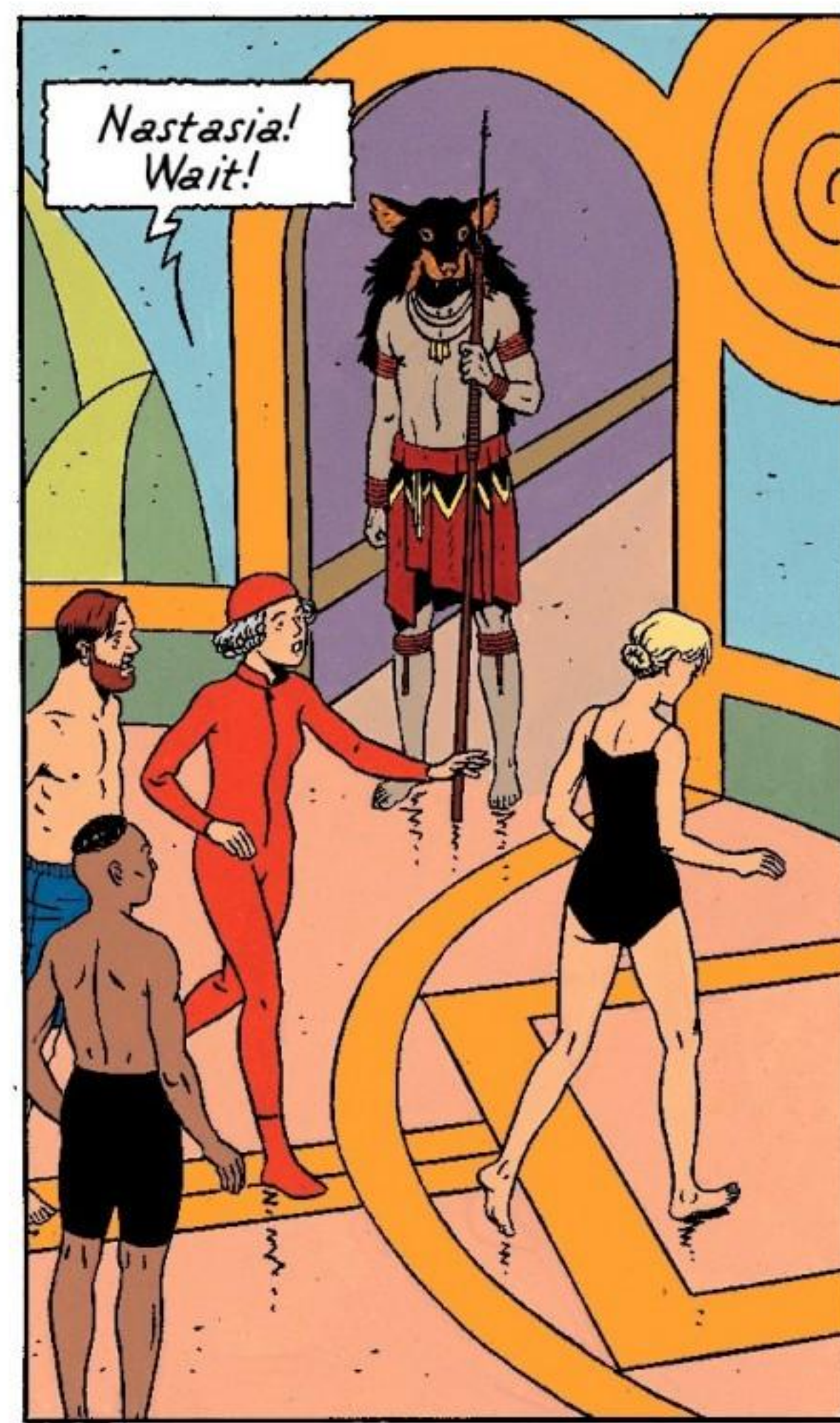


To the first question, we answer: We are Life. Life has no face, for it bears all faces. To the second one, we answer: You have reached the sanctuary of all civilisations—the shrine of eternal Life.



Eternal Life? What do you mean?... Is there...

Forget your cultural and scientific references. They have no currency here. Take three steps forward, young lady, and you will have all the answers to your questions.



Nastasia! Wait!



SUDDENLY, A PYRAMID OF LIGHT TAKES SHAPE AROUND NASTASIA...



... ONLY TO DISAPPEAR A FEW SECONDS LATER.

Nastasia! Are you all right?

Yes, yes... I feel perfectly fine.

Good! Come back now. Better to stay together before deciding if we should go any further.

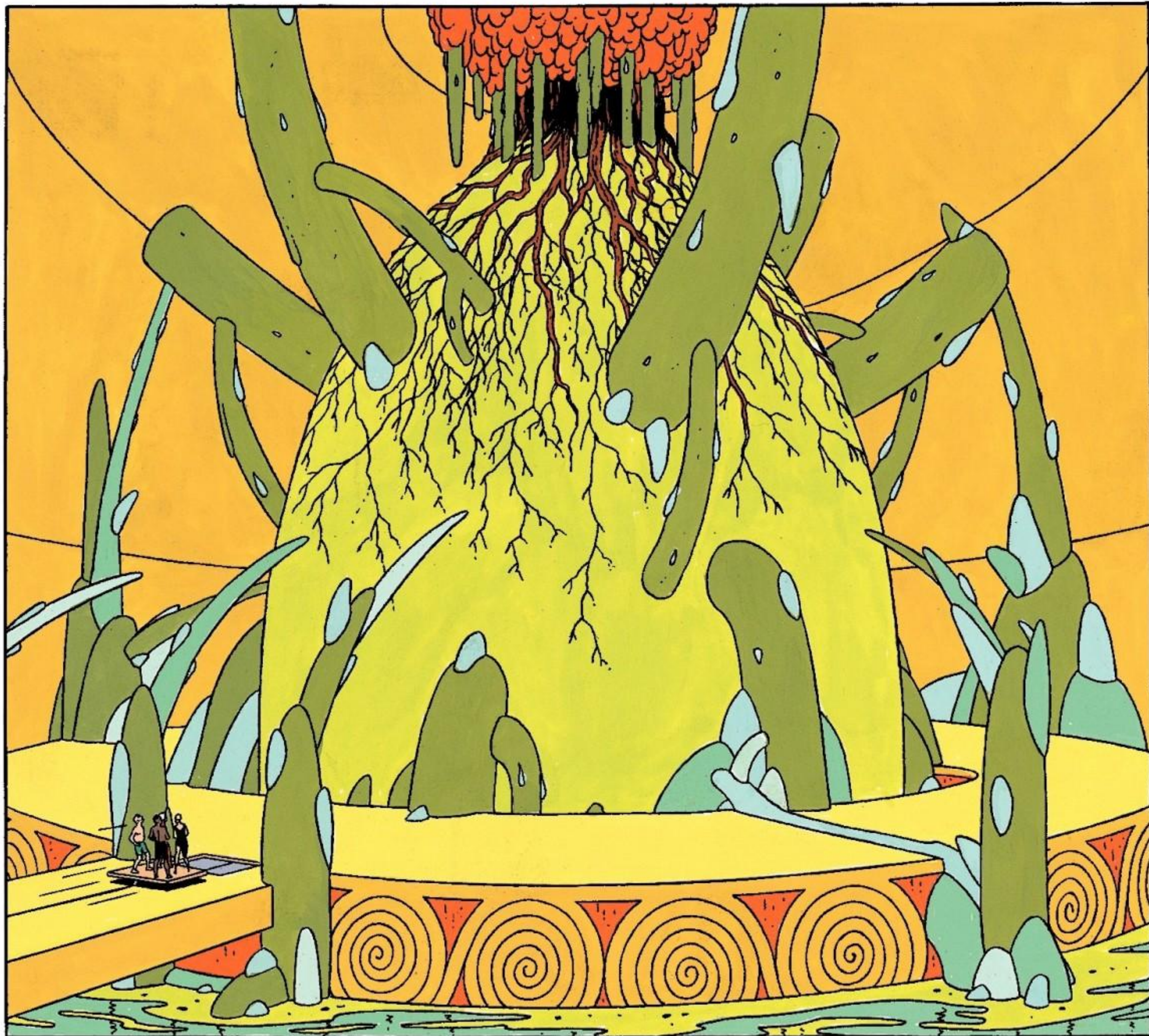
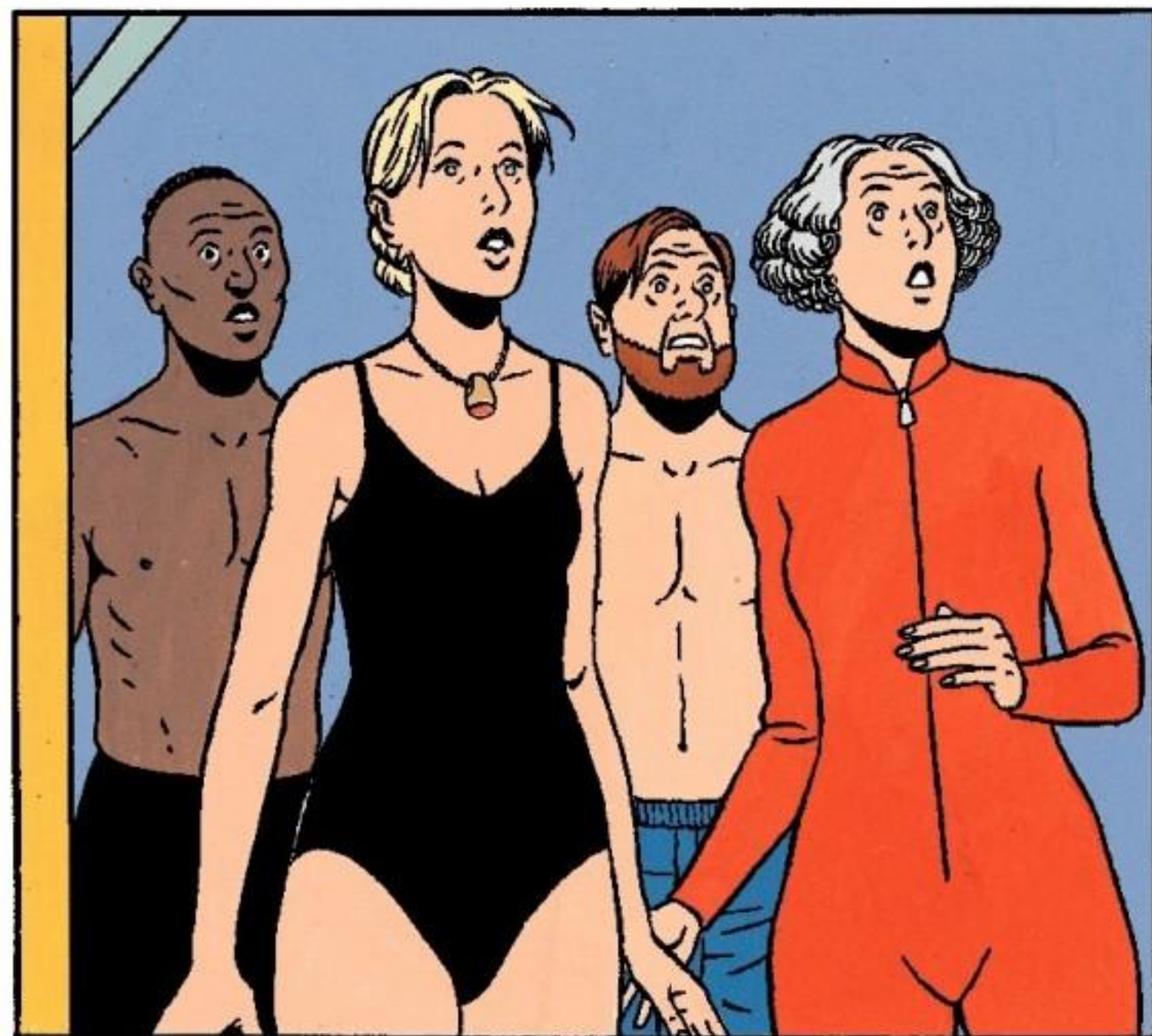
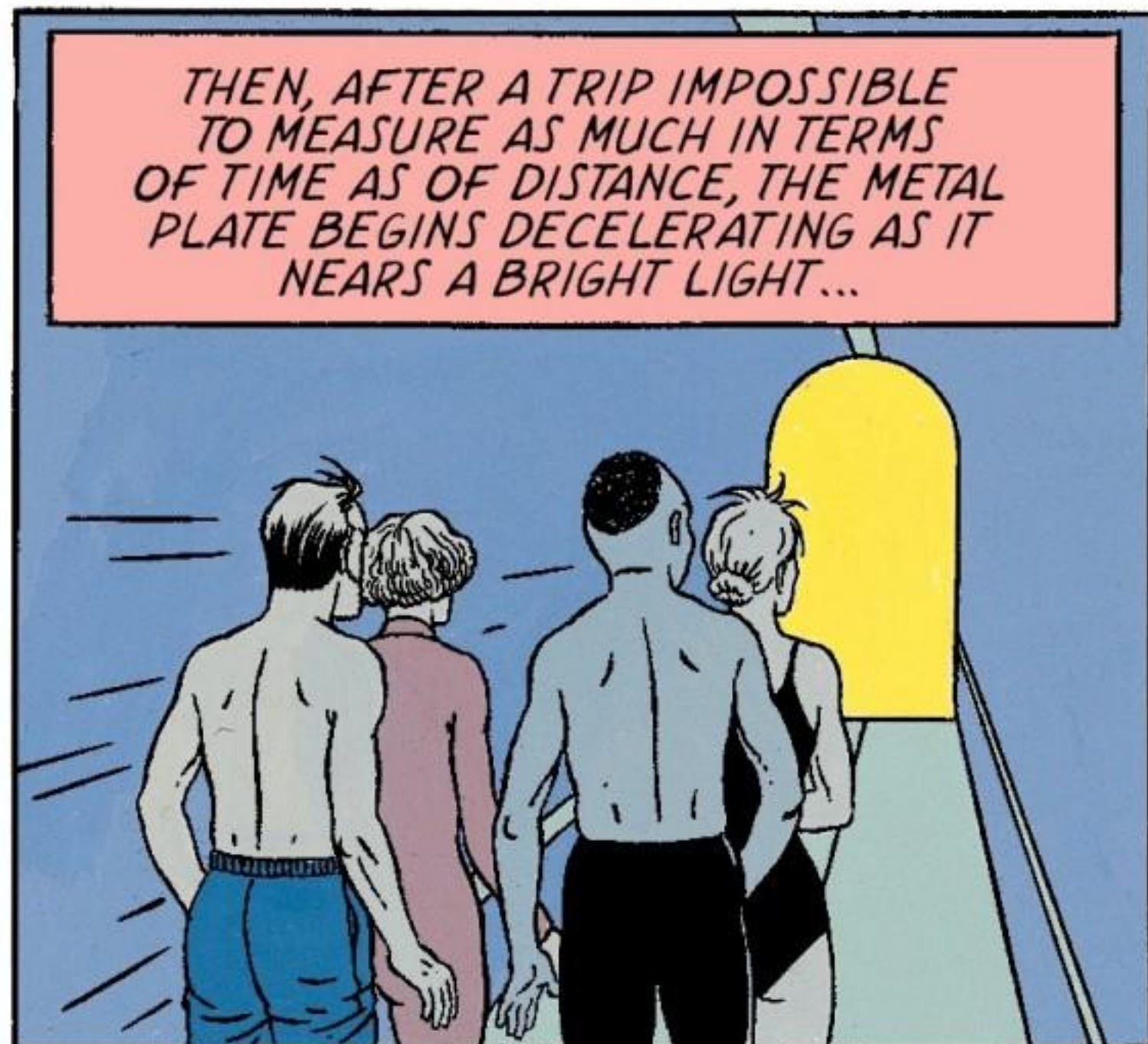
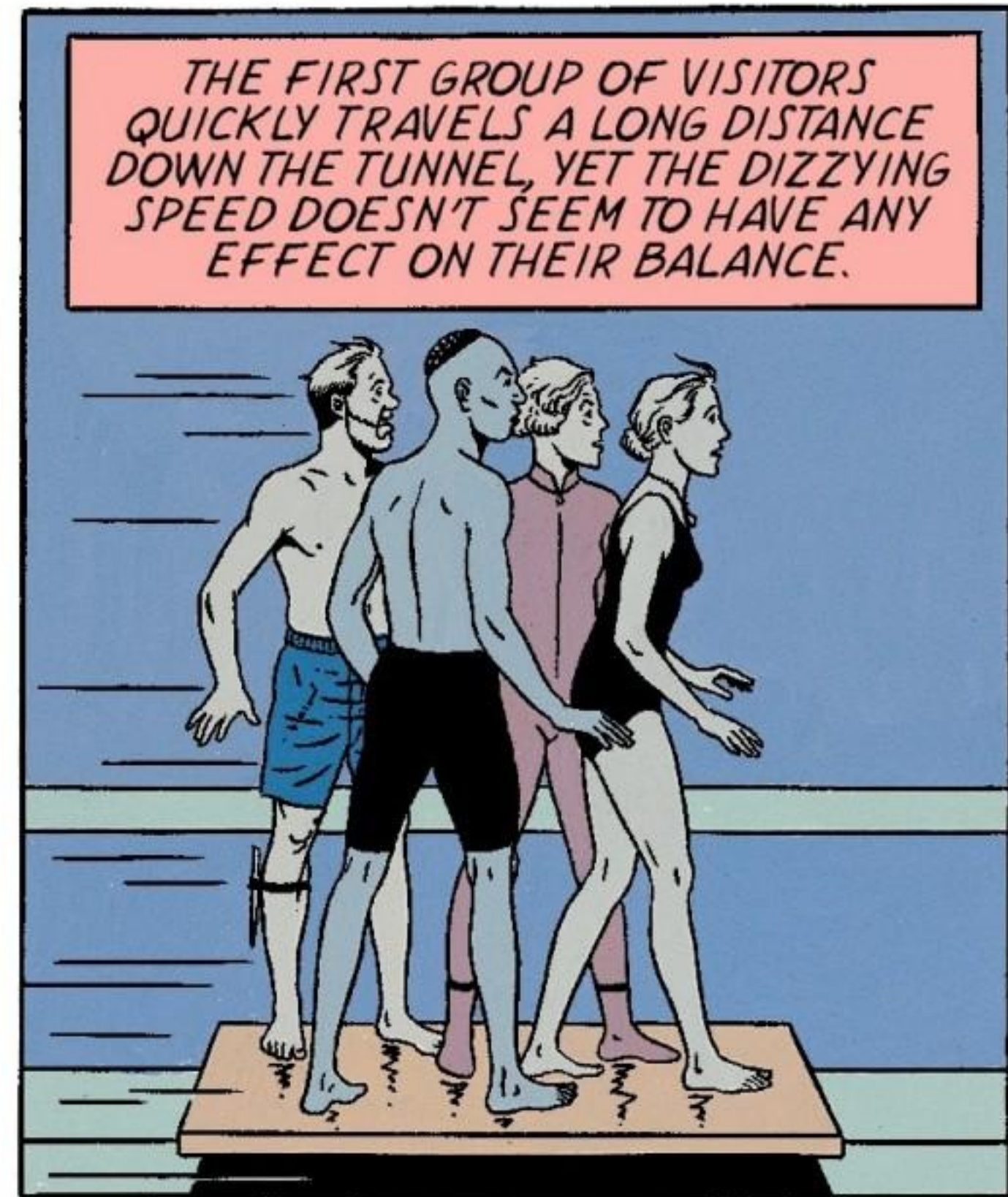
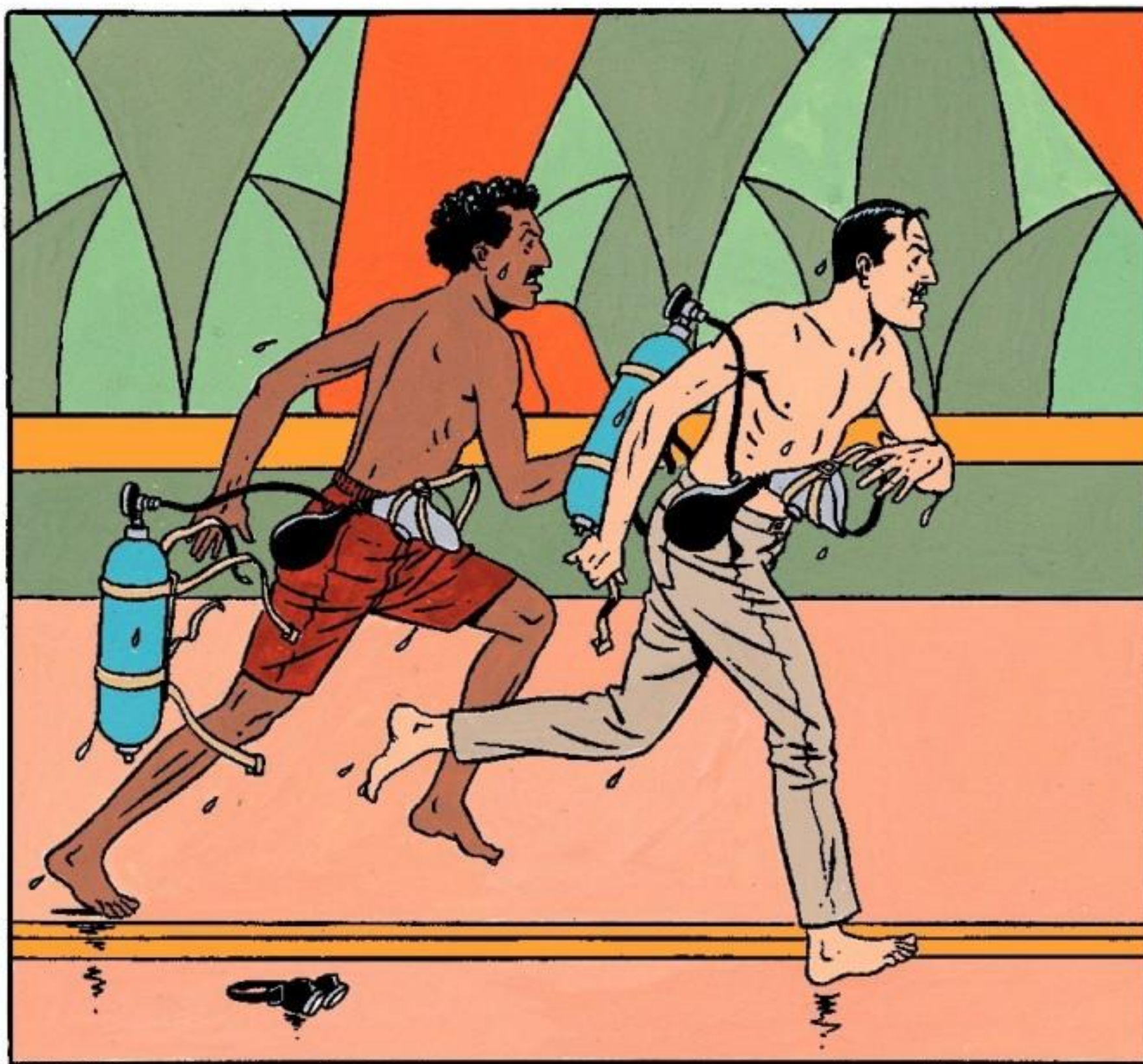
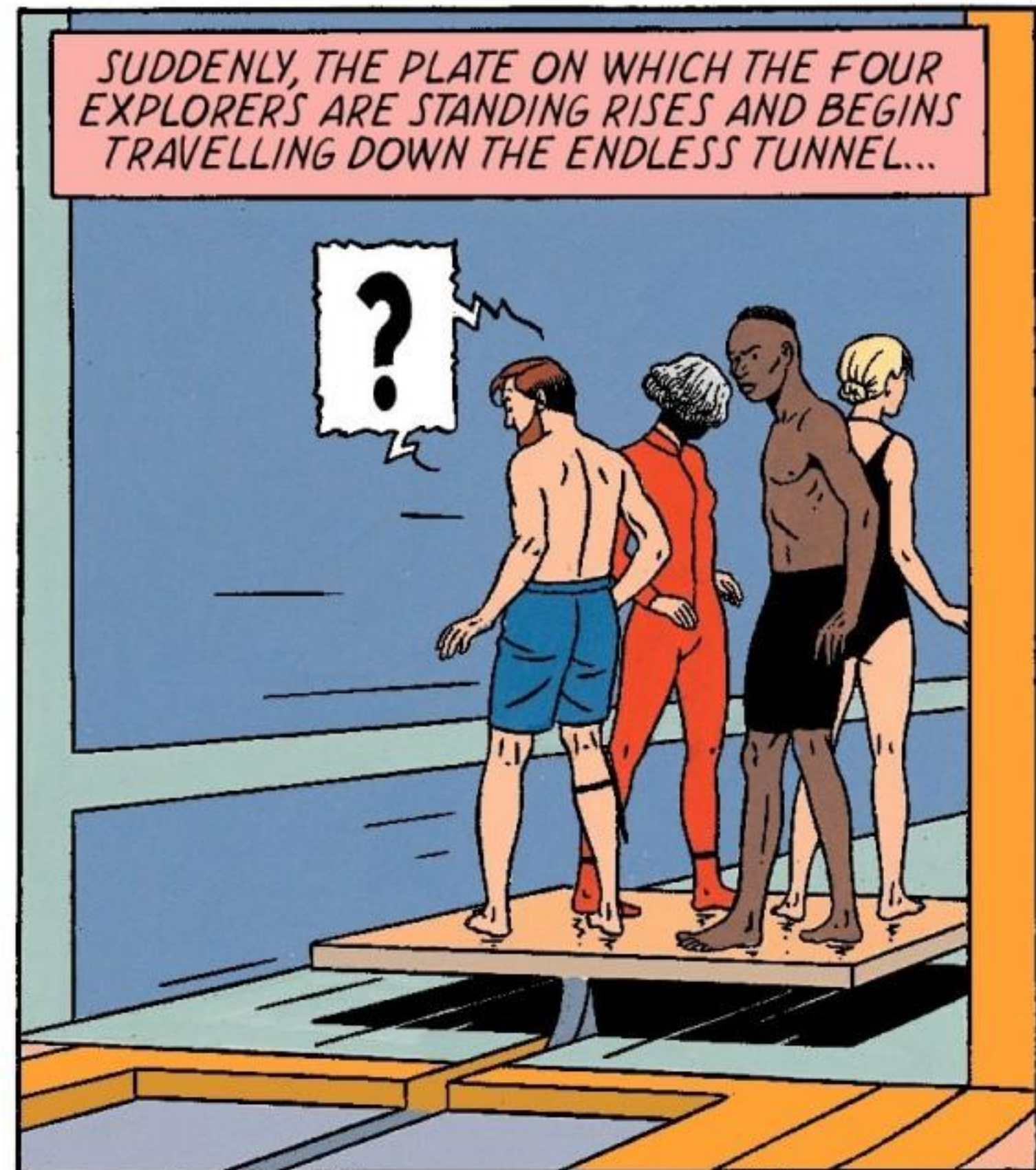
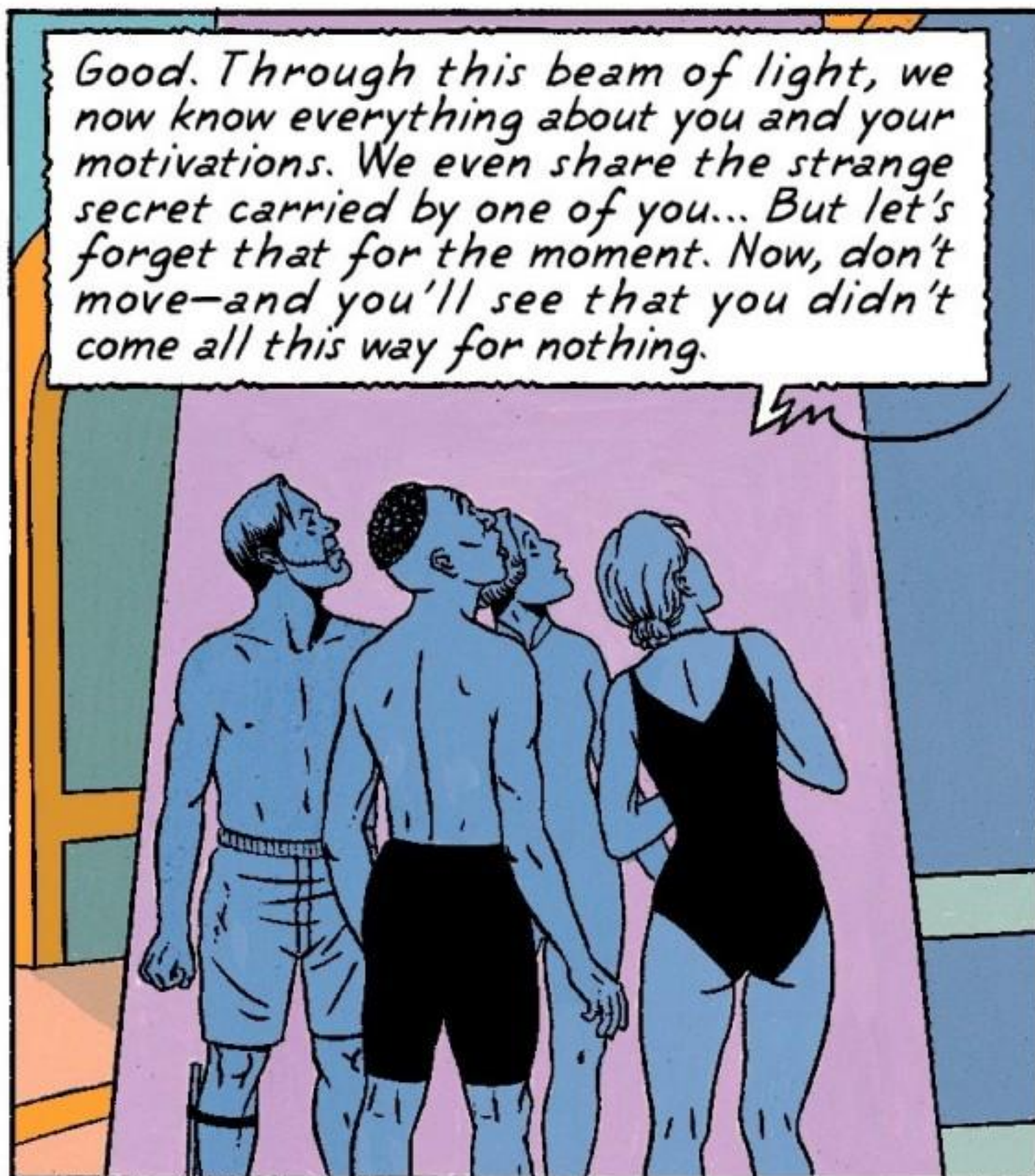


Ouch...

It's no use, Nastasia. The barrier can only be crossed in one direction. Besides, we invite you all to join your friend. While the barrier stands between you and the ring...

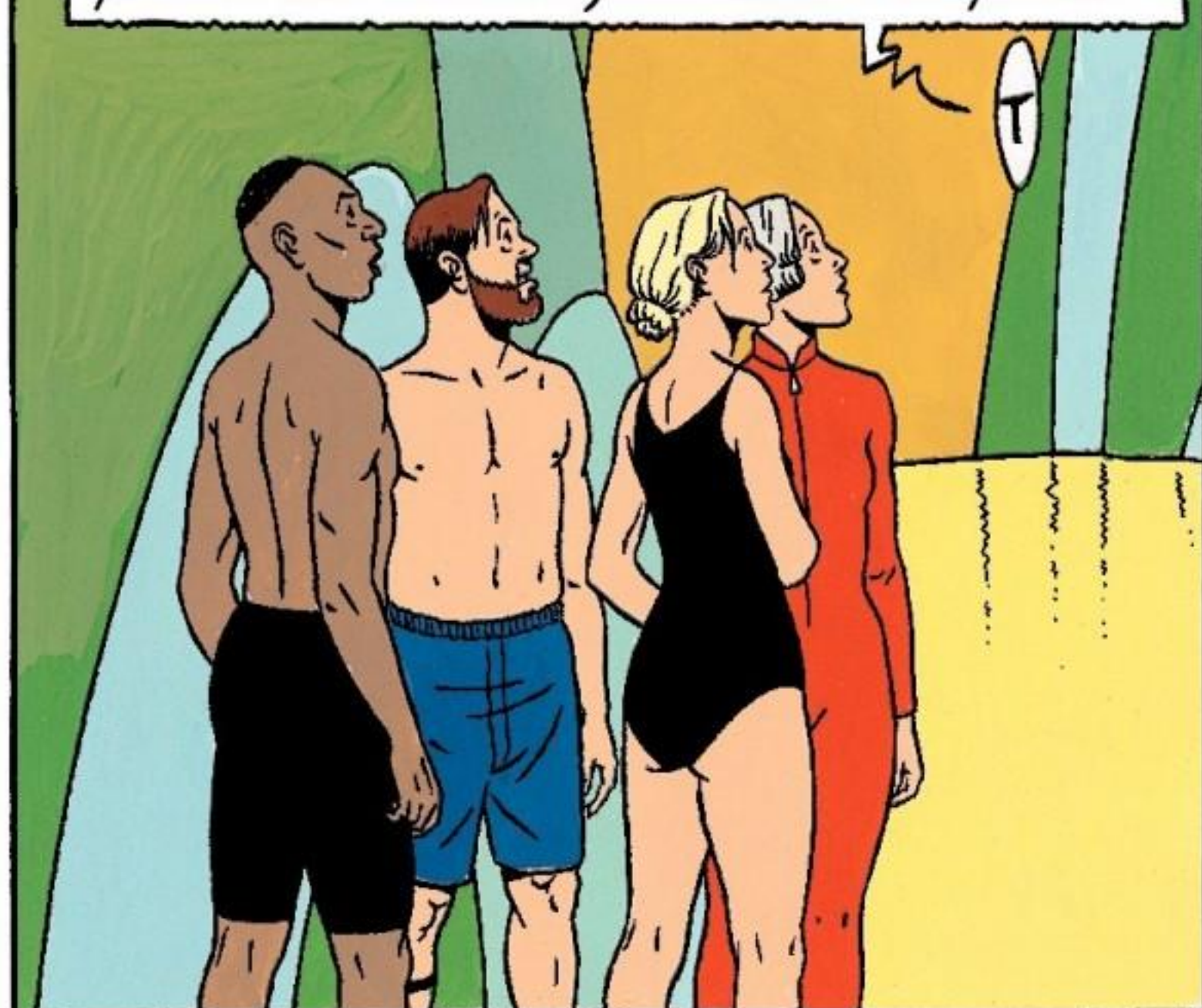


... you're no longer off-limits to the Lycaon Men...



BEFORE PROFESSOR MORTIMER AND HIS COMPANIONS HAVE A CHANCE TO RECOVER FROM THEIR SURPRISE, THE DISC OF LIGHT THAT SEEMS TO KNOW THEM WELL REAPPEARS.

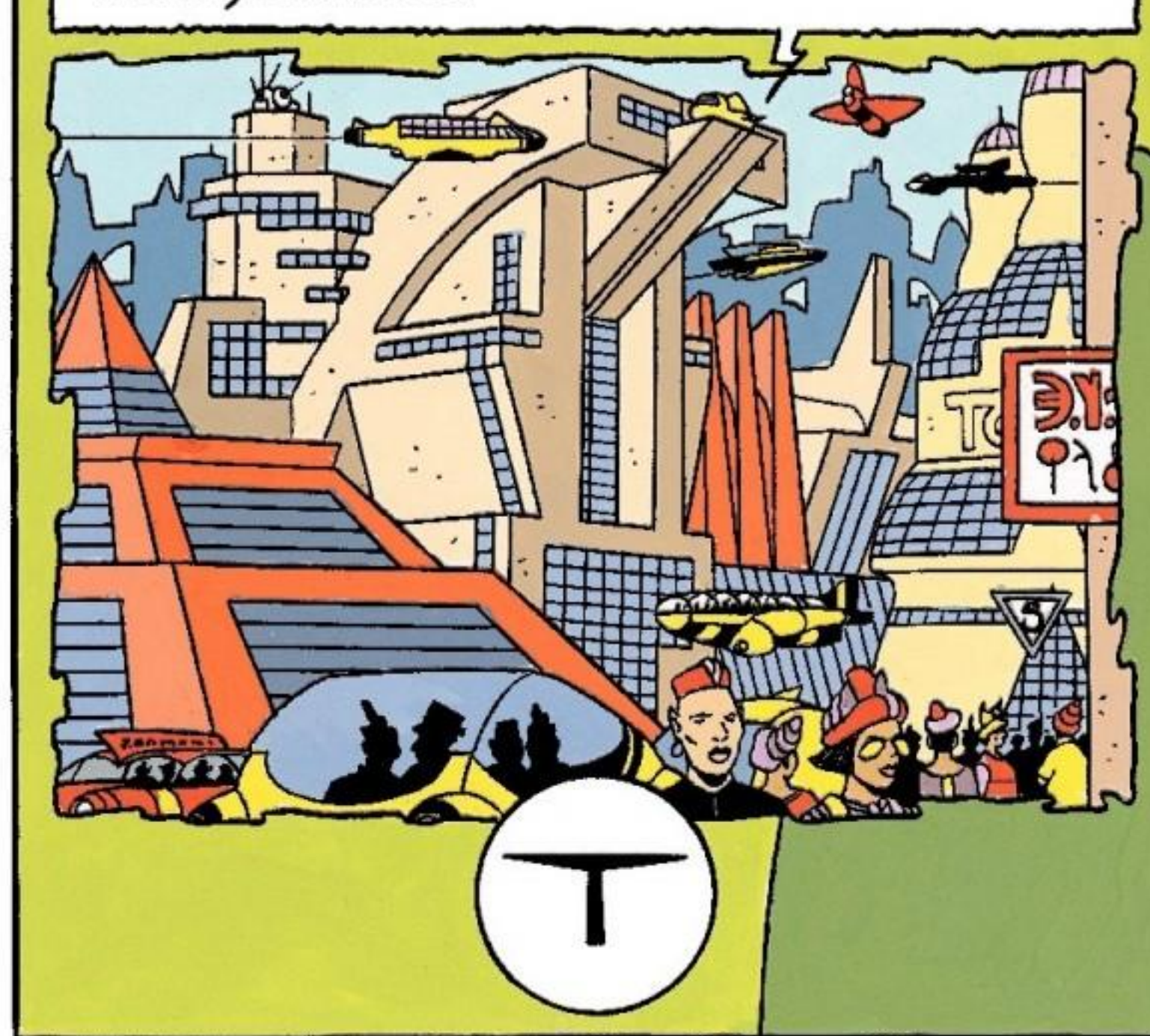
Welcome to the sanctuary of Life. What you see now is the incubator that the elite of the first generation of humans invented and built some 350 million of your years ago. It was to protect themselves... from their own species.



When life appeared on Earth, three billion years ago, there was only water surrounding an enormous mass of emerged land. The land was split by a delta, into which the tides had been rushing for millennia. Much later, the first humans appeared. They were set apart from other animals by their surprising lack of natural defences and by a physical anomaly: a highly developed brain.

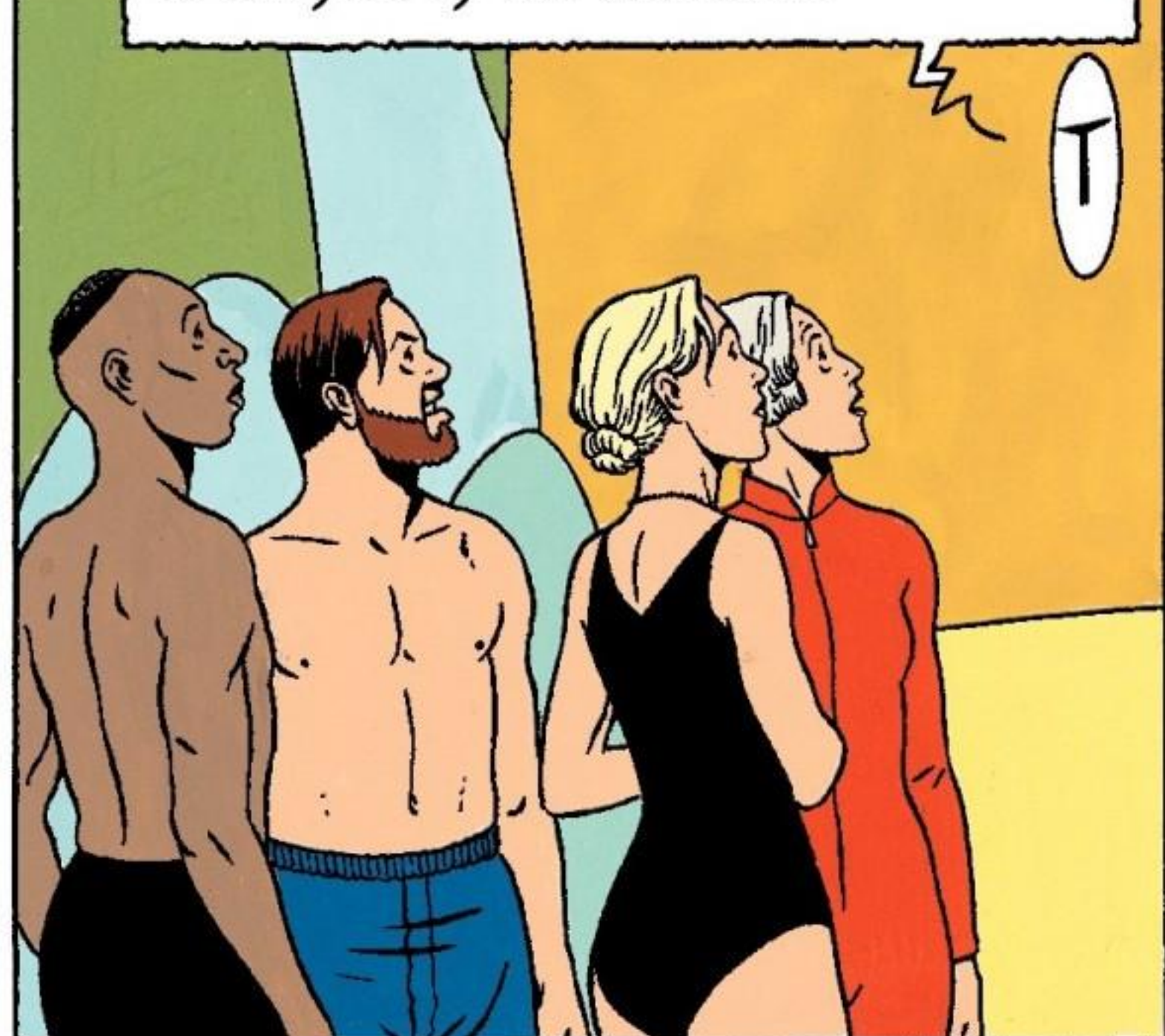


Over the following several million years, man evolved very slowly. His brain became more complex and turned out to be more useful for defence than were teeth and claws for the more ferocious predators. His language became more and more structured, and a stupendous technological development followed...



Wait... This is the story of our own civilisation you're telling us!

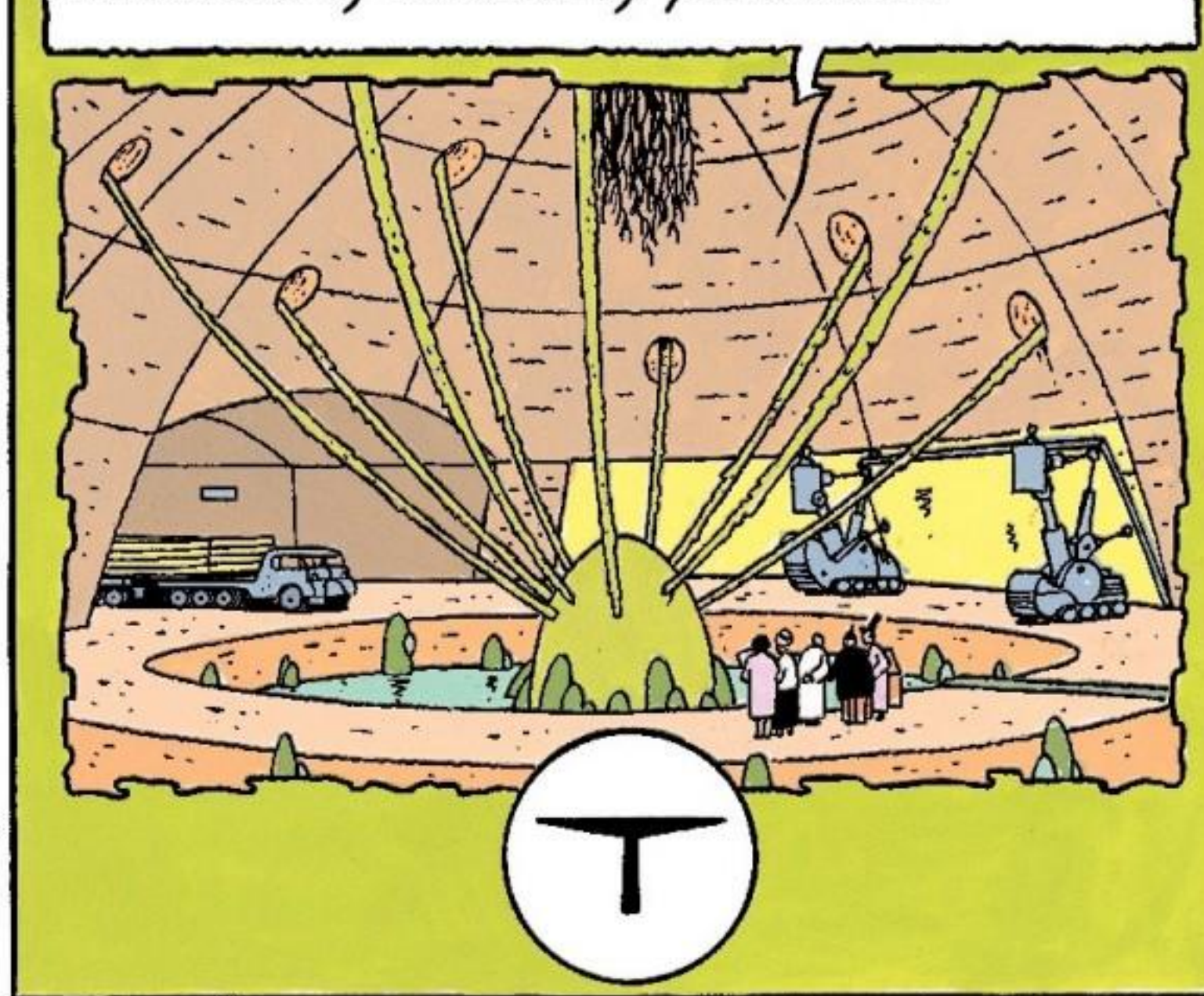
It's the story of a civilisation that evolved just like yours, but over 300 million years prior. Follow us; we'll continue this at the foot of the incubator.



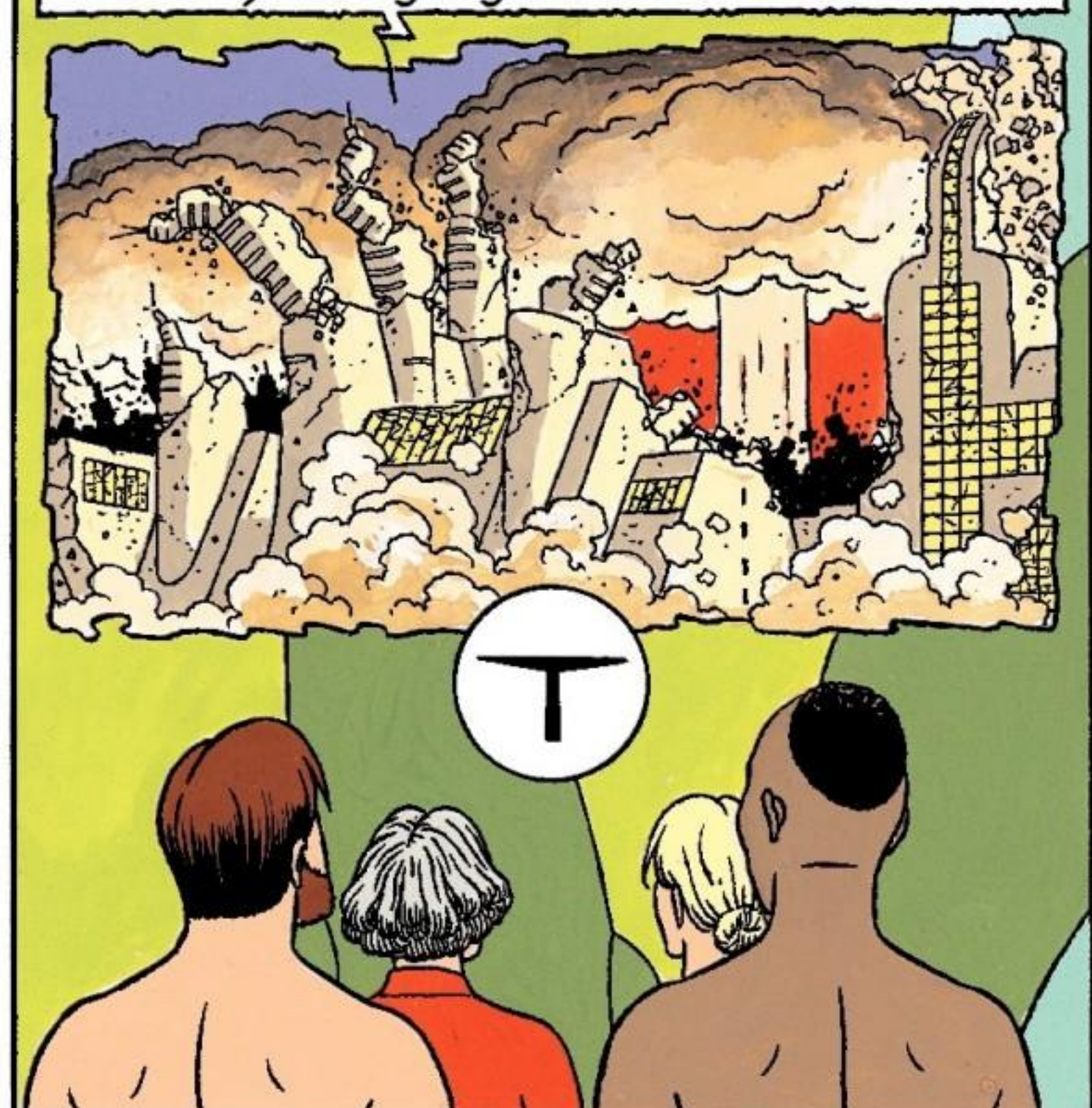
In just a few thousand years, that first generation of men learnt to master all of the physical, chemical and biological forces of the planet. But, far from making those available to its entire people, a single caste kept them for its own usage, leaving the vast majority to survive in precarious conditions...



Foreseeing a grave danger for mankind, the greatest minds of society prepared for the eventual survival of the species and created the incubator you see here. It was to function autonomously and turn itself on—that is to say, recreate a sufficient number of primitive individuals to start mankind anew—in due time... even if that time turned out to be hundreds of millions of years later!



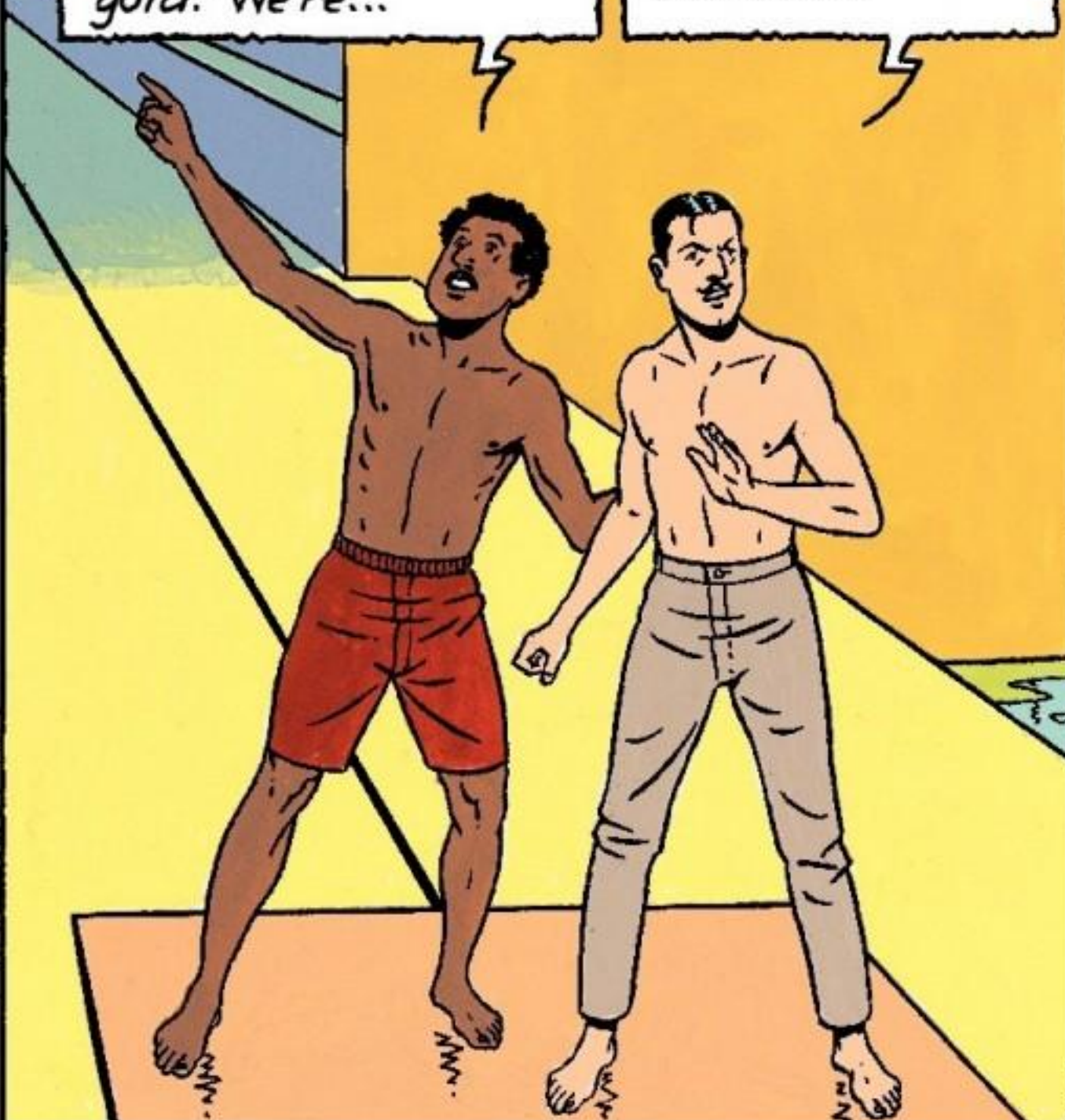
What the elite feared eventually came true... and even worse. Enraged by the injustice of their lot, the outcasts sabotaged the energy sources, not knowing what the consequences of their actions would be. Massive physical and biological disasters followed. No human life was going to survive all that.



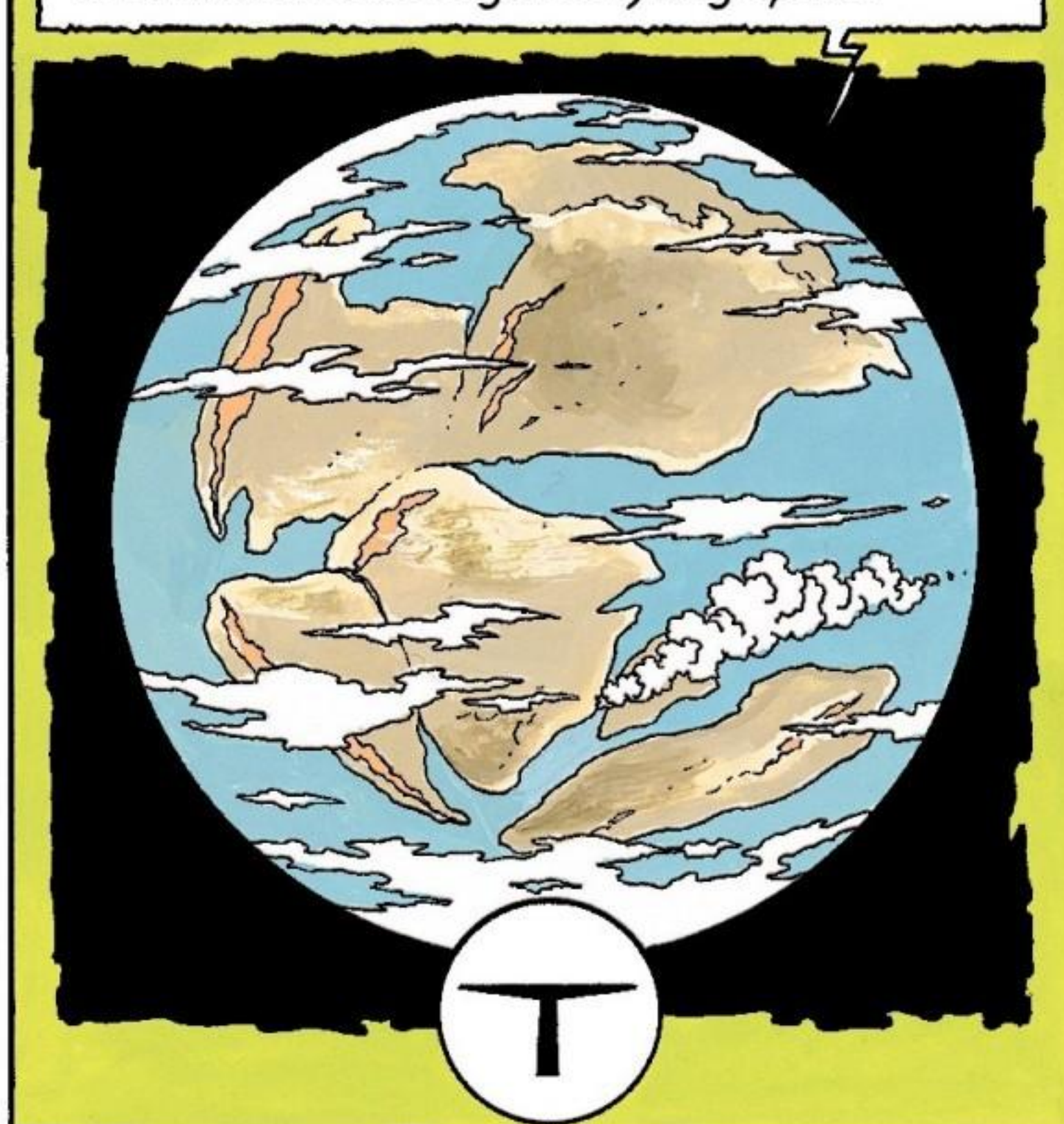
WHILE THE FIRST INTRUDERS OBEDIENTLY FOLLOW THEIR VIRTUAL GUIDES, IT IS COLONEL OLRİK AND RAZUL'S TURN TO REACH THE IMPRESSIVE ROOM.

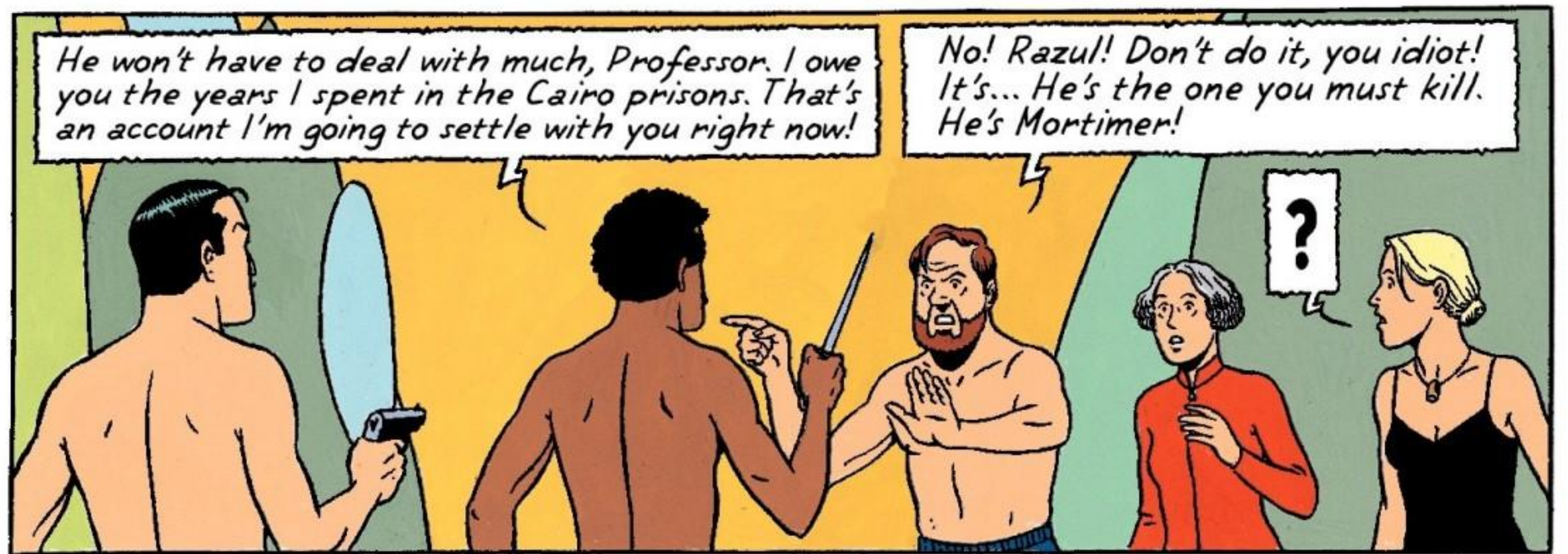
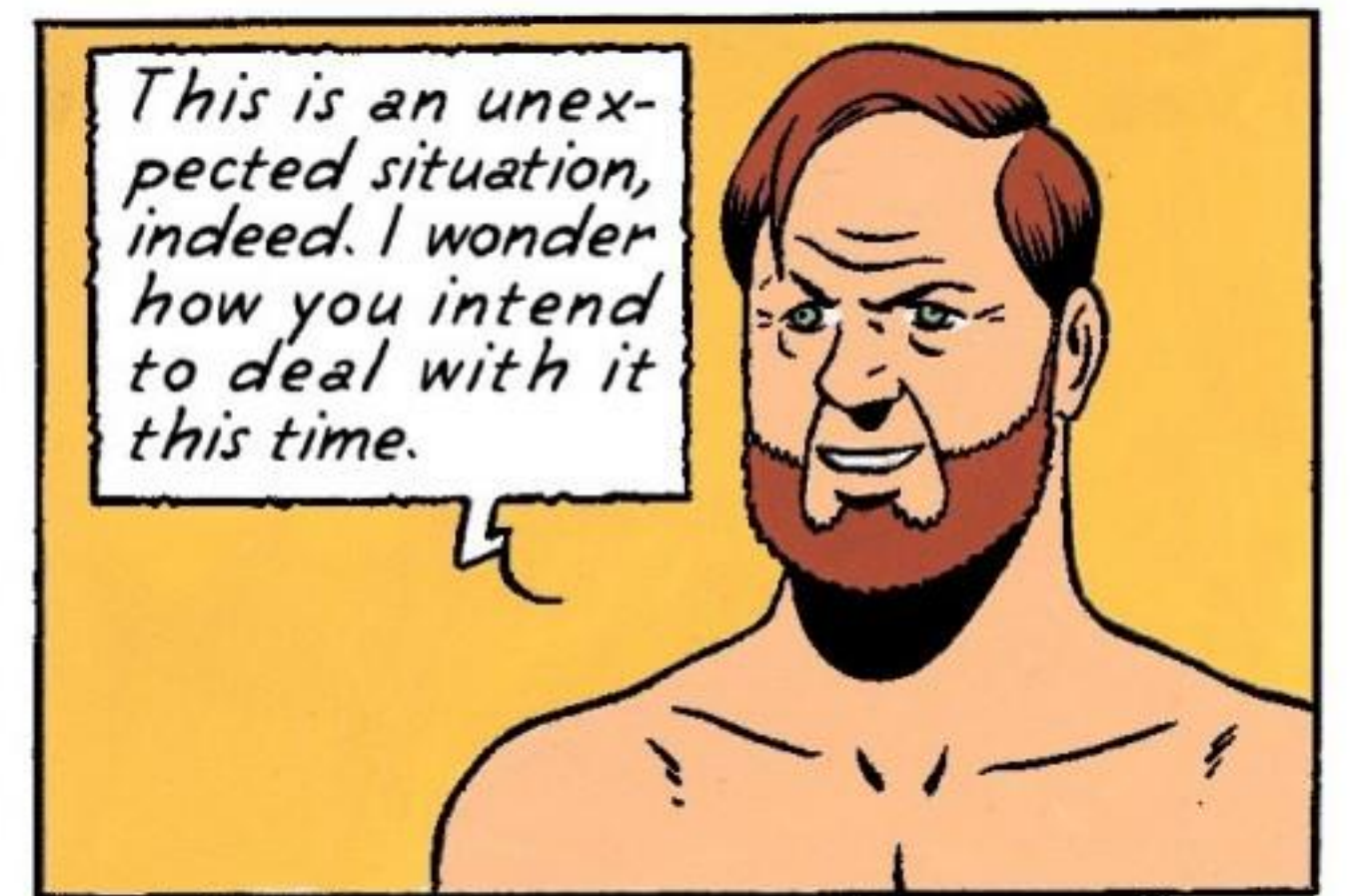
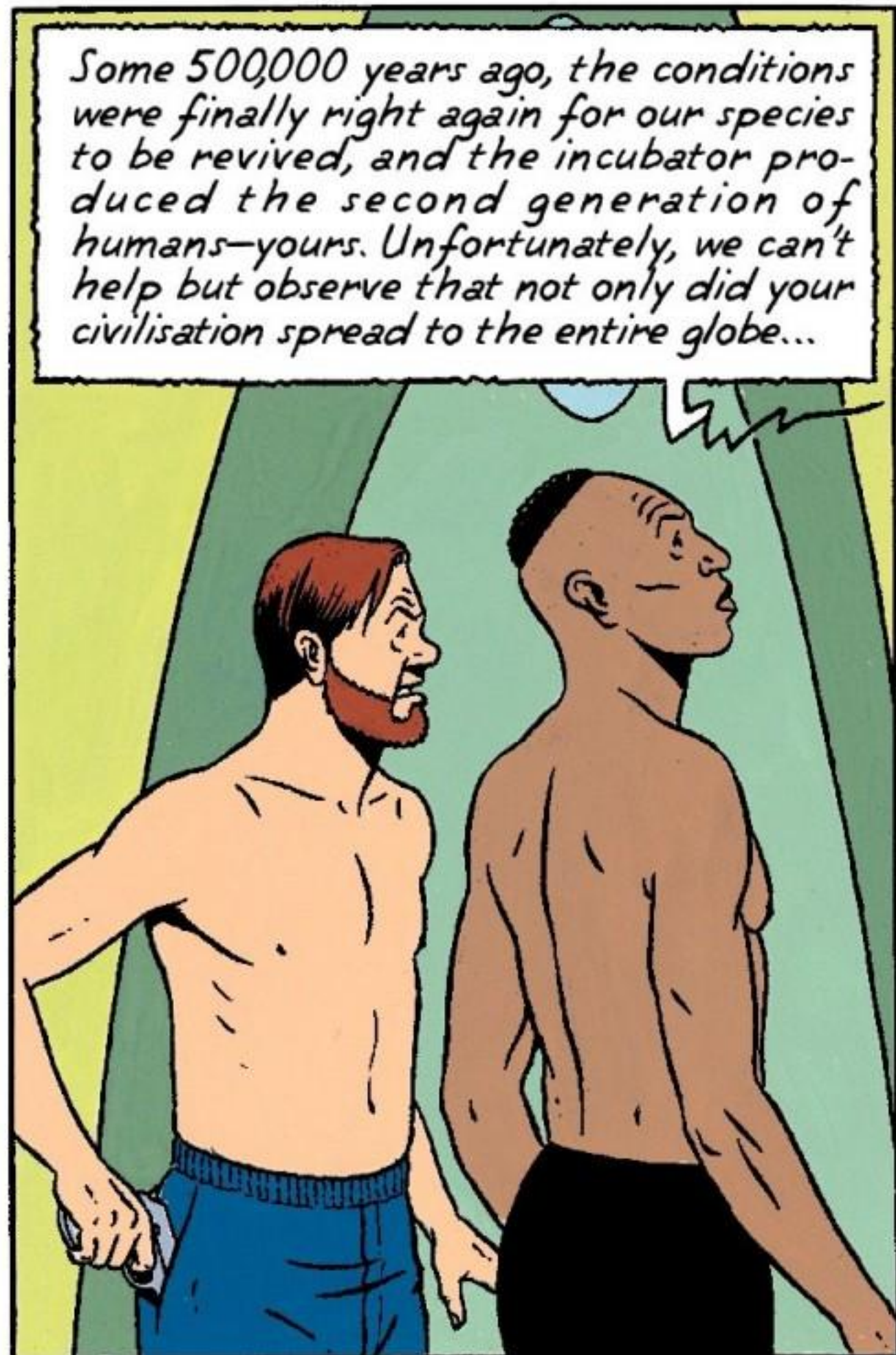
Do you see, chief? It's gold! Everything here is made of gold! We're...

Yes, yes, Razul. Calm down. We're far from having won this...



All traces of life disappeared under the thick cloud that covered the Earth and blocked out the sun. The tremors were so strong that the enormous delta literally split the city in two. The whole continent, in fact, which then proceeded to break into several land masses that began drifting apart.





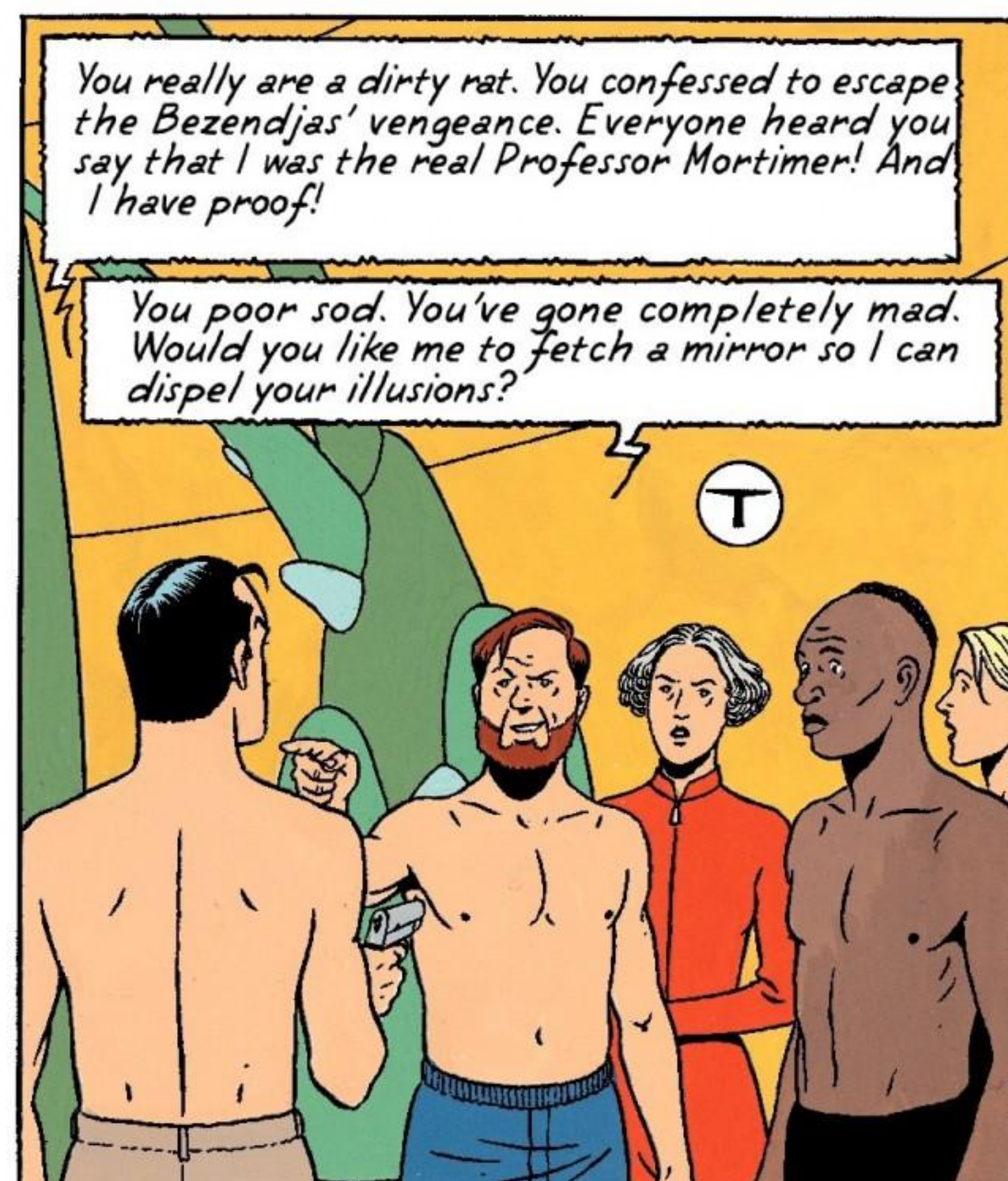


You're right, Colonel. It's time to come clean.



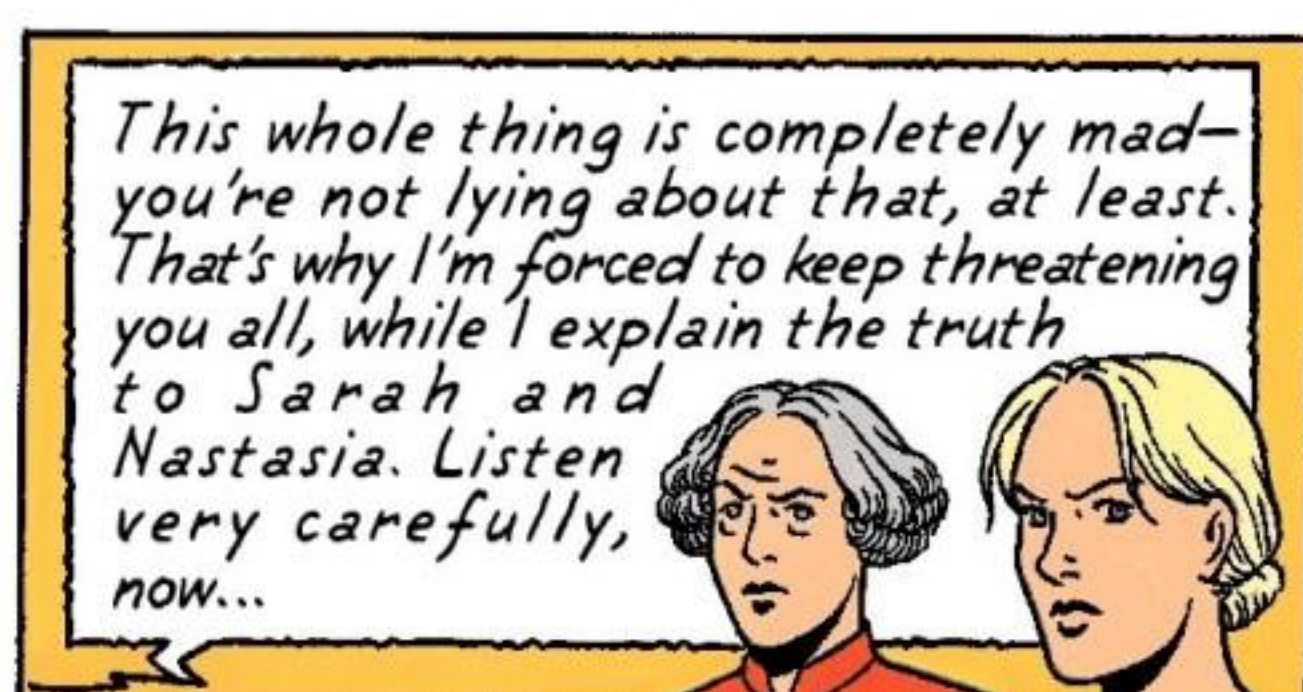
For heaven's sake, Philip! Why is this man calling you colonel?

I don't have the foggiest, Sarah. I simply tried to destabilise that rascal by saying whatever came into my mind!

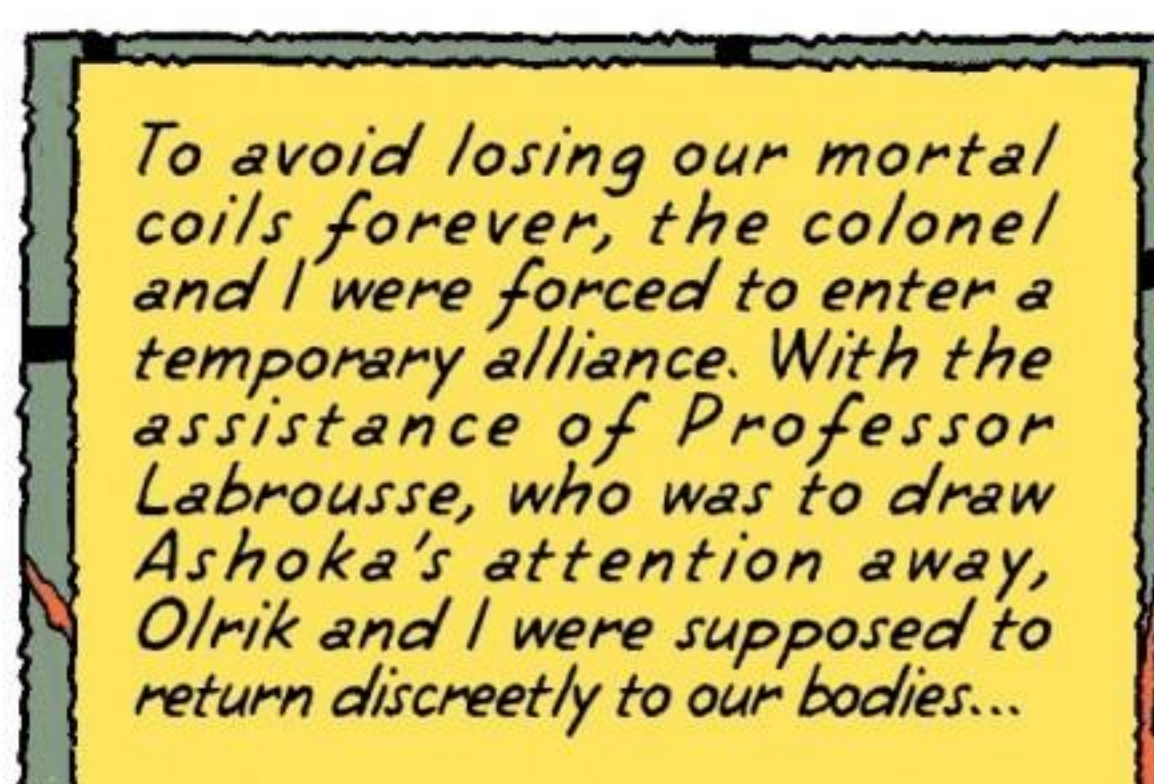


You really are a dirty rat. You confessed to escape the Bezendjas' vengeance. Everyone heard you say that I was the real Professor Mortimer! And I have proof!

You poor sod. You've gone completely mad. Would you like me to fetch a mirror so I can dispel your illusions?



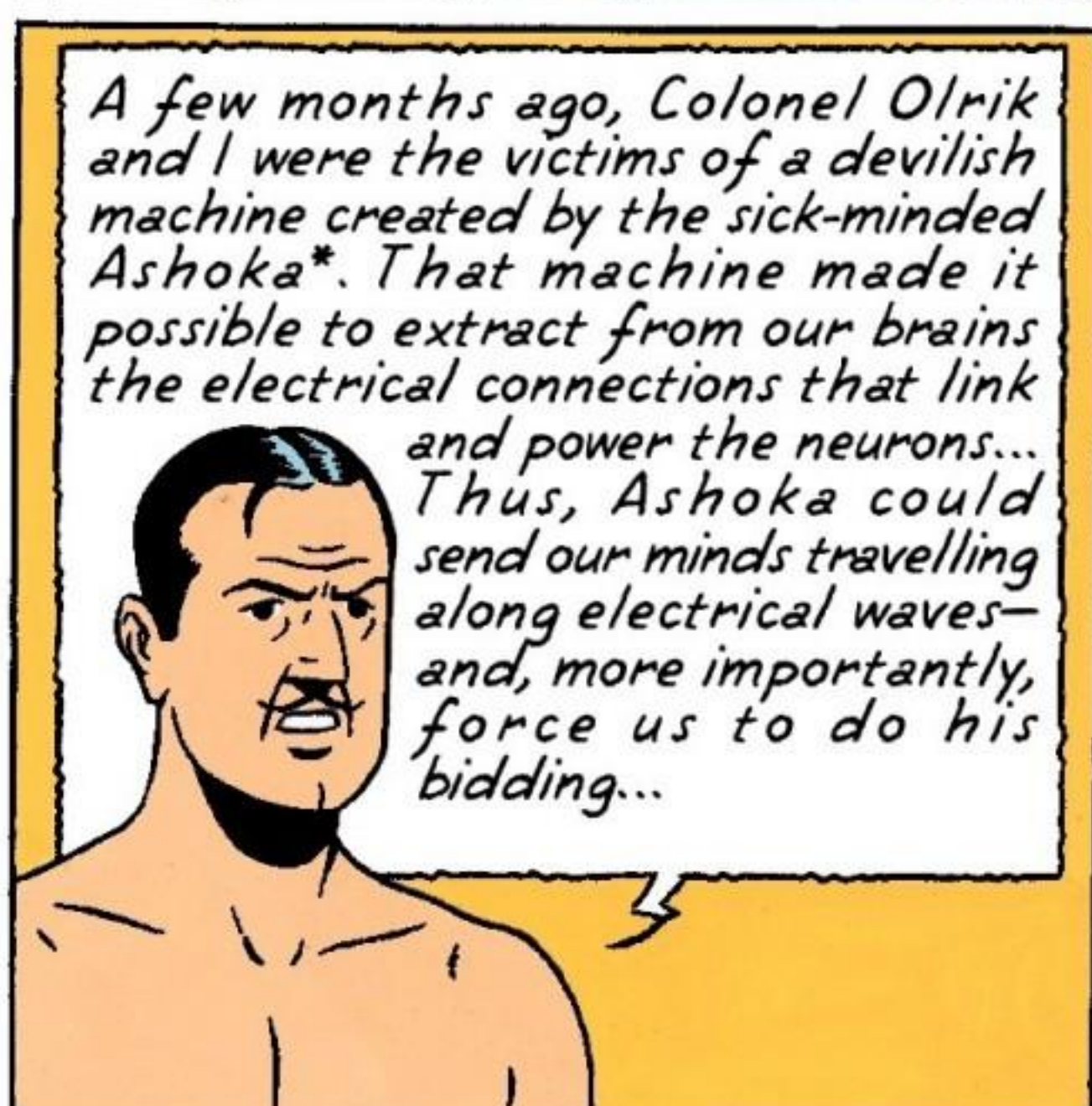
This whole thing is completely mad—you're not lying about that, at least. That's why I'm forced to keep threatening you all, while I explain the truth to Sarah and Nastasia. Listen very carefully, now...



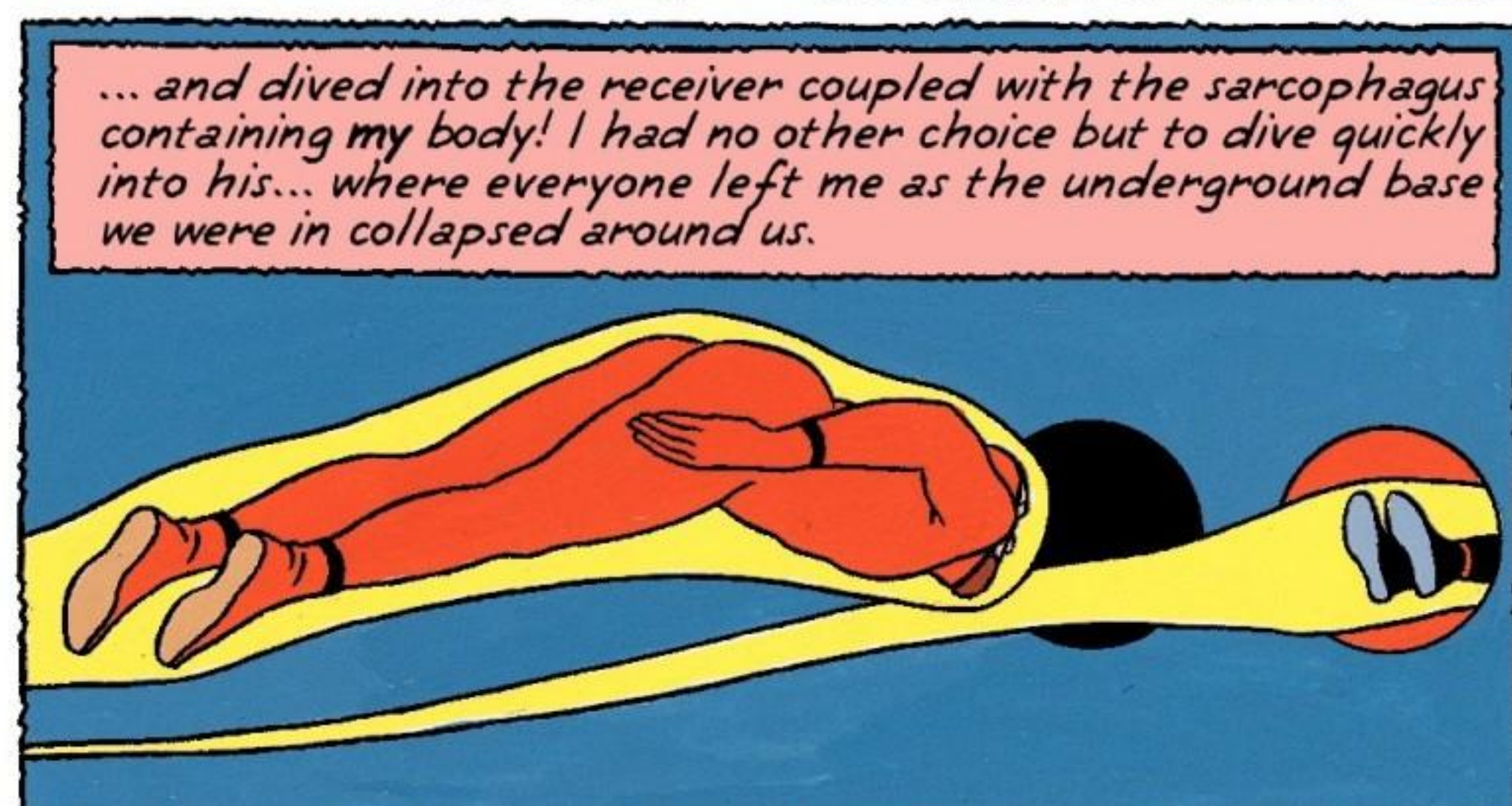
To avoid losing our mortal coils forever, the colonel and I were forced to enter a temporary alliance. With the assistance of Professor Labrousse, who was to draw Ashoka's attention away, Olrik and I were supposed to return discreetly to our bodies...



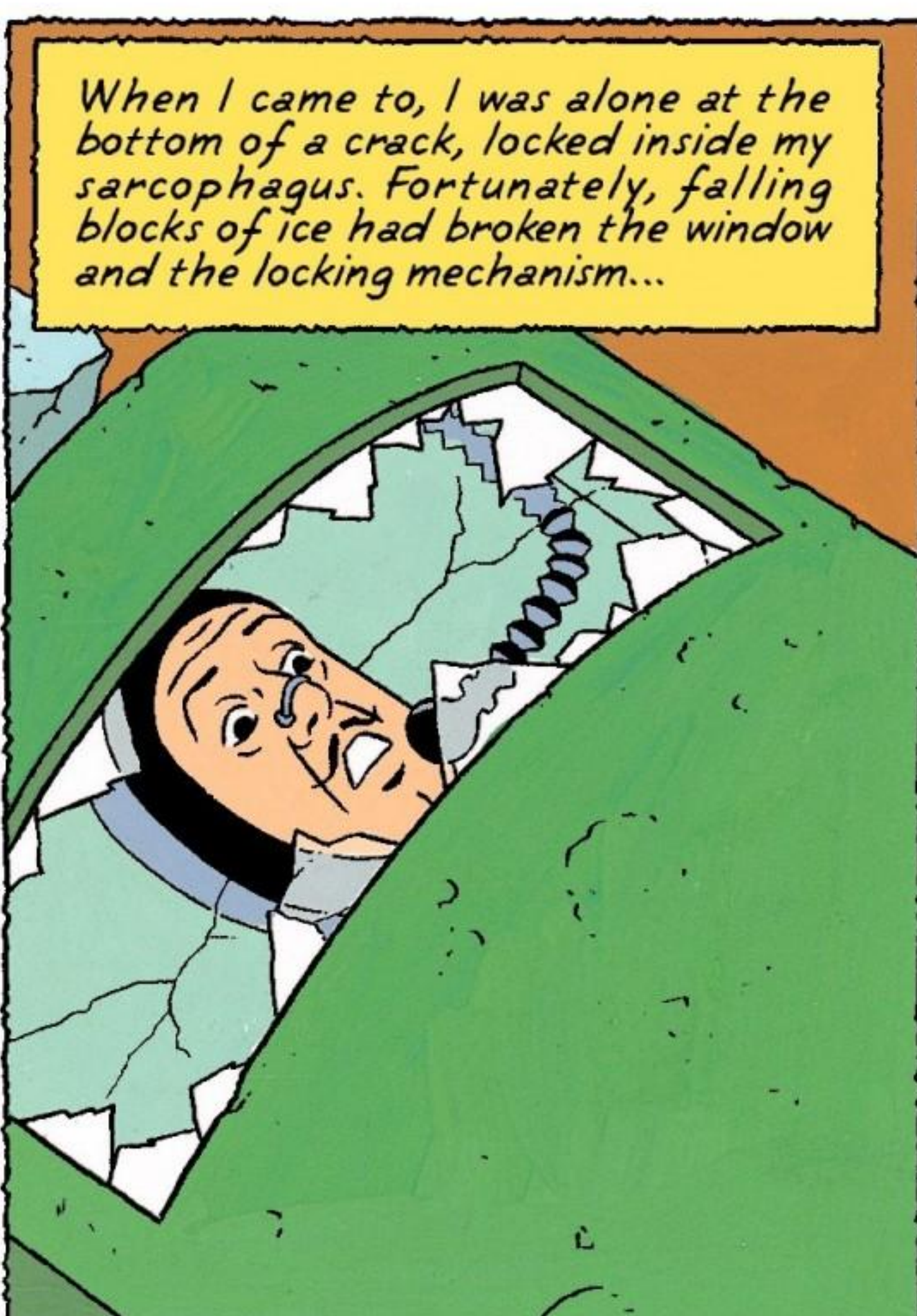
How could I have trusted that scoundrel? At the last second, he pulled ahead of me...



A few months ago, Colonel Olrik and I were the victims of a devilish machine created by the sick-minded Ashoka*. That machine made it possible to extract from our brains the electrical connections that link and power the neurons... Thus, Ashoka could send our minds travelling along electrical waves—and, more importantly, force us to do his bidding...



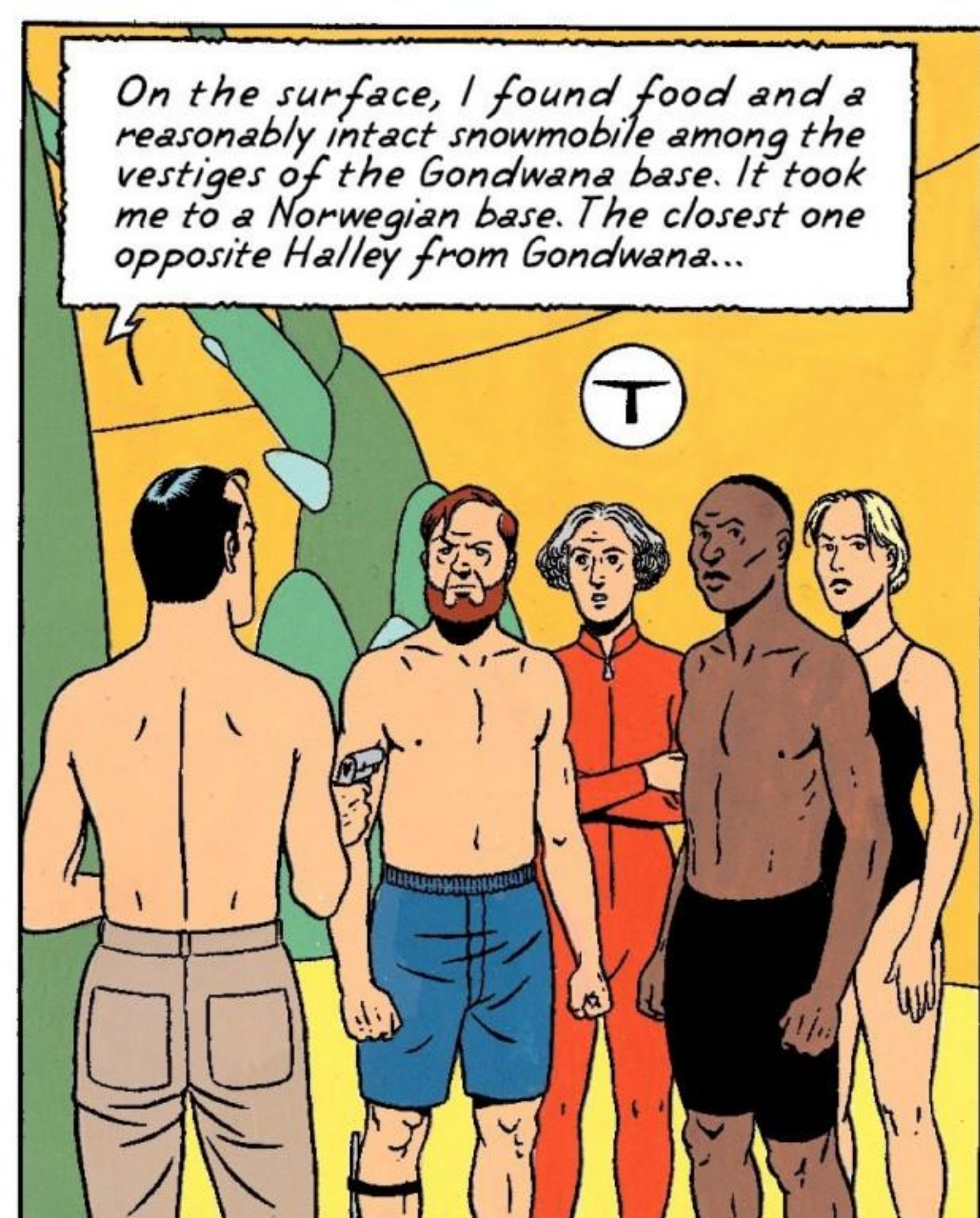
... and dived into the receiver coupled with the sarcophagus containing my body! I had no other choice but to dive quickly into his... where everyone left me as the underground base we were in collapsed around us.



When I came to, I was alone at the bottom of a crack, locked inside my sarcophagus. Fortunately, falling blocks of ice had broken the window and the locking mechanism...

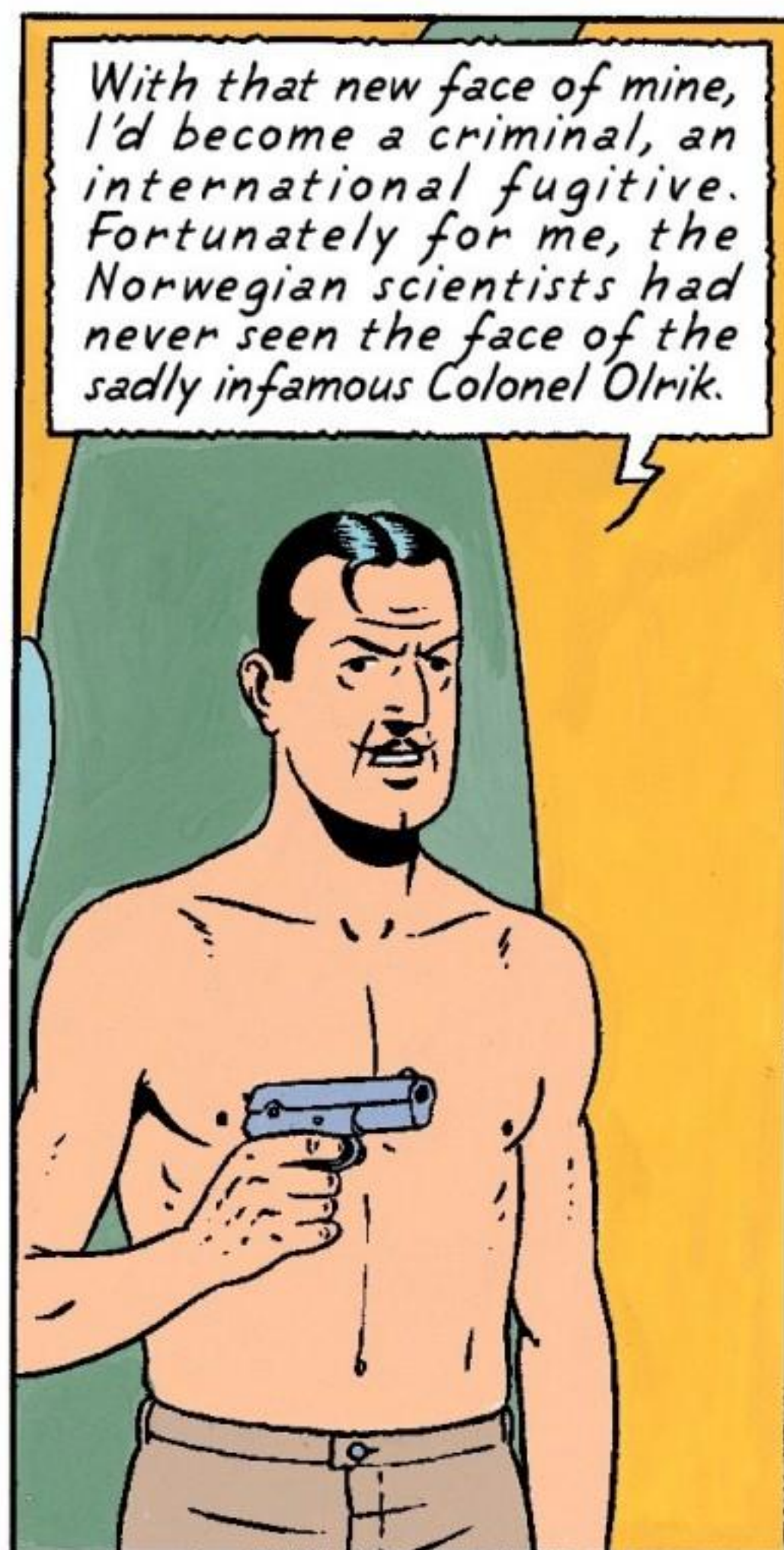


Thus I managed to pull myself out and climb to the surface. Thanks to the special suit designed by Ashoka, I was protected from the cold...

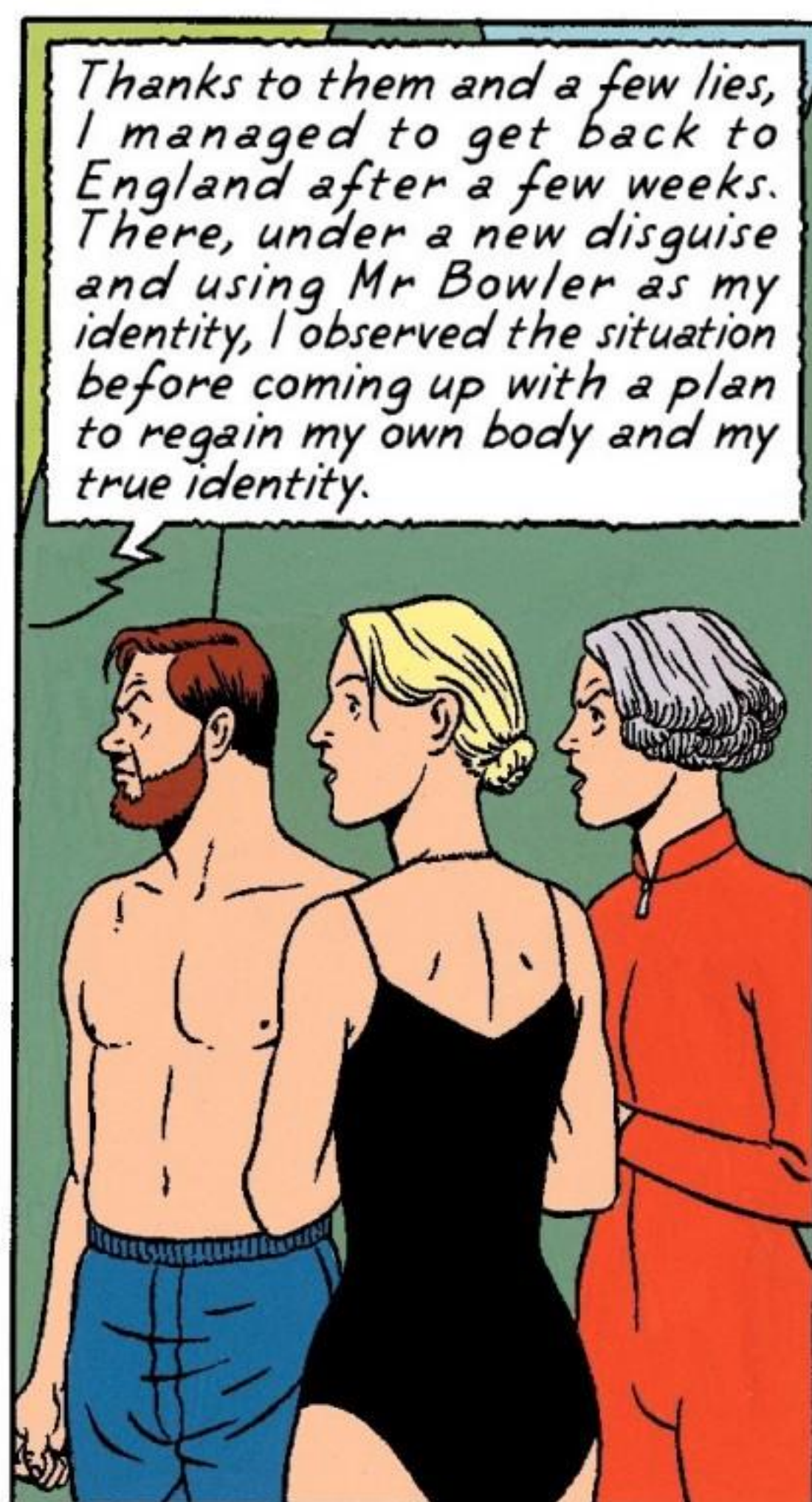


On the surface, I found food and a reasonably intact snowmobile among the vestiges of the Gondwana base. It took me to a Norwegian base. The closest one opposite Halley from Gondwana...

*SEE THE SARCOPHAGI OF THE SIXTH CONTINENT - PART 2.



With that new face of mine, I'd become a criminal, an international fugitive. Fortunately for me, the Norwegian scientists had never seen the face of the sadly infamous Colonel Olrik.

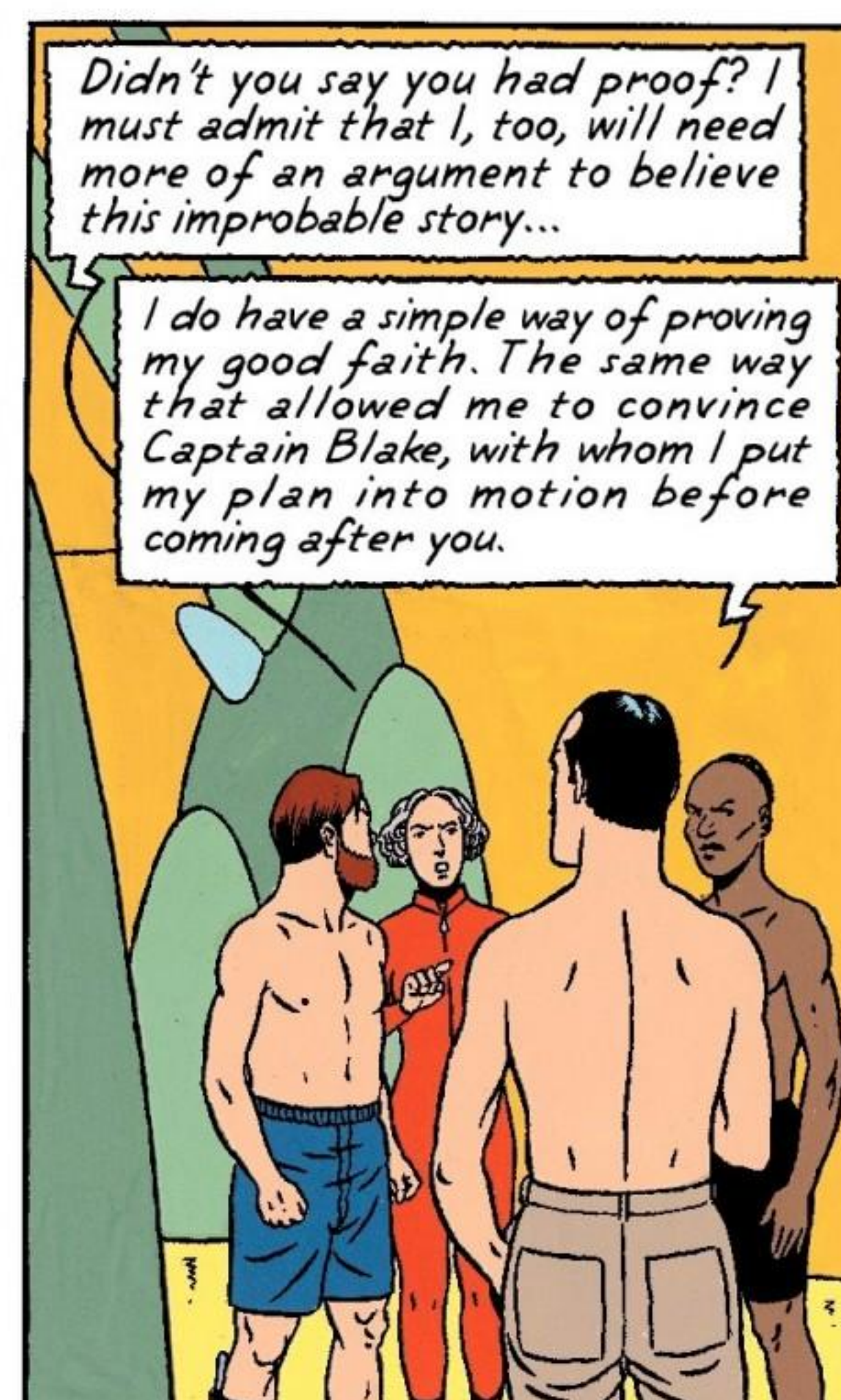


Thanks to them and a few lies, I managed to get back to England after a few weeks. There, under a new disguise and using Mr Bowler as my identity, I observed the situation before coming up with a plan to regain my own body and my true identity.



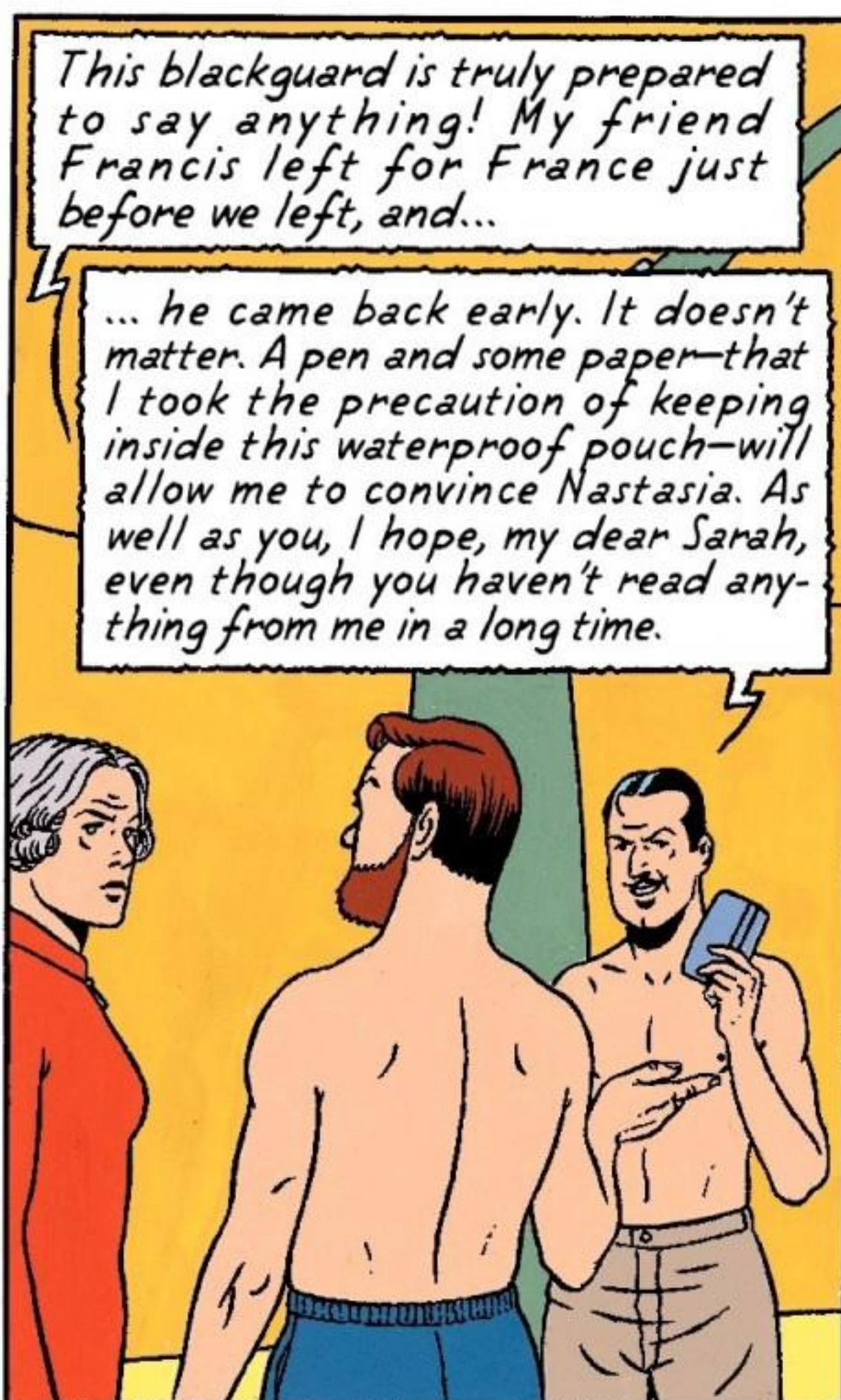
The memories linked to your voice and your face are too painful to me. It'll take more than this pretty speech to convince me.

Let's not forget that, just a few moments ago, our virtual hosts told us they knew one of our number had a secret... and I'd be inclined to believe them.



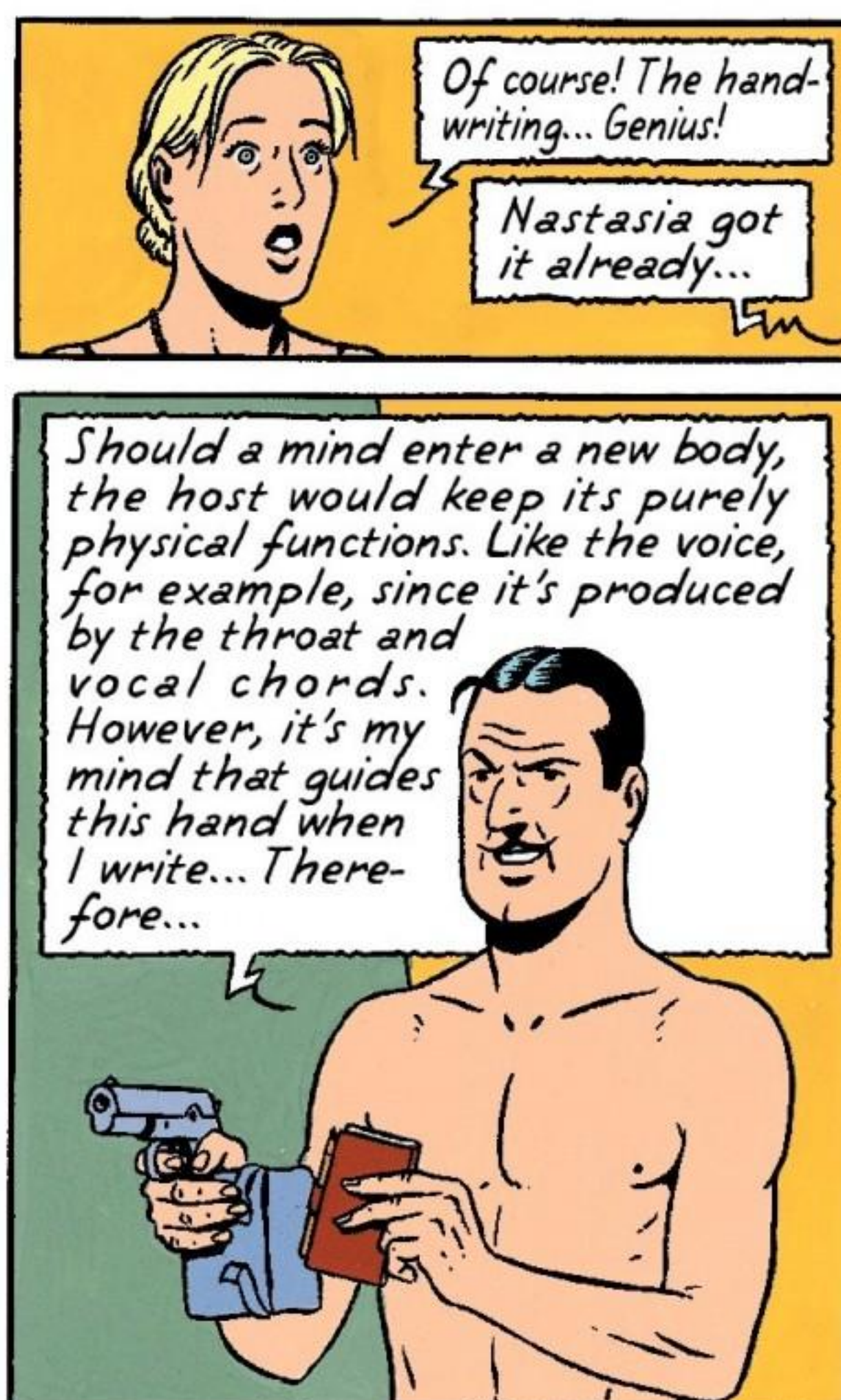
Didn't you say you had proof? I must admit that I, too, will need more of an argument to believe this improbable story...

I do have a simple way of proving my good faith. The same way that allowed me to convince Captain Blake, with whom I put my plan into motion before coming after you.



This blackguard is truly prepared to say anything! My friend Francis left for France just before we left, and...

... he came back early. It doesn't matter. A pen and some paper—that I took the precaution of keeping inside this waterproof pouch—will allow me to convince Nastasia. As well as you, I hope, my dear Sarah, even though you haven't read anything from me in a long time.



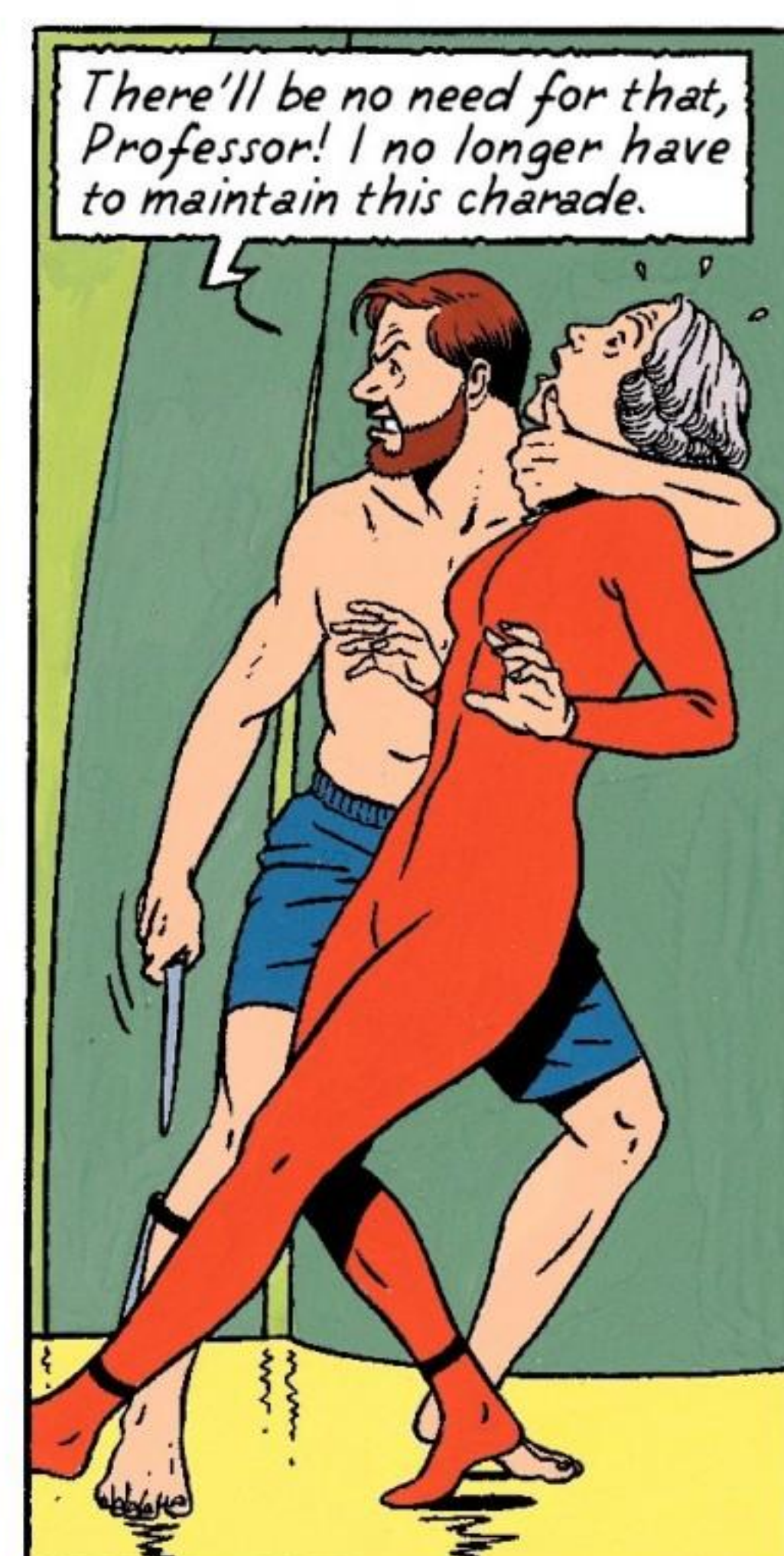
Of course! The handwriting... Genius!

Nastasia got it already...

Should a mind enter a new body, the host would keep its purely physical functions. Like the voice, for example, since it's produced by the throat and vocal chords. However, it's my mind that guides this hand when I write... Therefore...



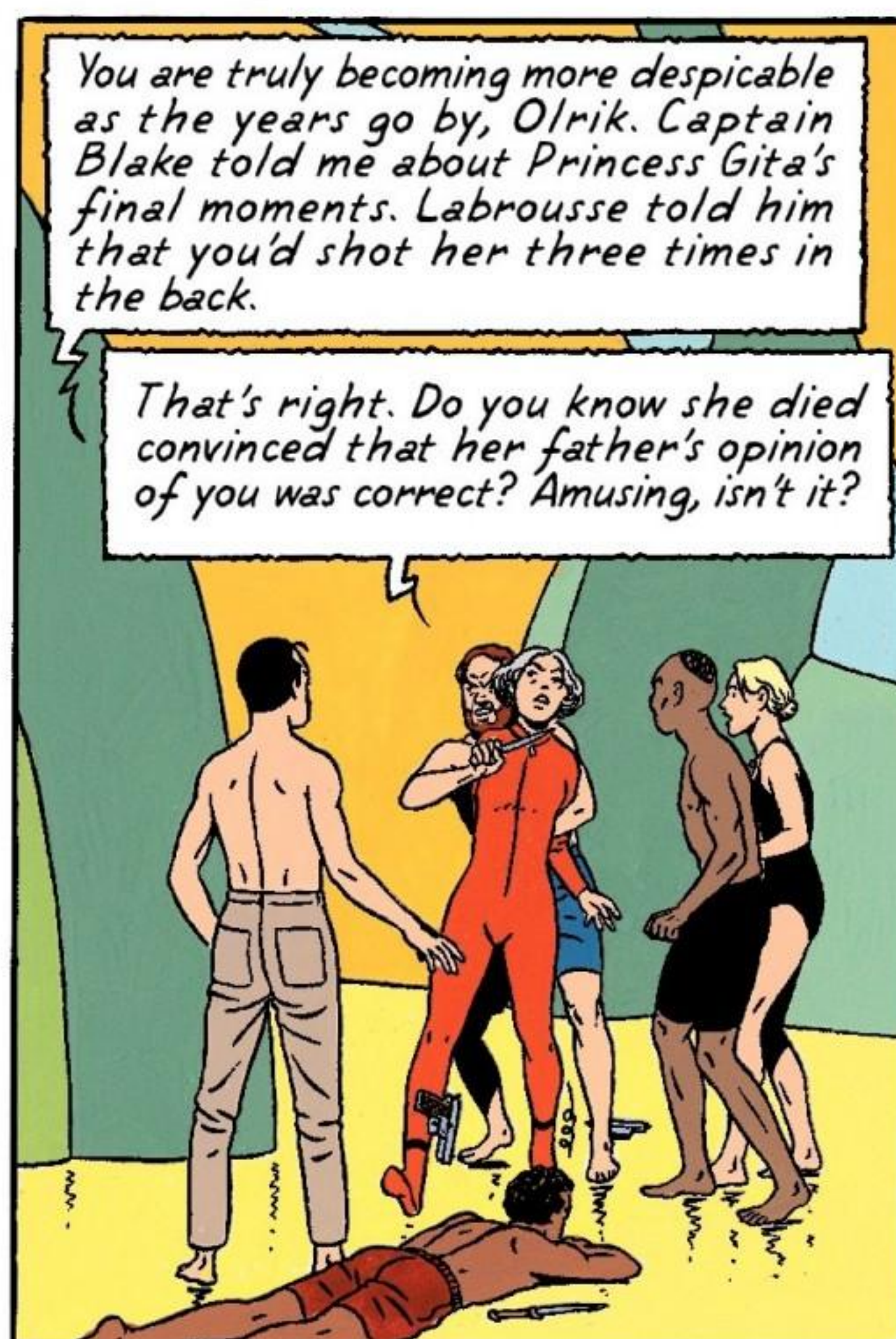
... I challenge you, Colonel Olrik, to reproduce here and now my handwriting and signature, which Nastasia has often read at the CSIR. That of the one and only Professor Philip Angus Mortimer!



There'll be no need for that, Professor! I no longer have to maintain this charade.

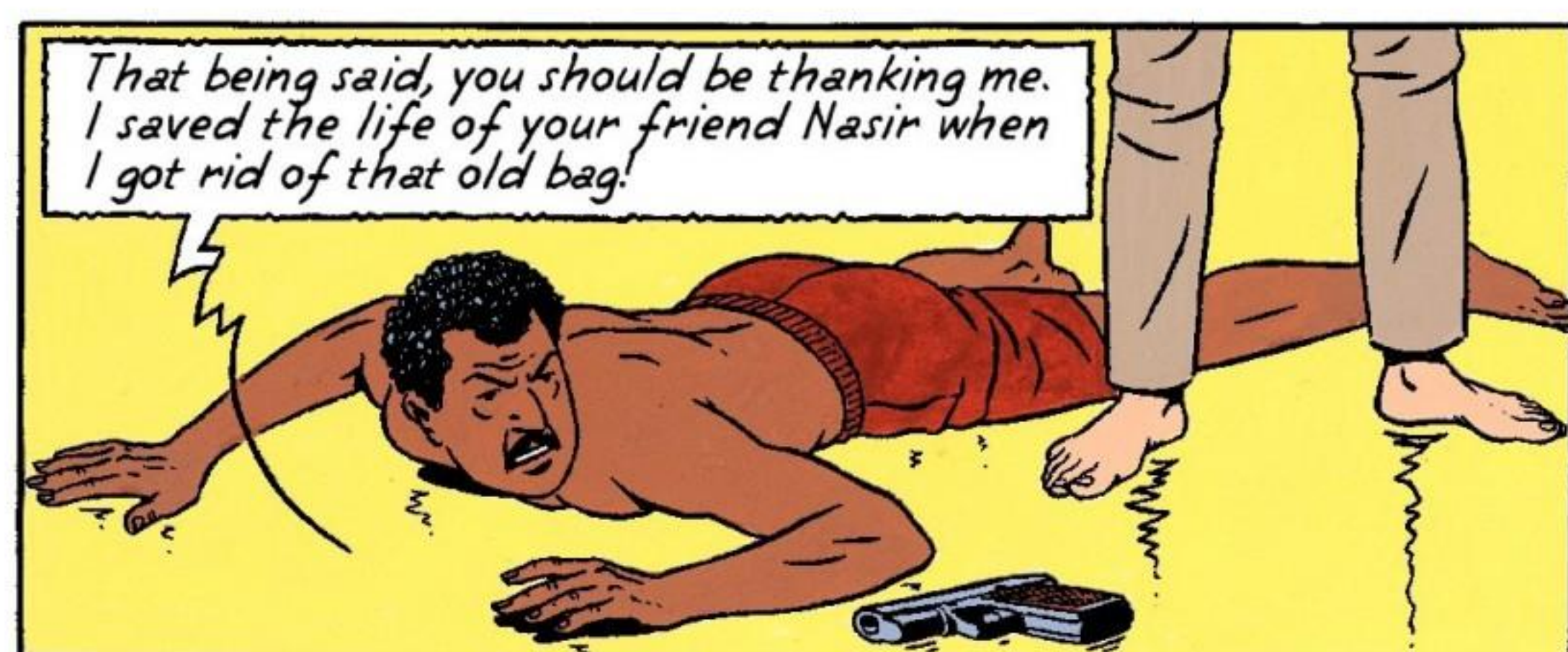


You're going to be a good boy and drop your weapon, or I shall kill the second love of your life... like I already shot the first one!

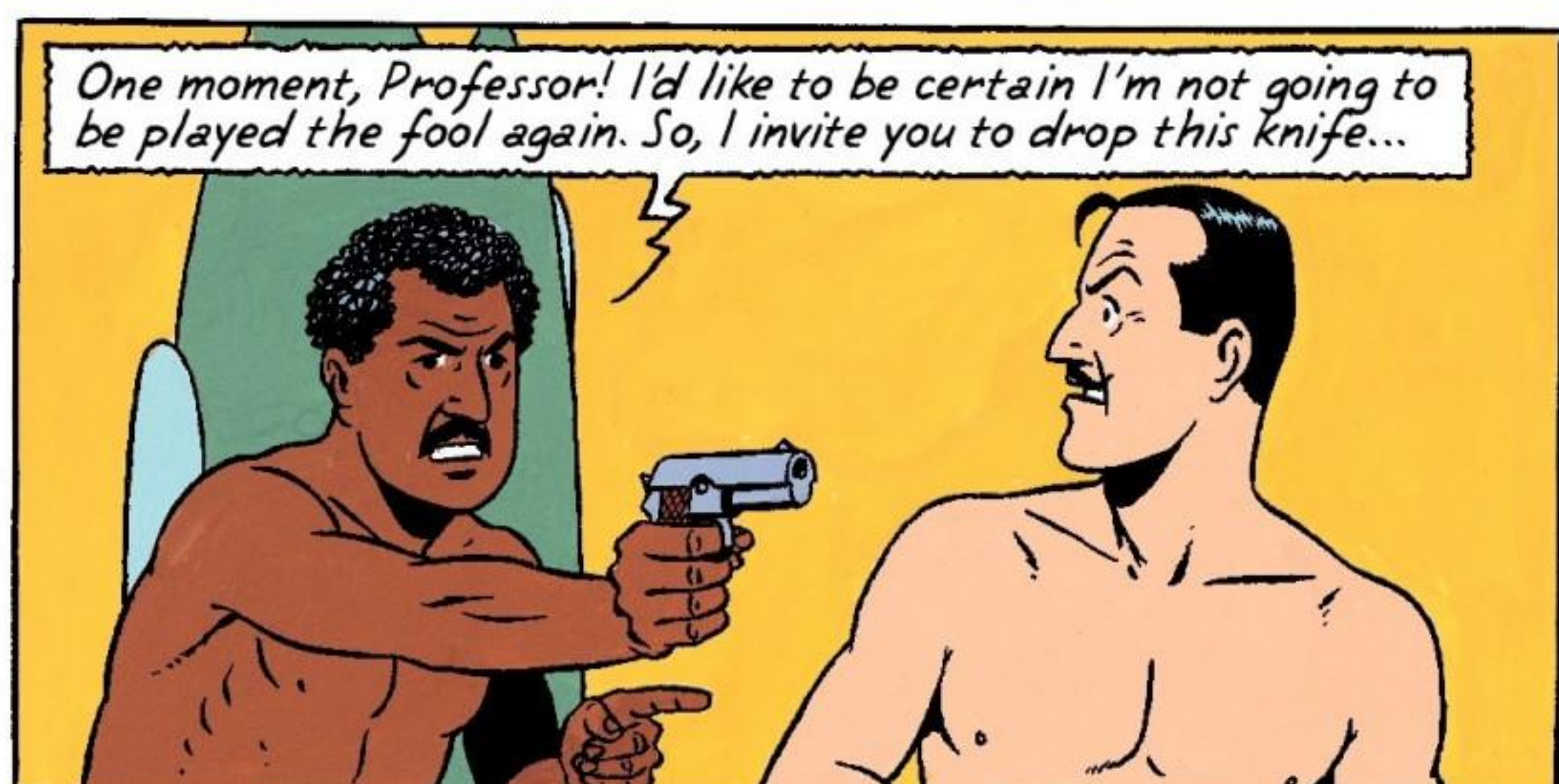


You are truly becoming more despicable as the years go by, Olrik. Captain Blake told me about Princess Gita's final moments. Labrousse told him that you'd shot her three times in the back.

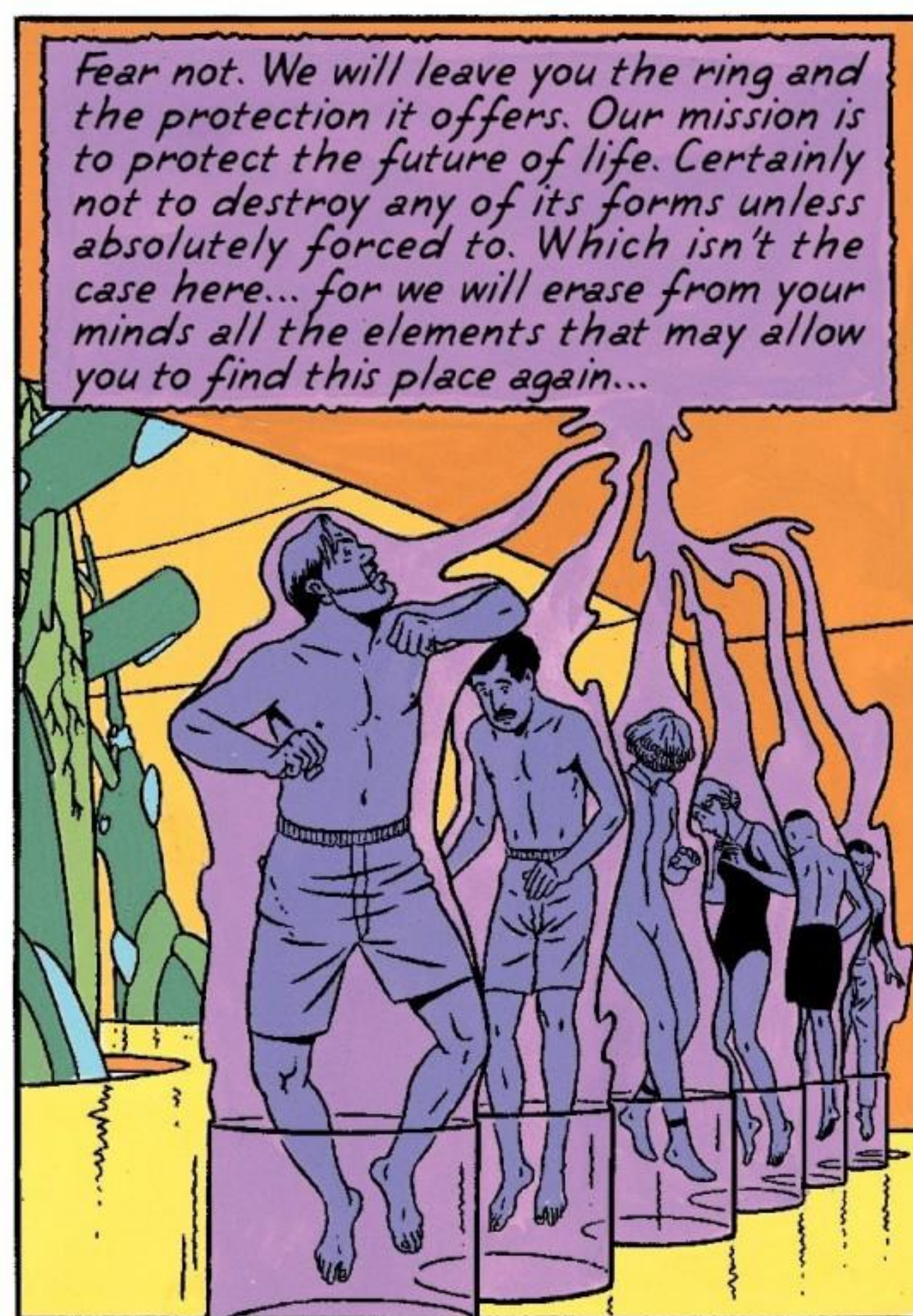
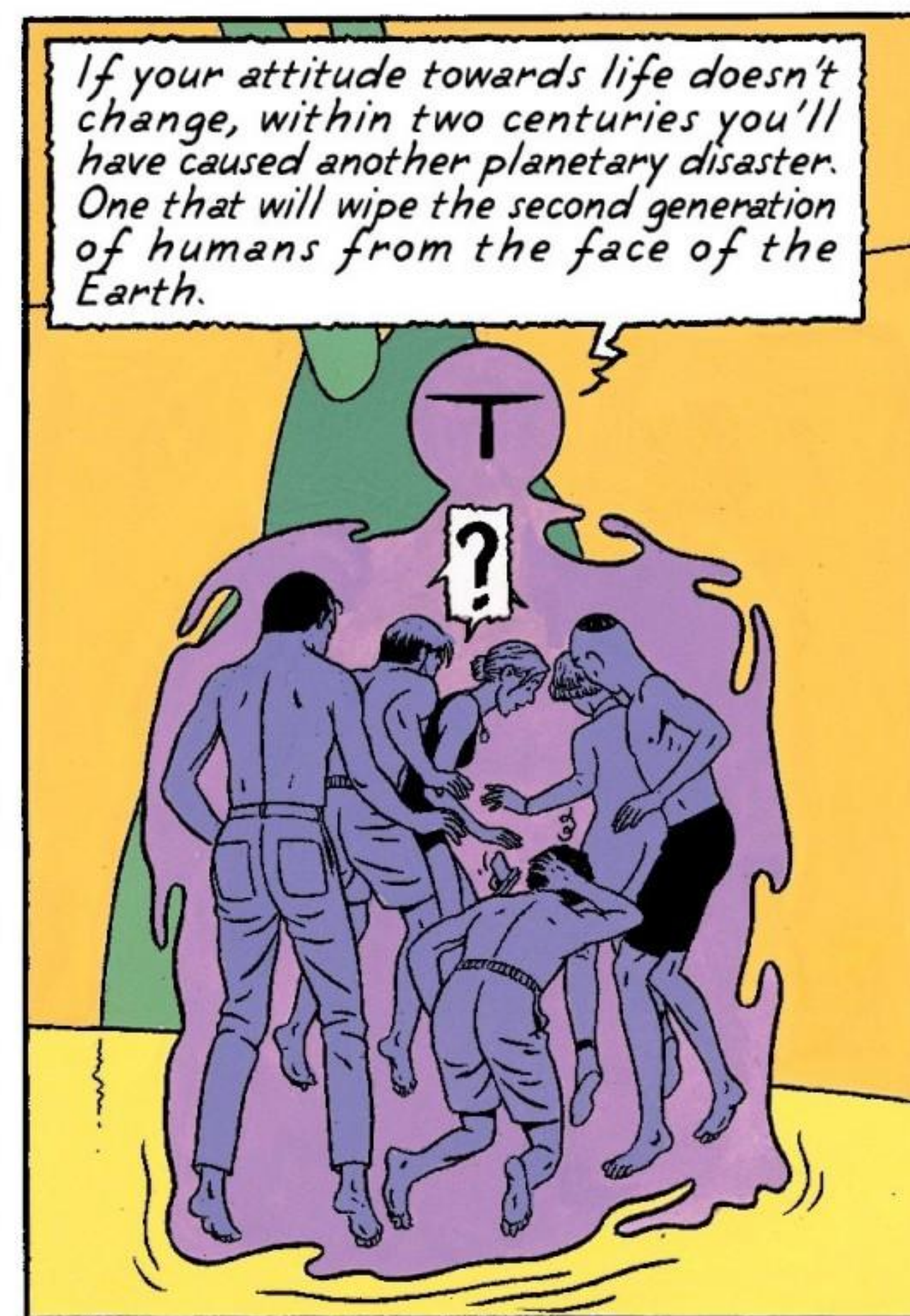
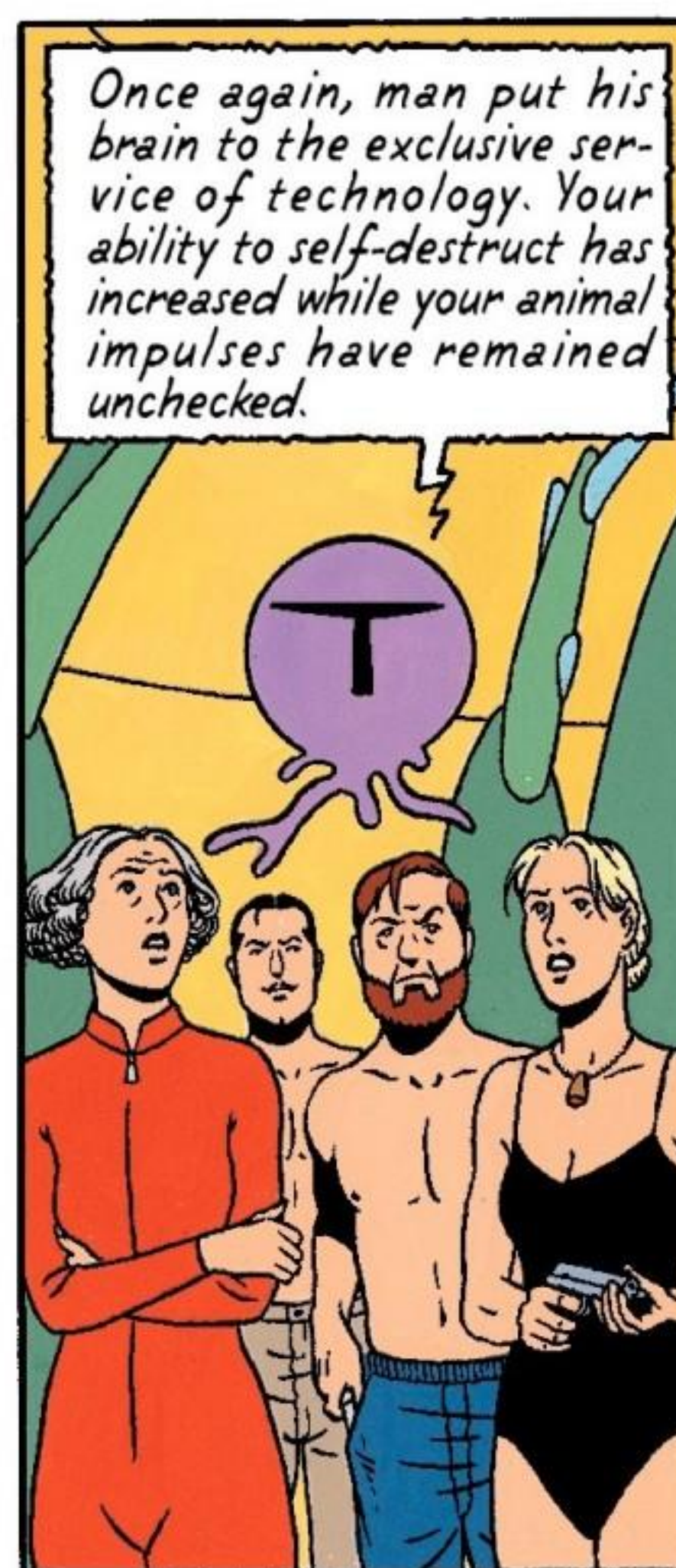
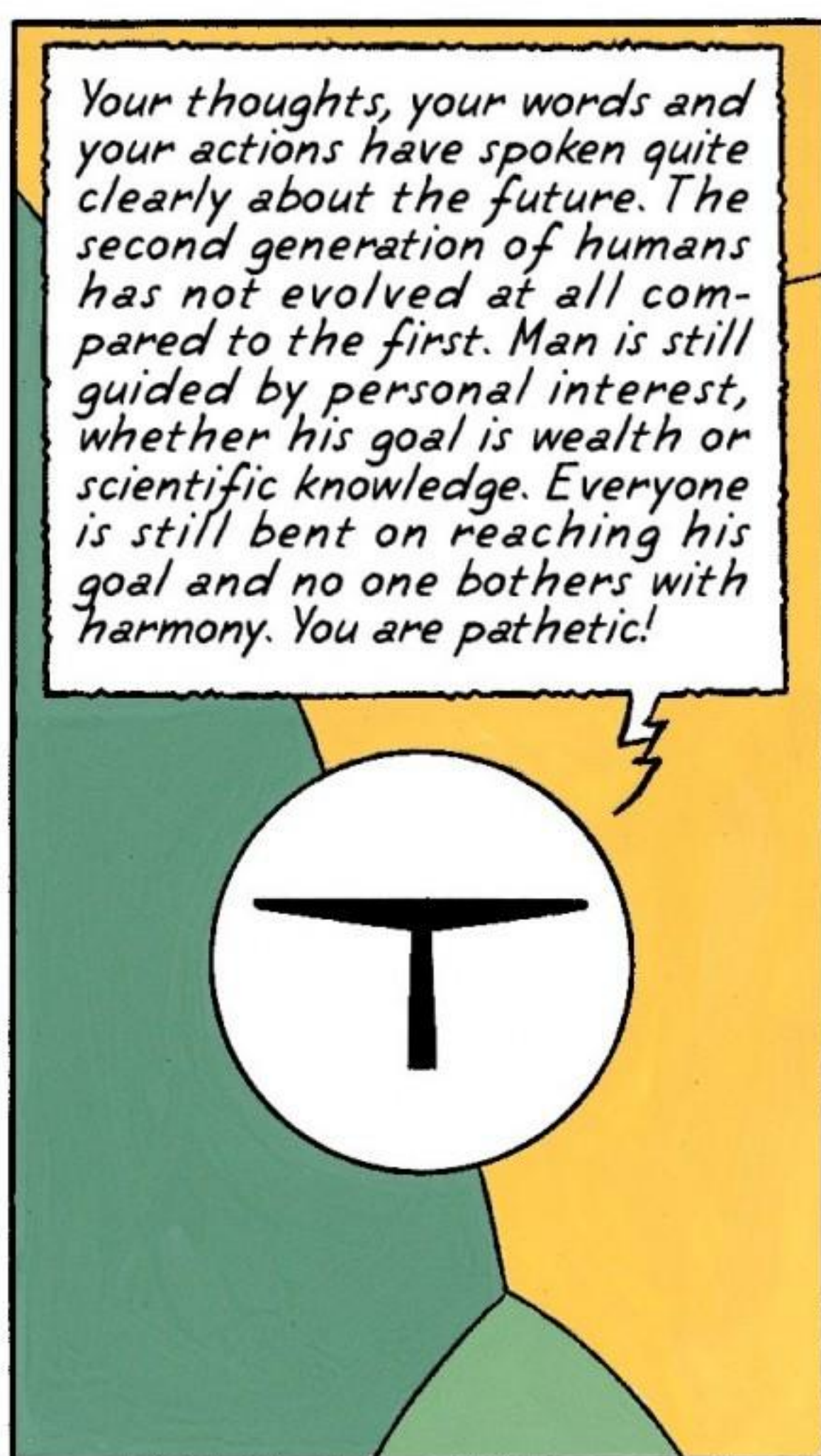
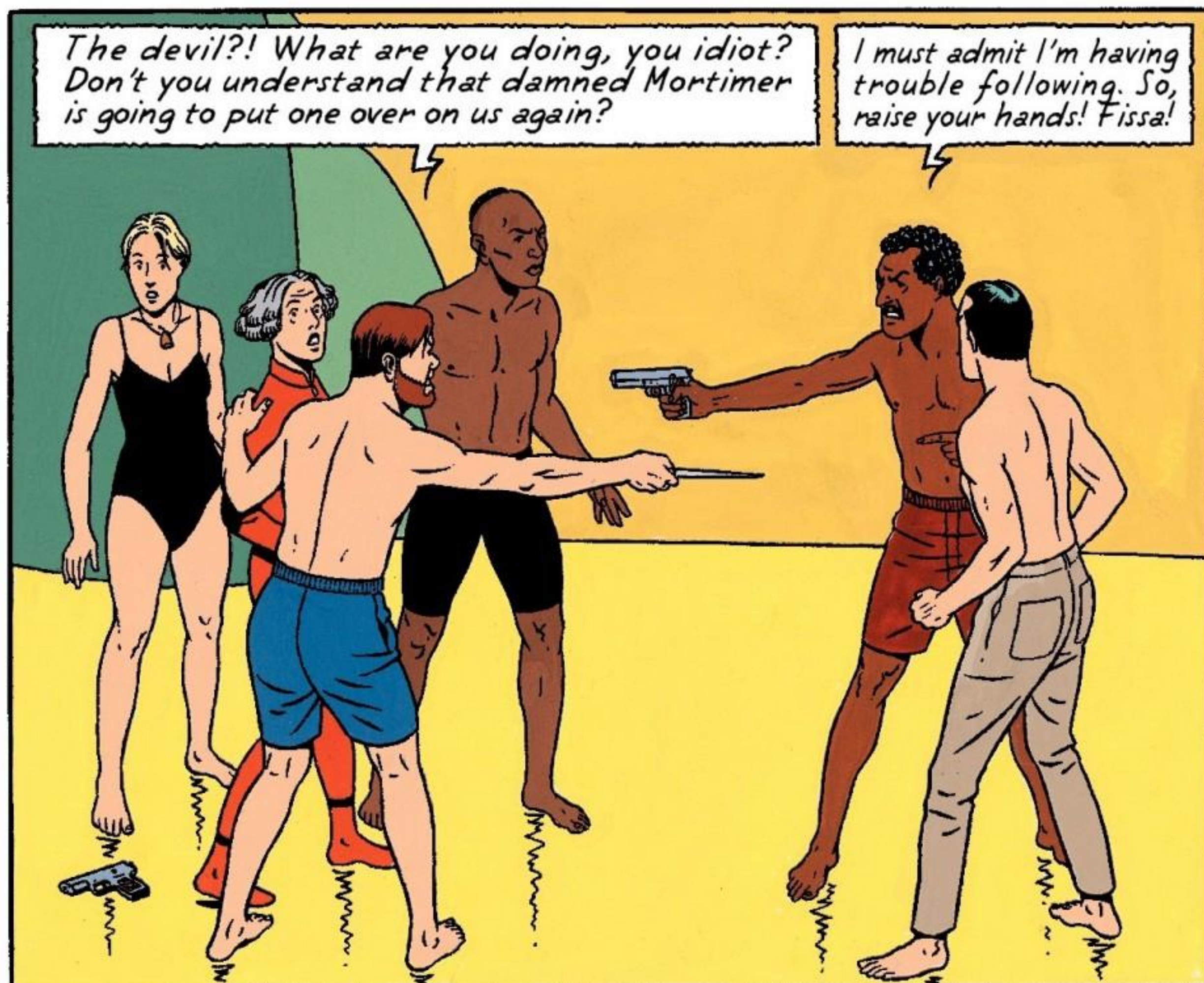
That's right. Do you know she died convinced that her father's opinion of you was correct? Amusing, isn't it?

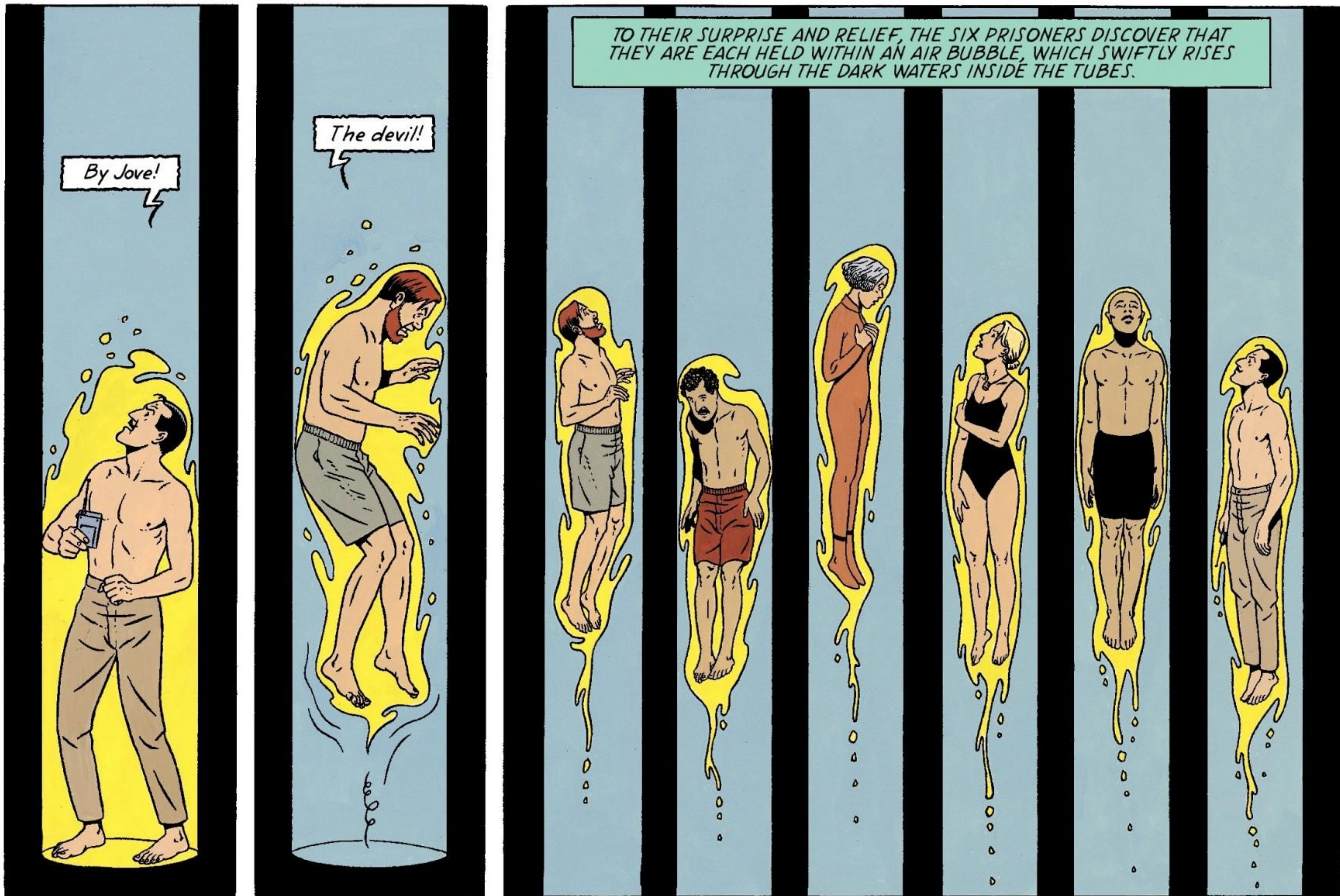
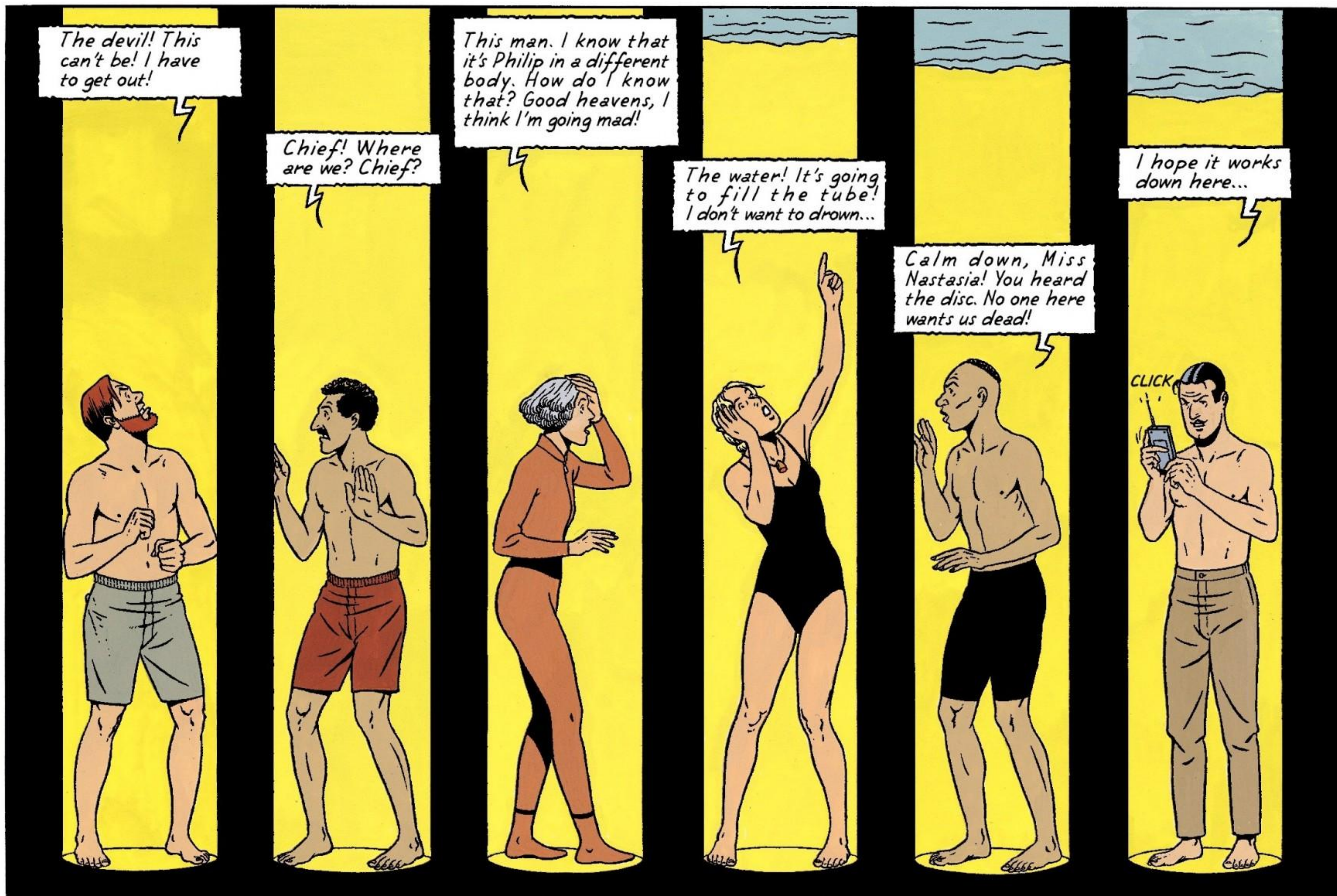


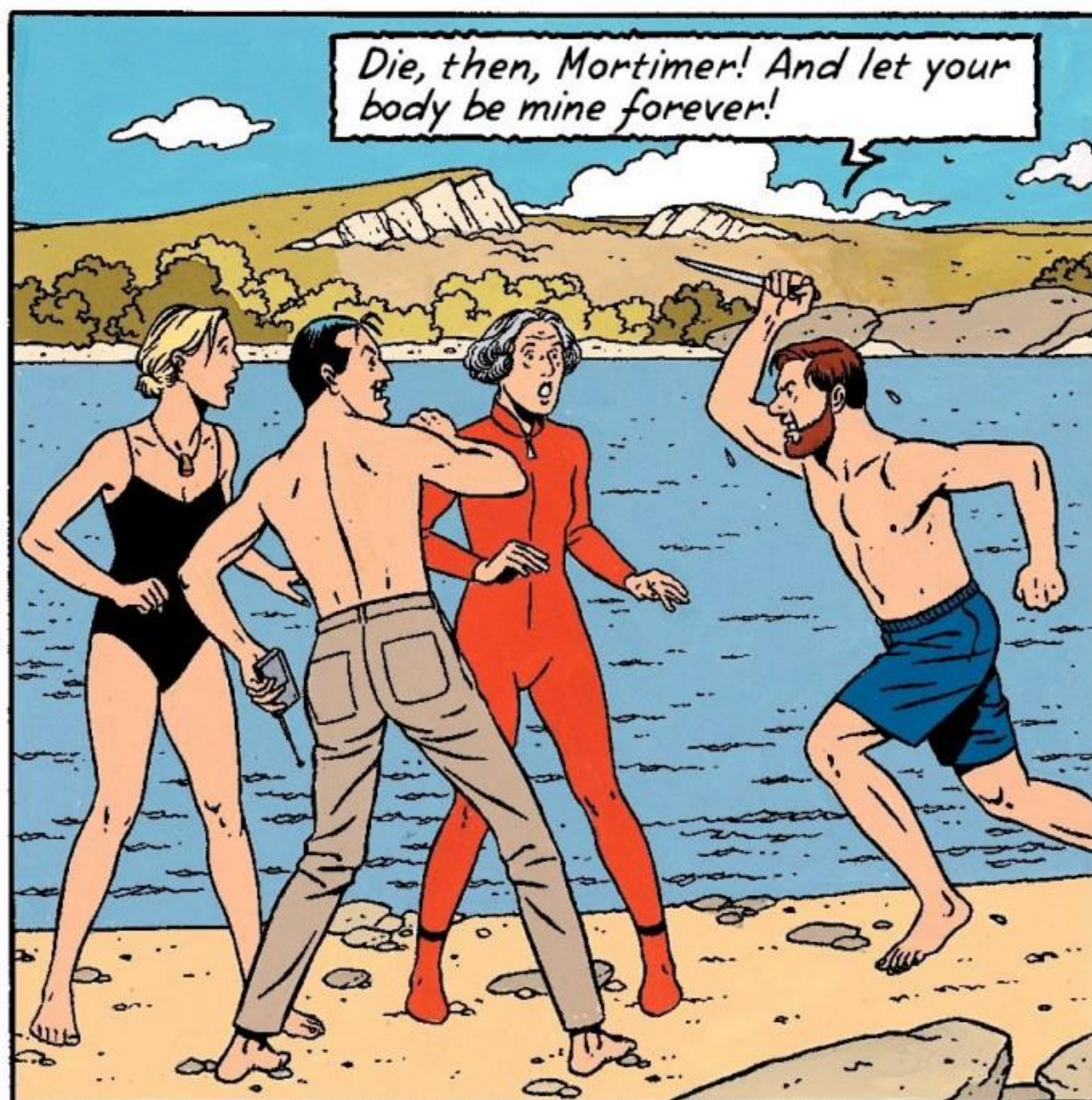
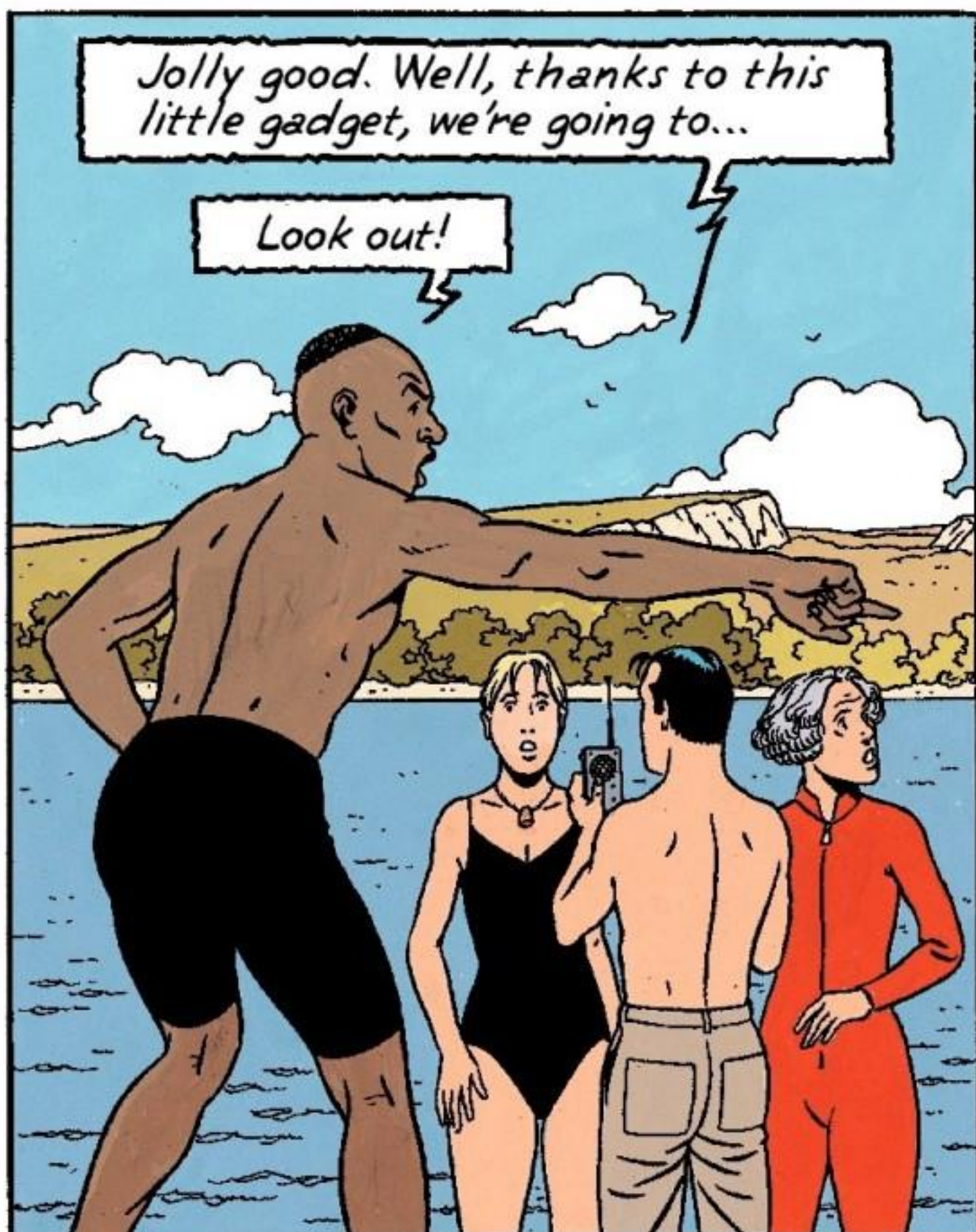
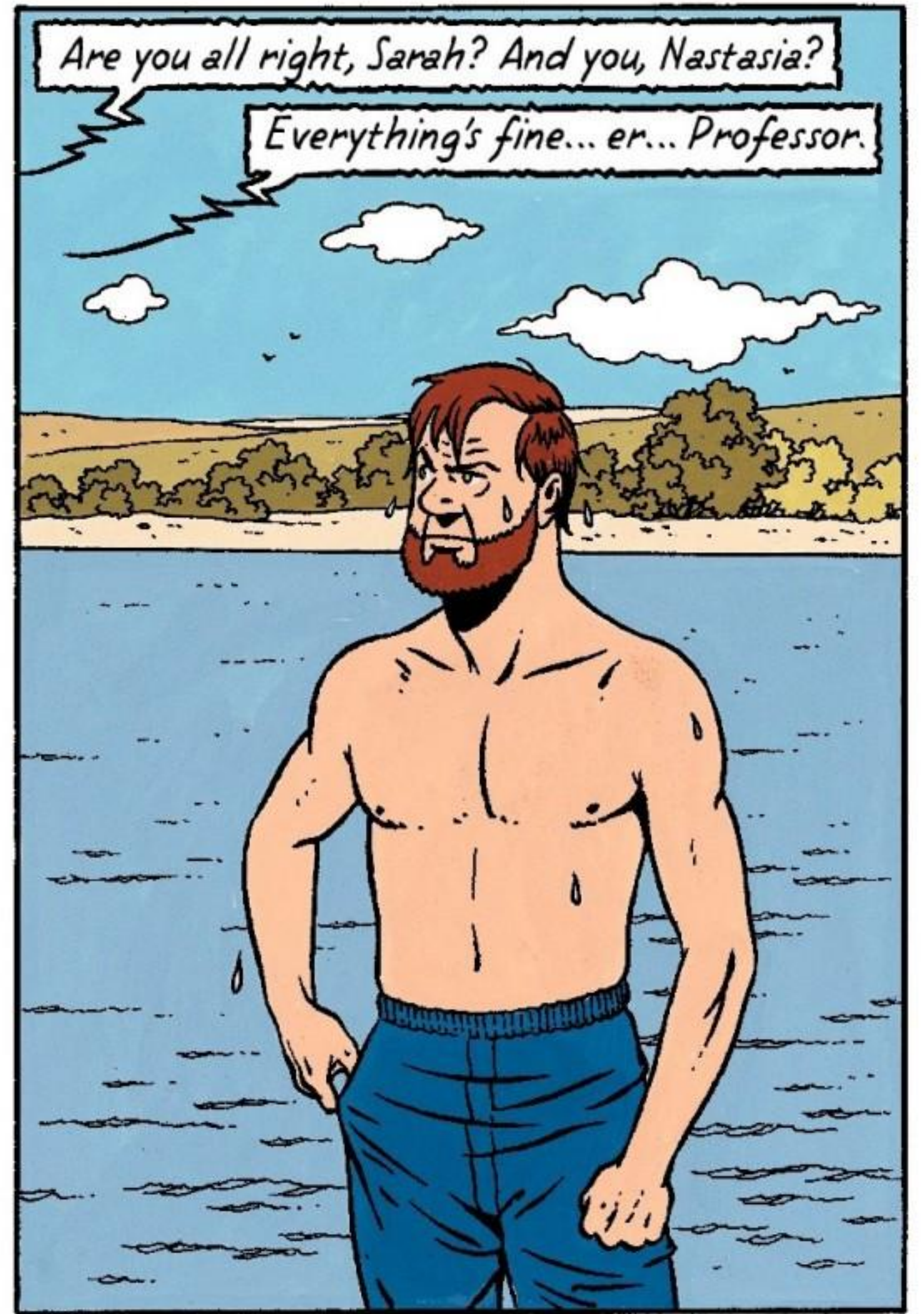
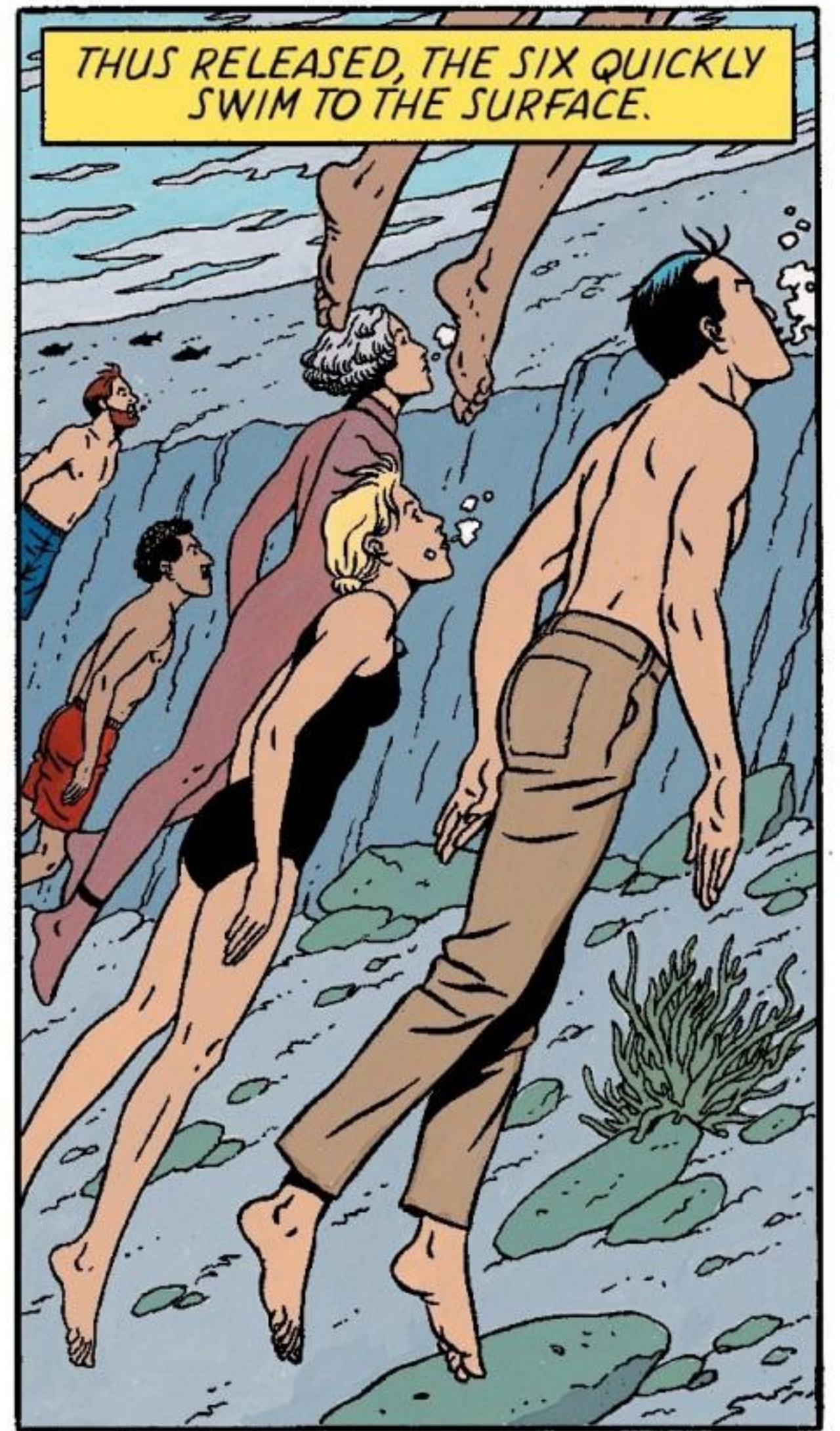
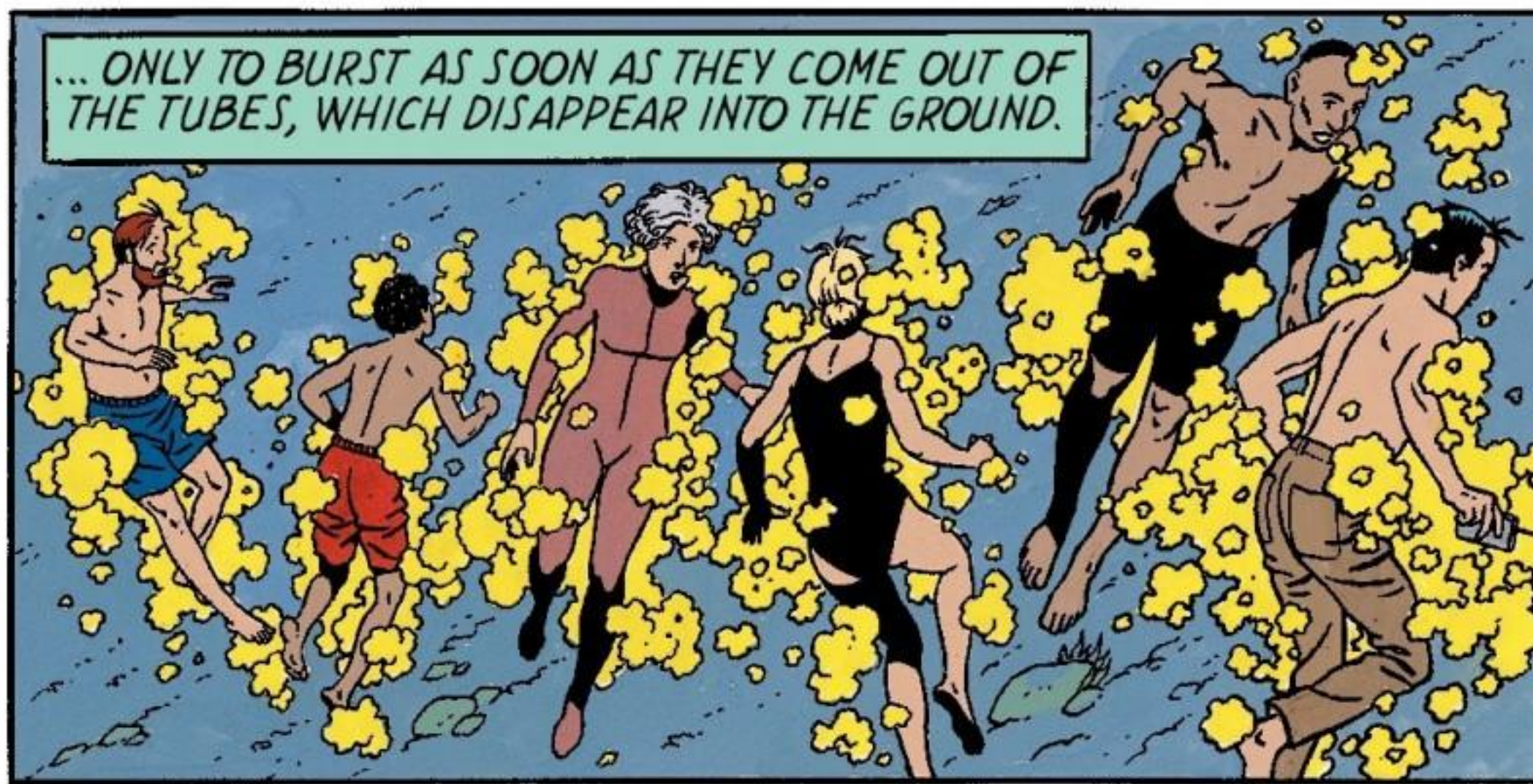
That being said, you should be thanking me. I saved the life of your friend Nasir when I got rid of that old bag.

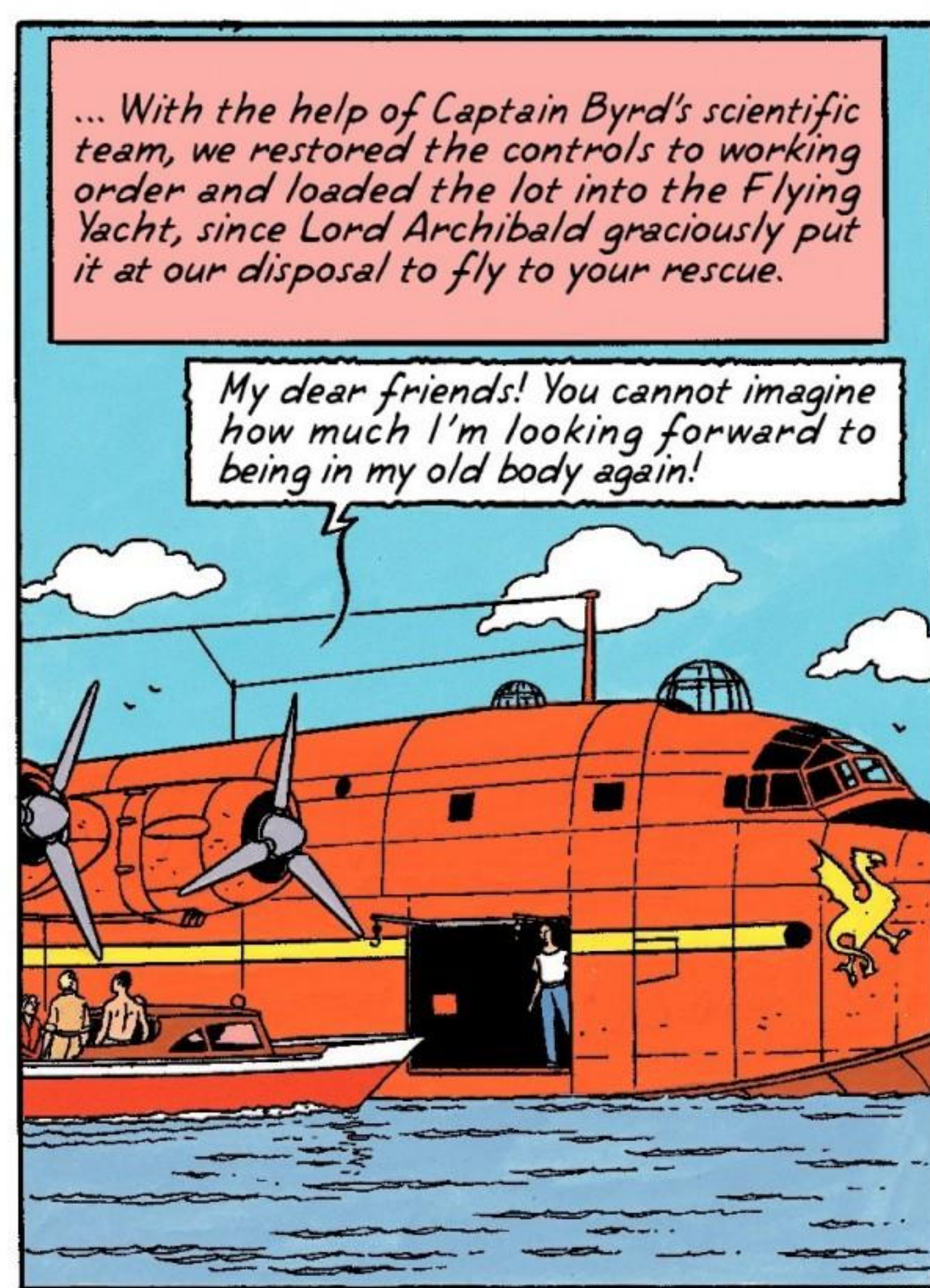
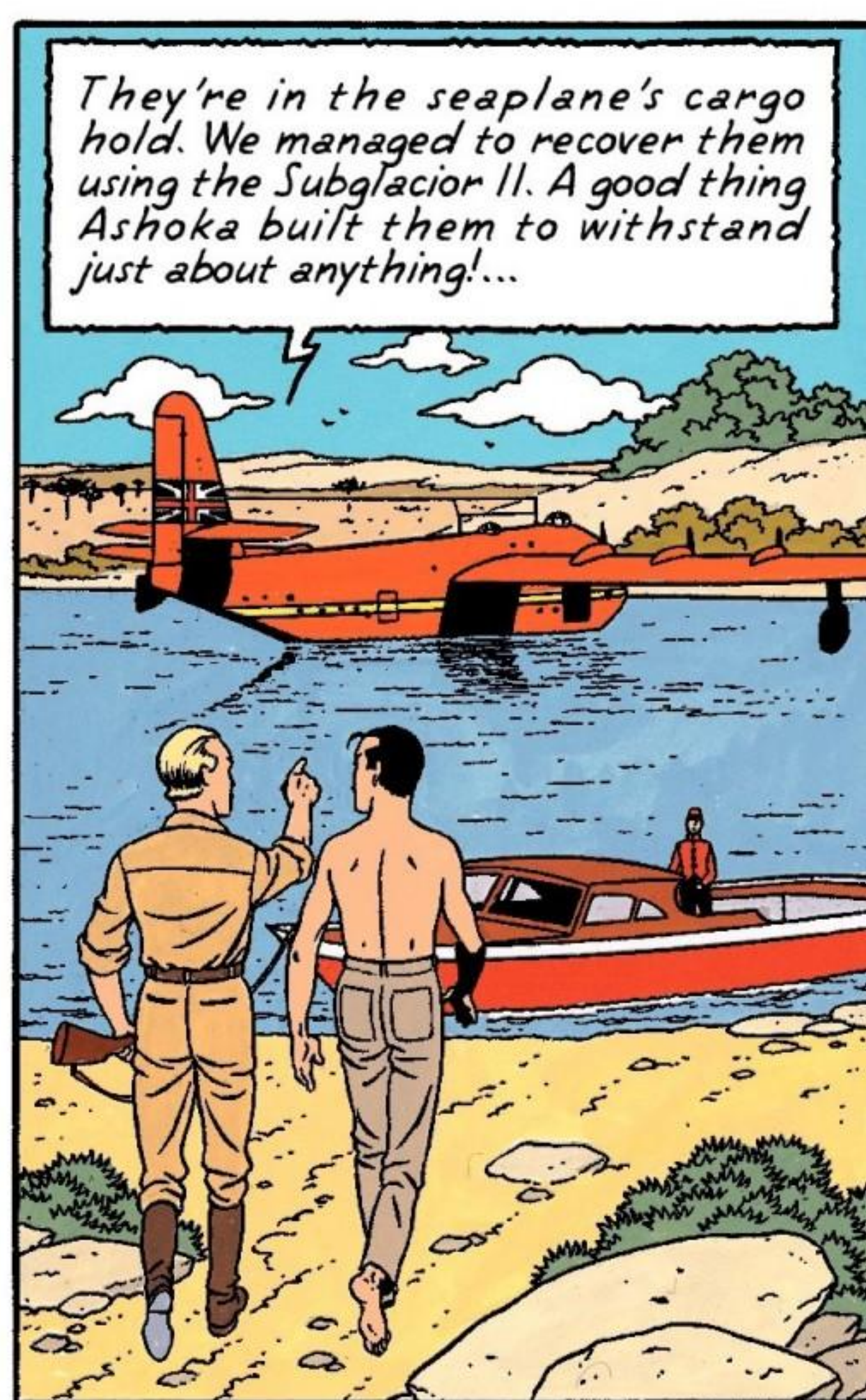
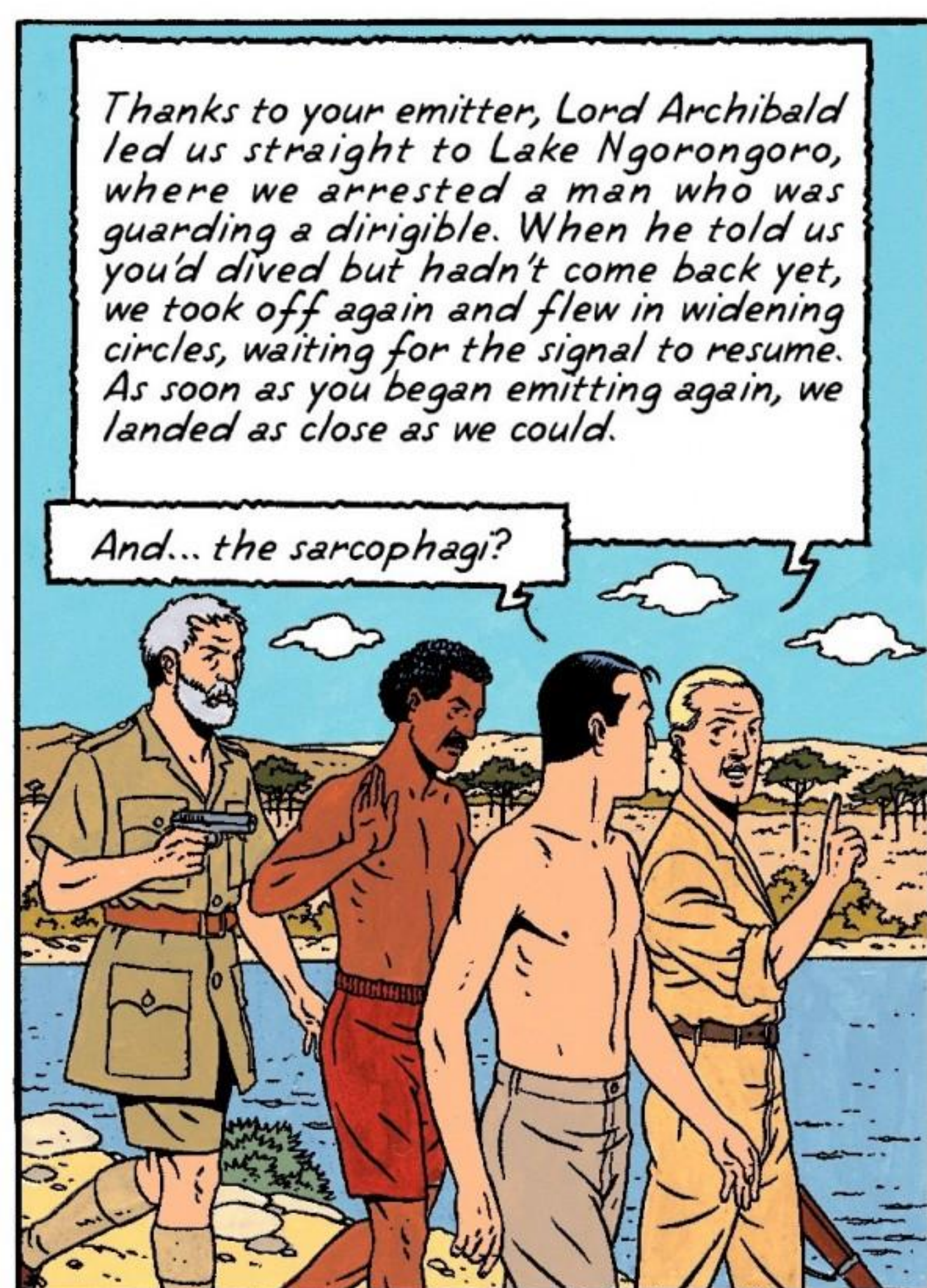
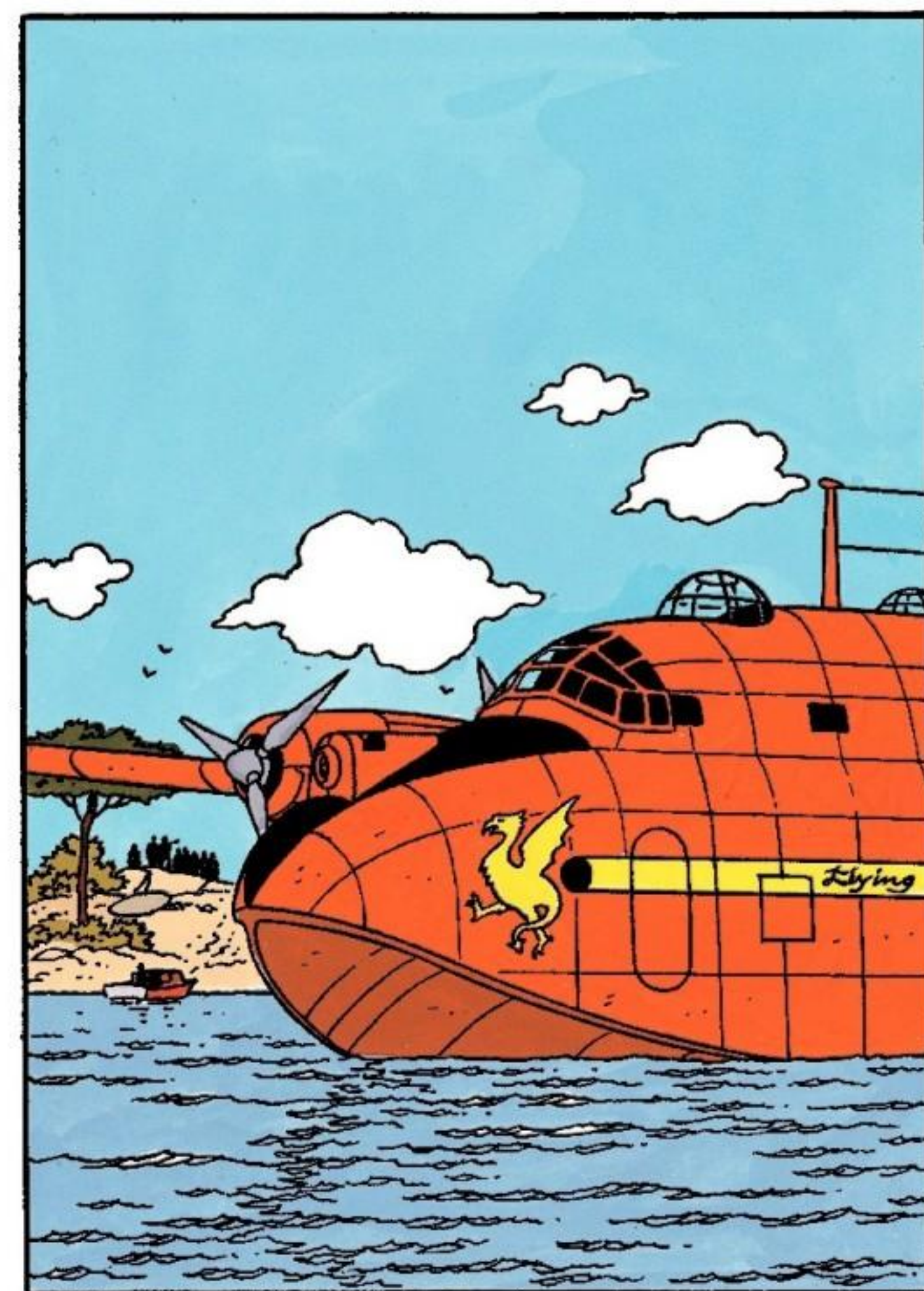
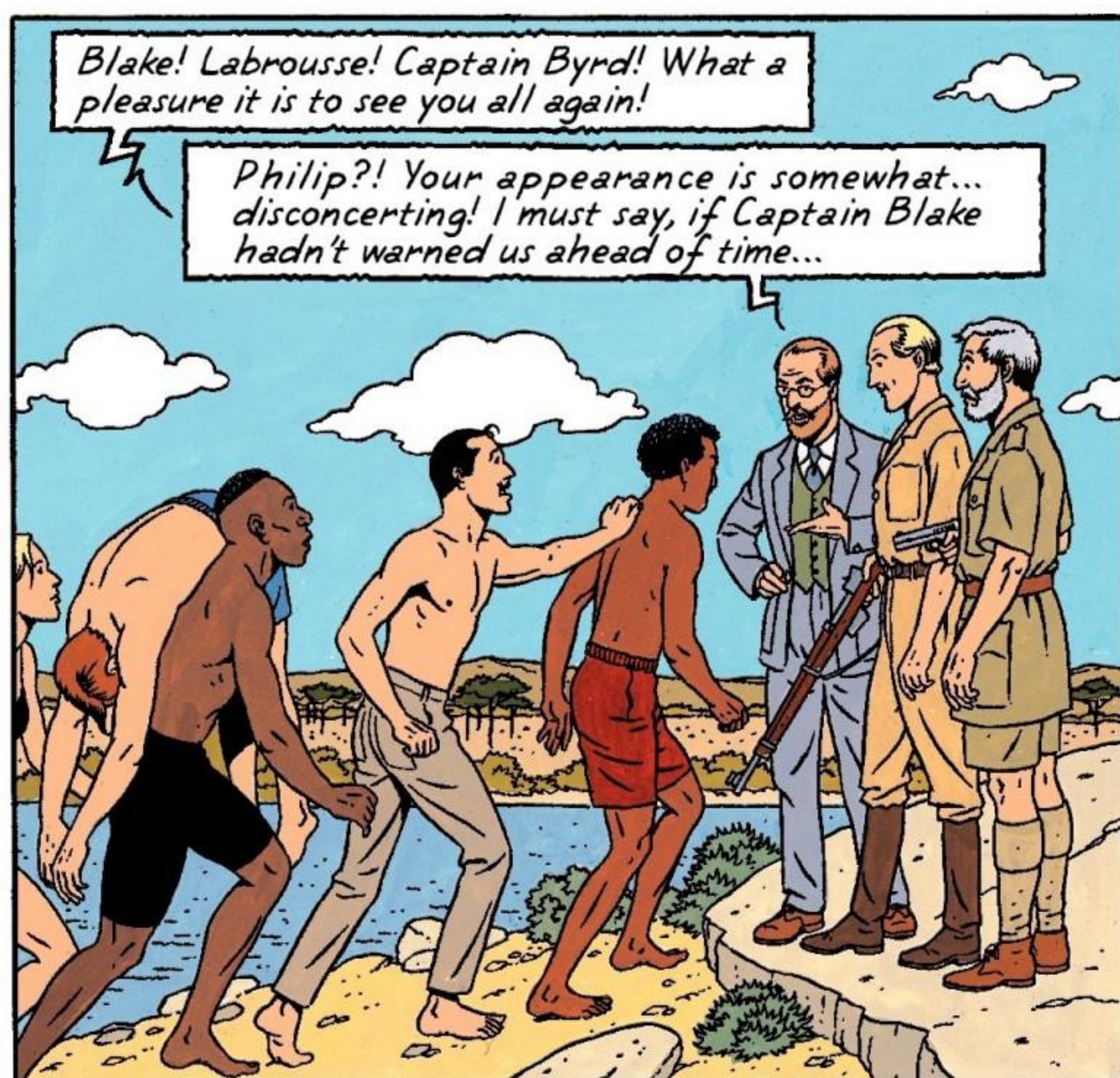
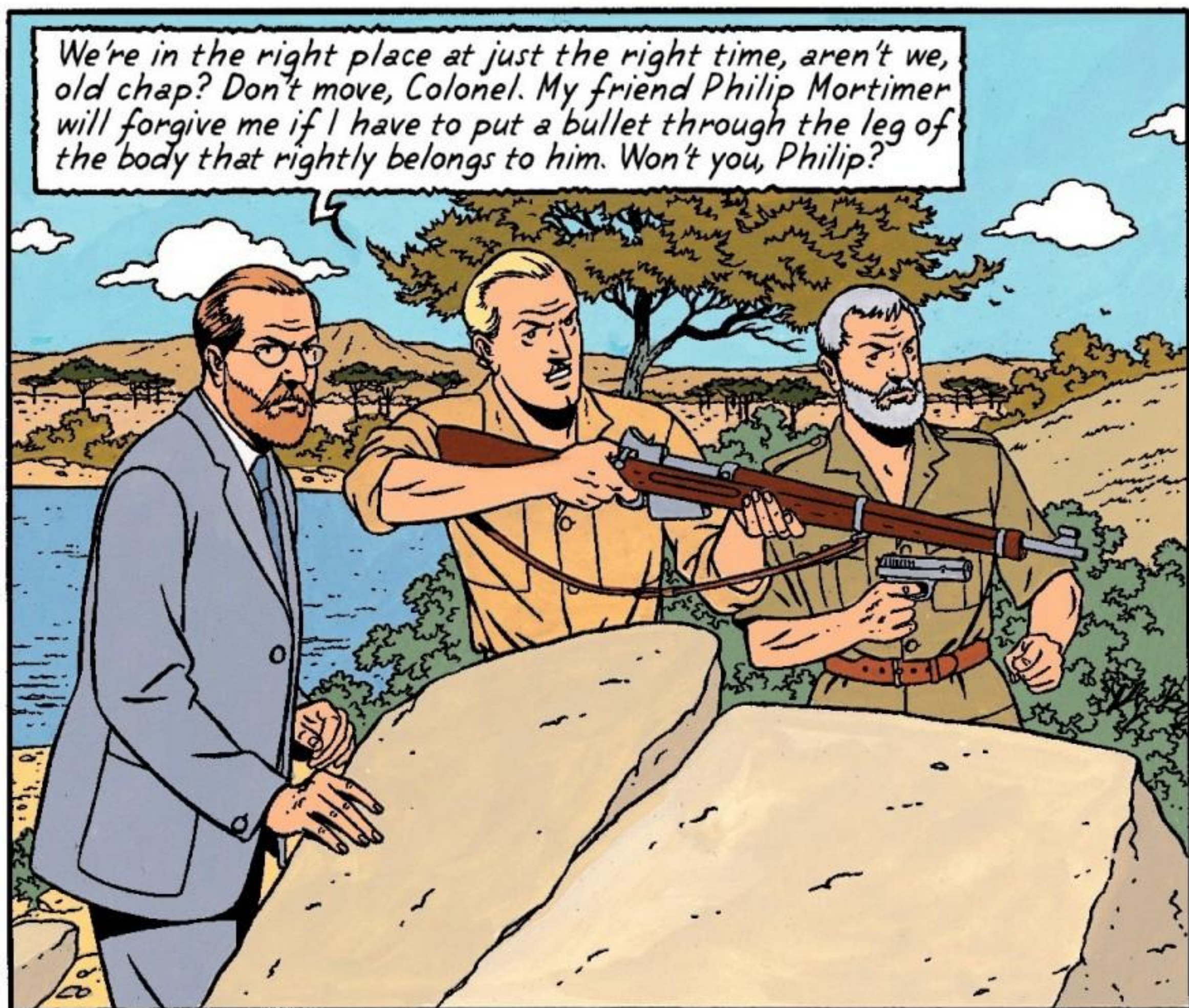


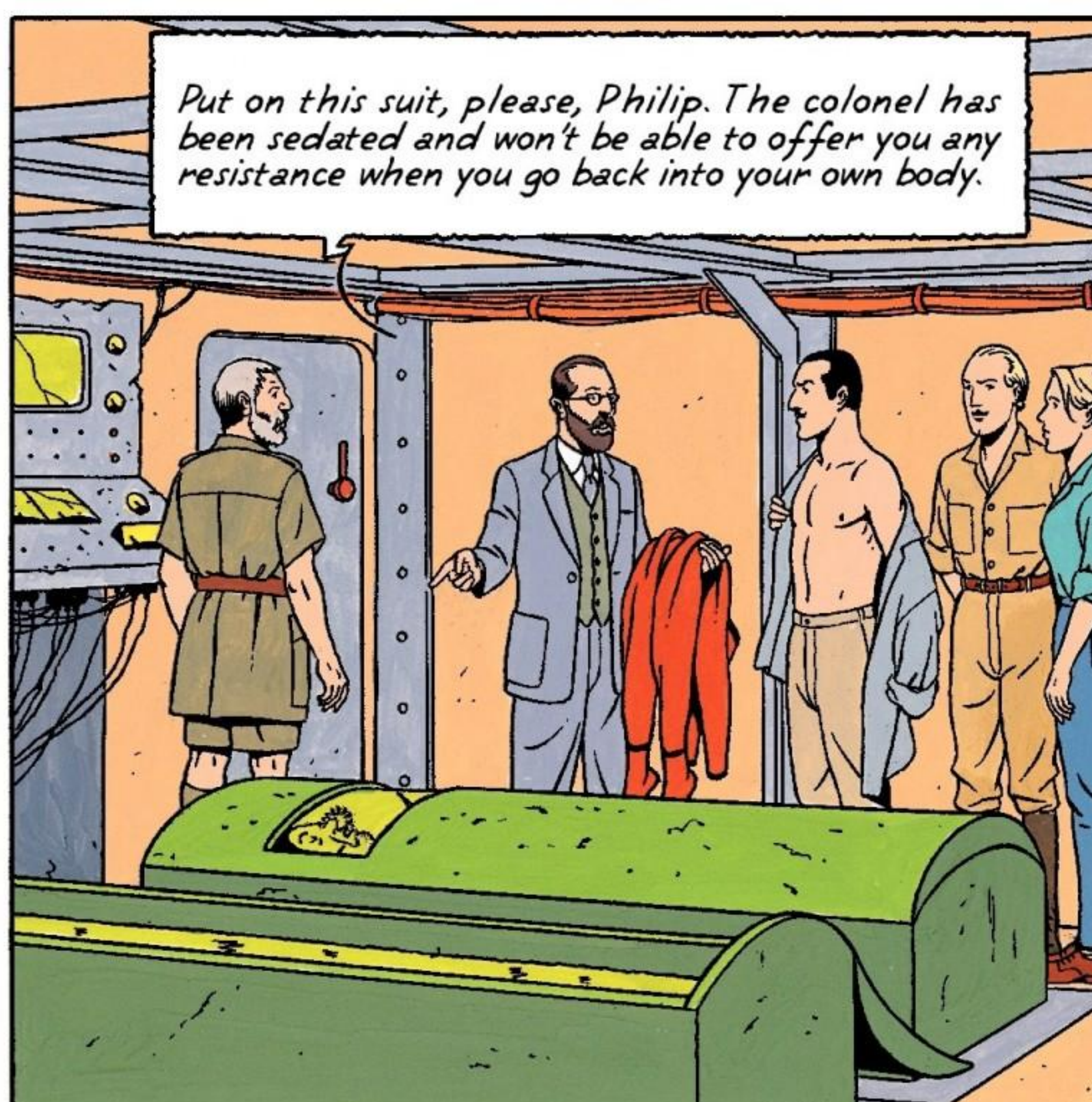
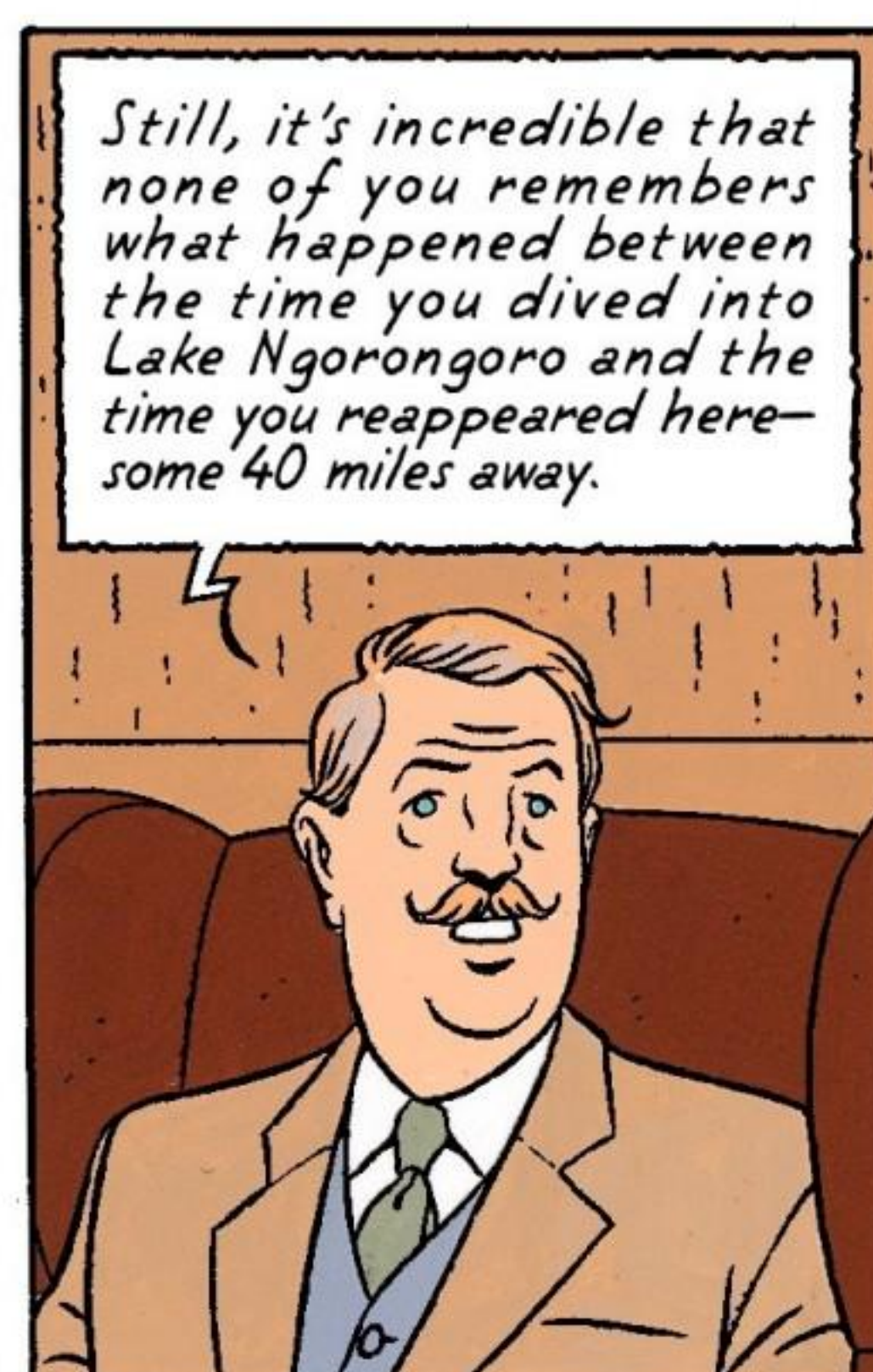
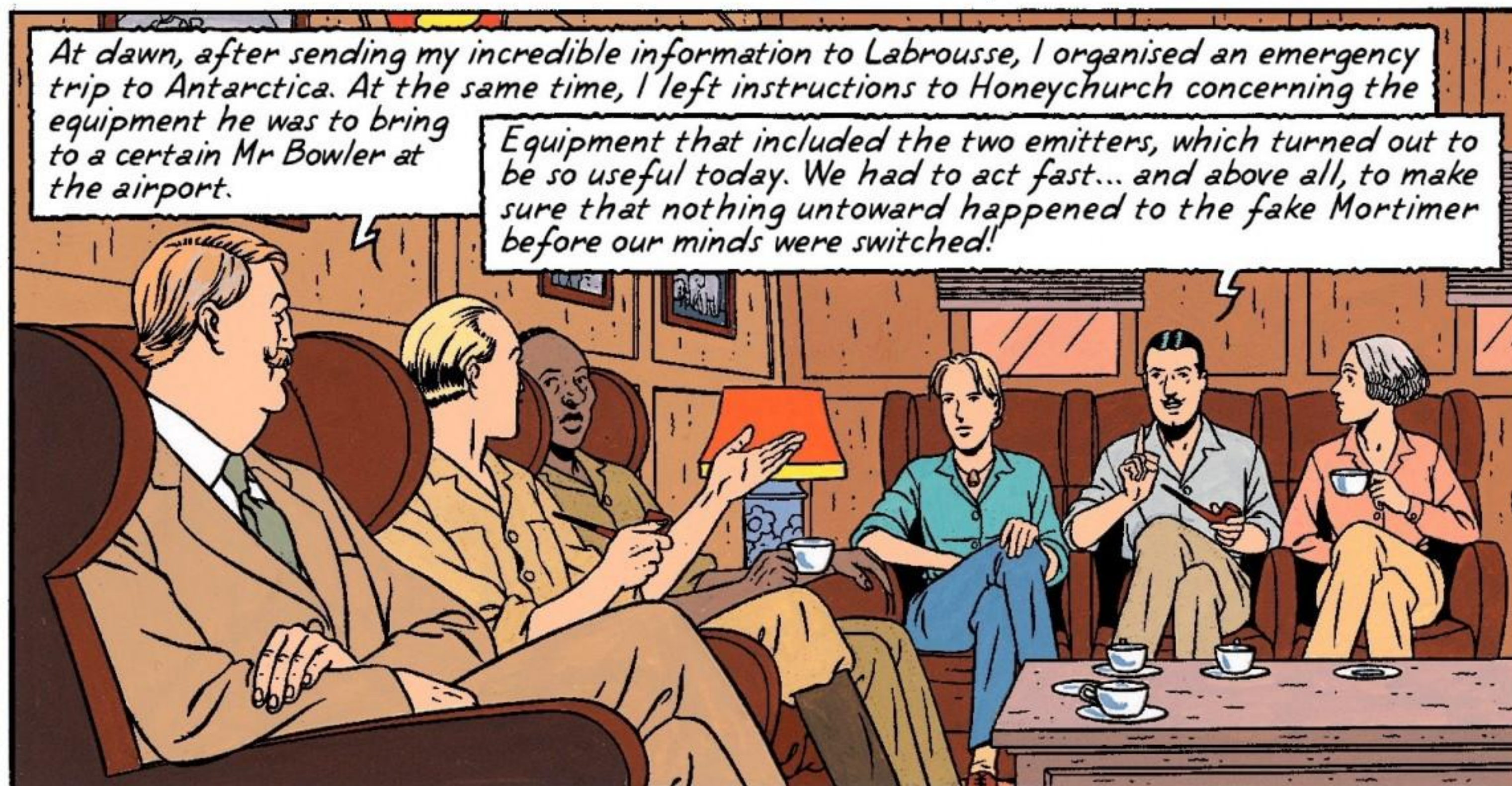
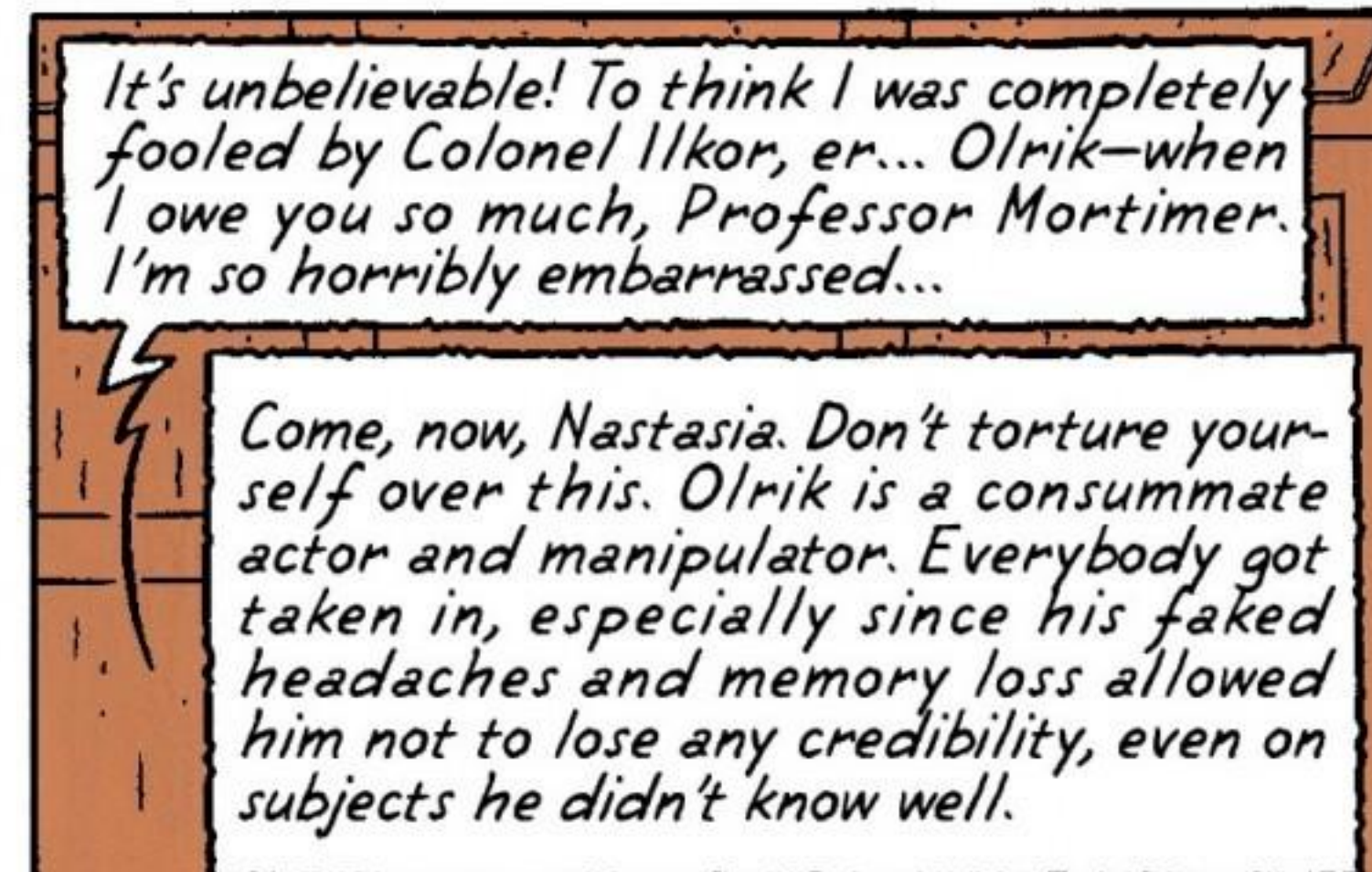
One moment, Professor! I'd like to be certain I'm not going to be played the fool again. So, I invite you to drop this knife...













EMPEROR ASHOKA'S SARCOPHAGUS HAVING CLOSED OVER PROFESSOR MORTIMER, LABROUSSE STARTS UP THE INFERNAL MACHINE. ALL EYES TURN TO THE CONTROL SCREEN THEN, AMIDST AN EERIE SILENCE BROKEN ONLY BY THE DRONING OF THE PLANE'S POWERFUL ENGINES.



AND LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES LATER...

Labrousse! Can you hear me? It's me, old fellow! You've done it! Open up!



I'm back!

Bravo!

Congratulations!

Welcome back, Professor!

One minute, old chap. There's just one last formality...



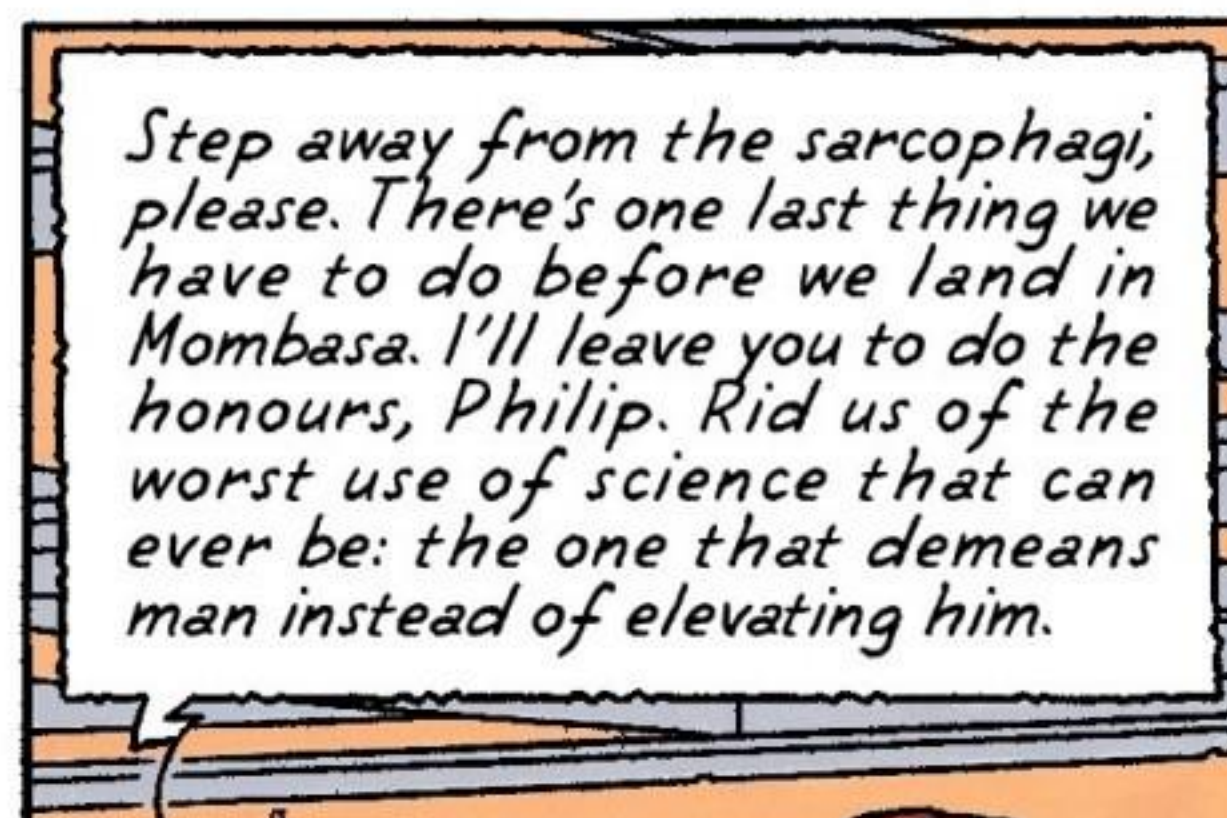
... if we want to be sure that it's really you we got back.

With pleasure, my friend!

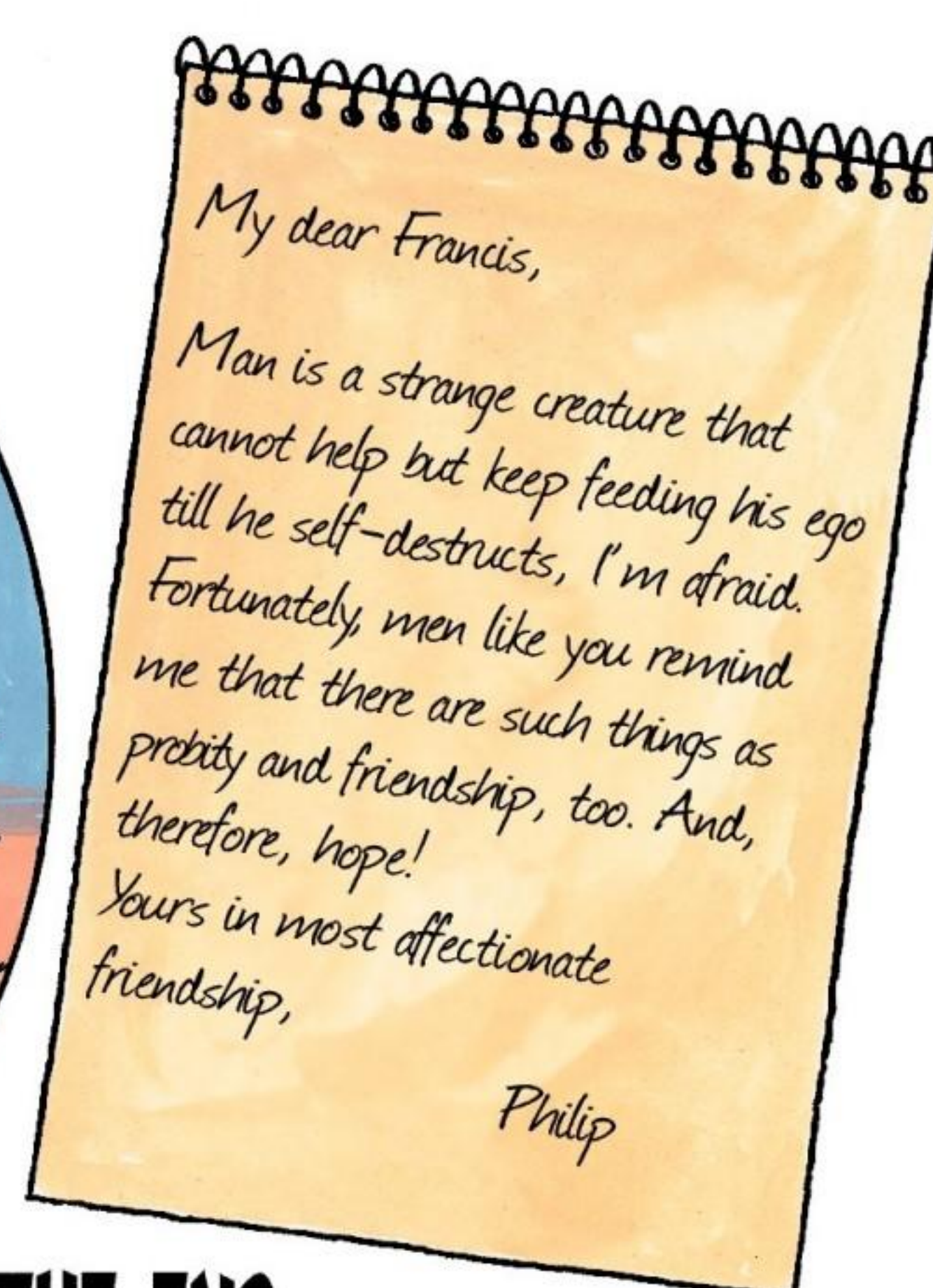
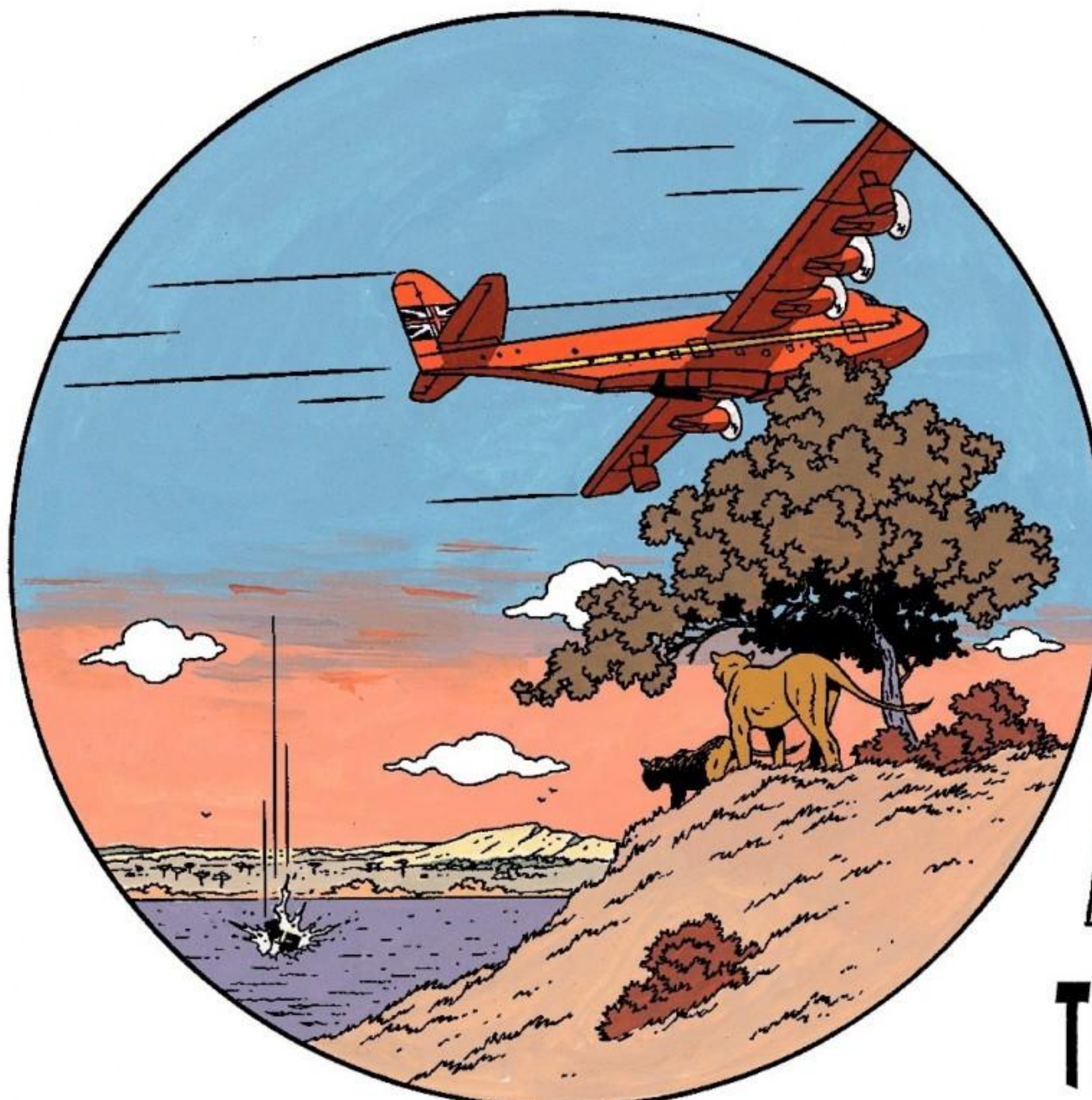


WHILE COLONEL OLRİK JOINS THE BEZENDJAS AT THE BACK OF THE HOLD, BLAKE QUICKLY READS MORTIMER'S HANDWRITTEN NOTE.

There's no doubt, my friends. This is, indeed, the handwriting of the much esteemed Philip Mortimer.



Step away from the sarcophagi, please. There's one last thing we have to do before we land in Mombasa. I'll leave you to do the honours, Philip. Rid us of the worst use of science that can ever be: the one that demeans man instead of elevating him.

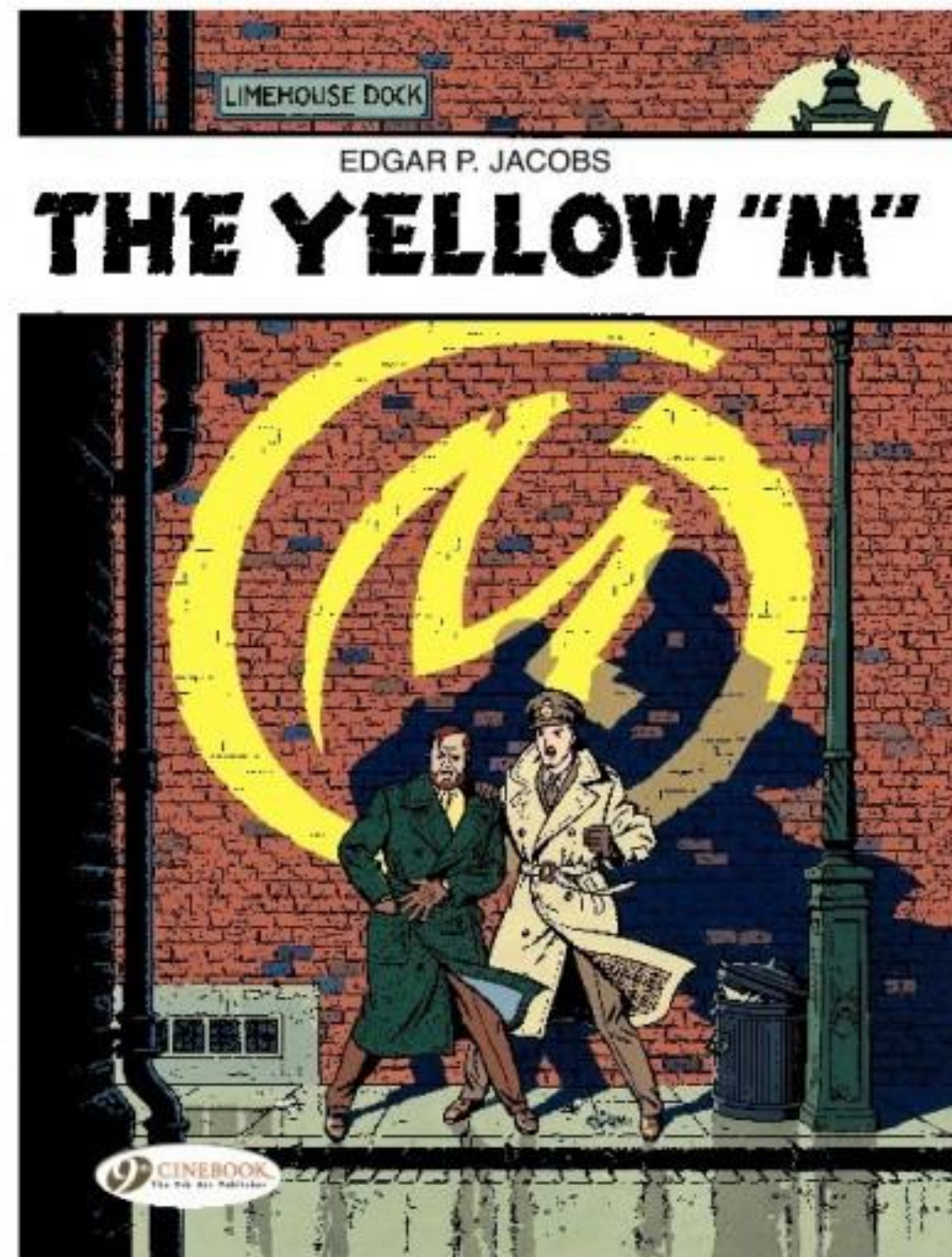


THE END

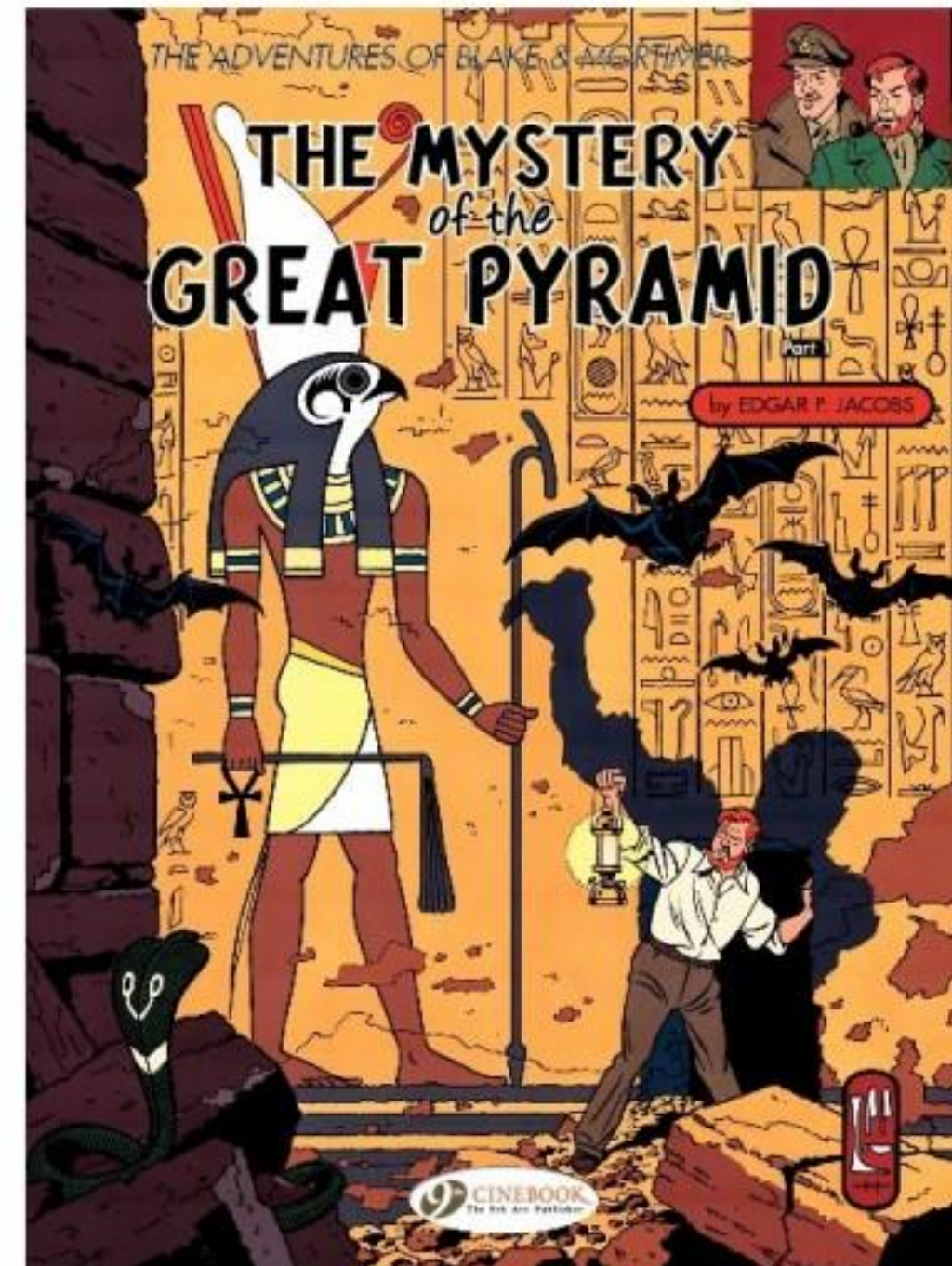
YVES SENTE & ANDRÉ JUILLARD



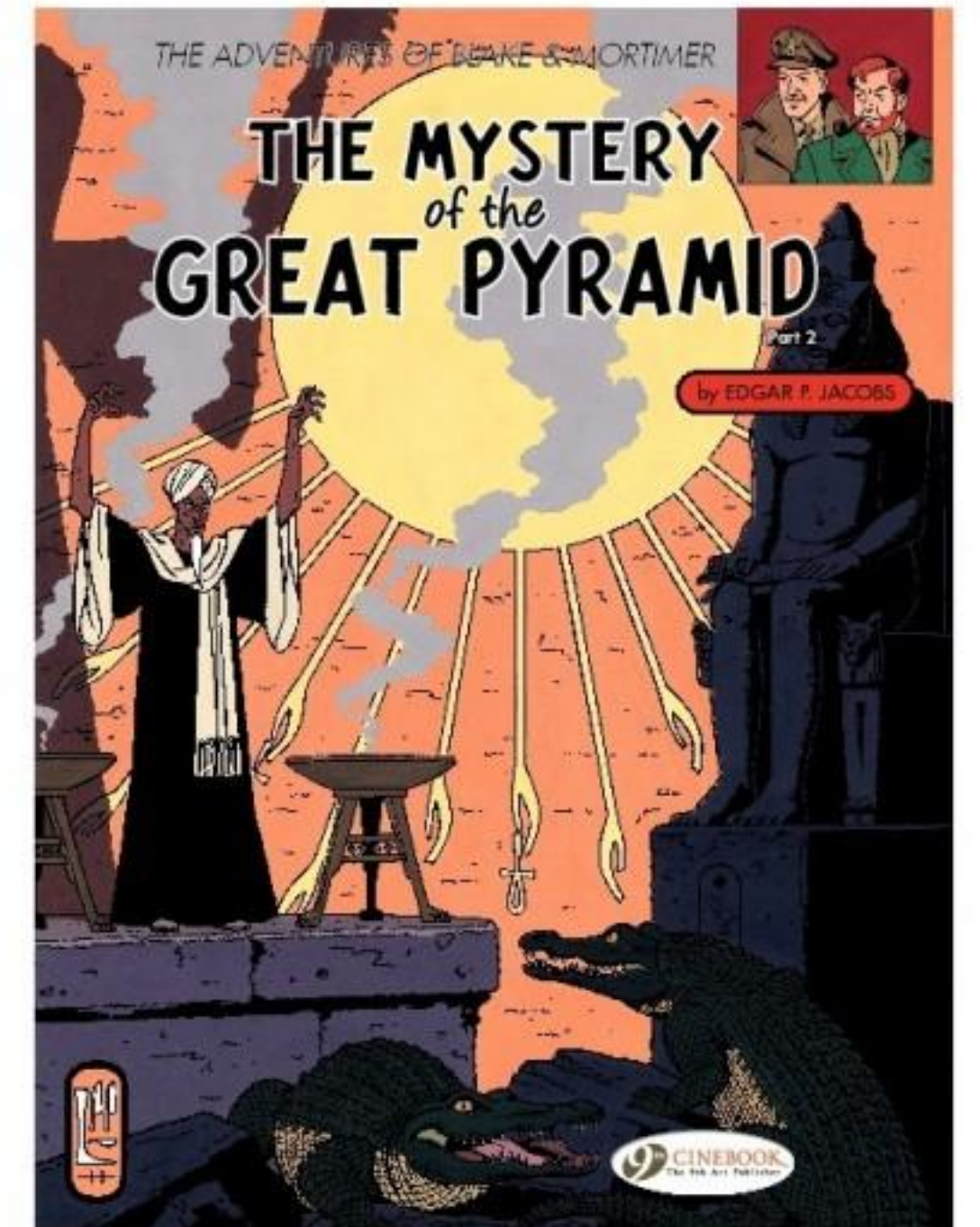
THE ADVENTURES OF BLAKE & MORTIMER



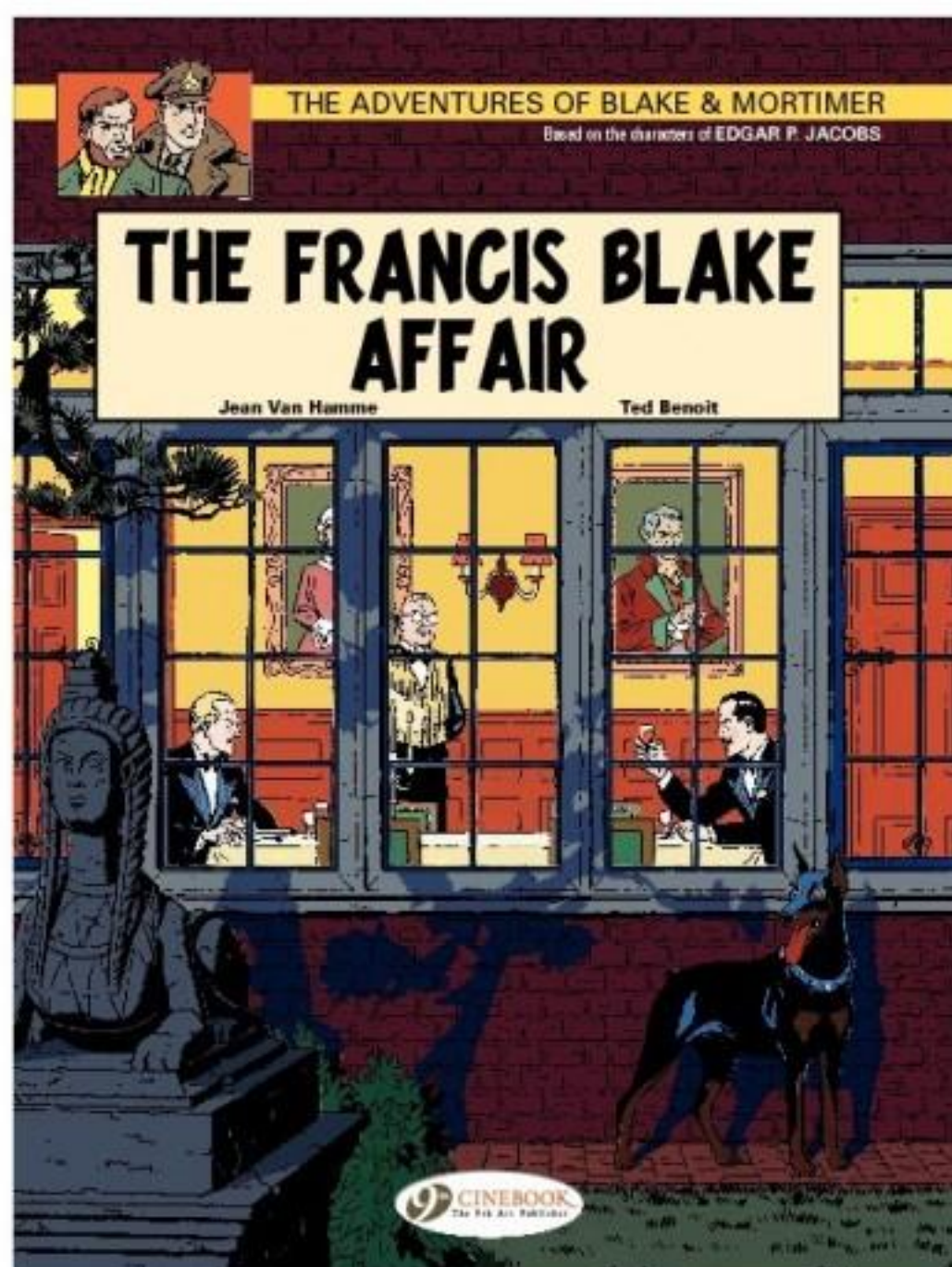
1 The Yellow "M"
EDGAR P. JACOBS



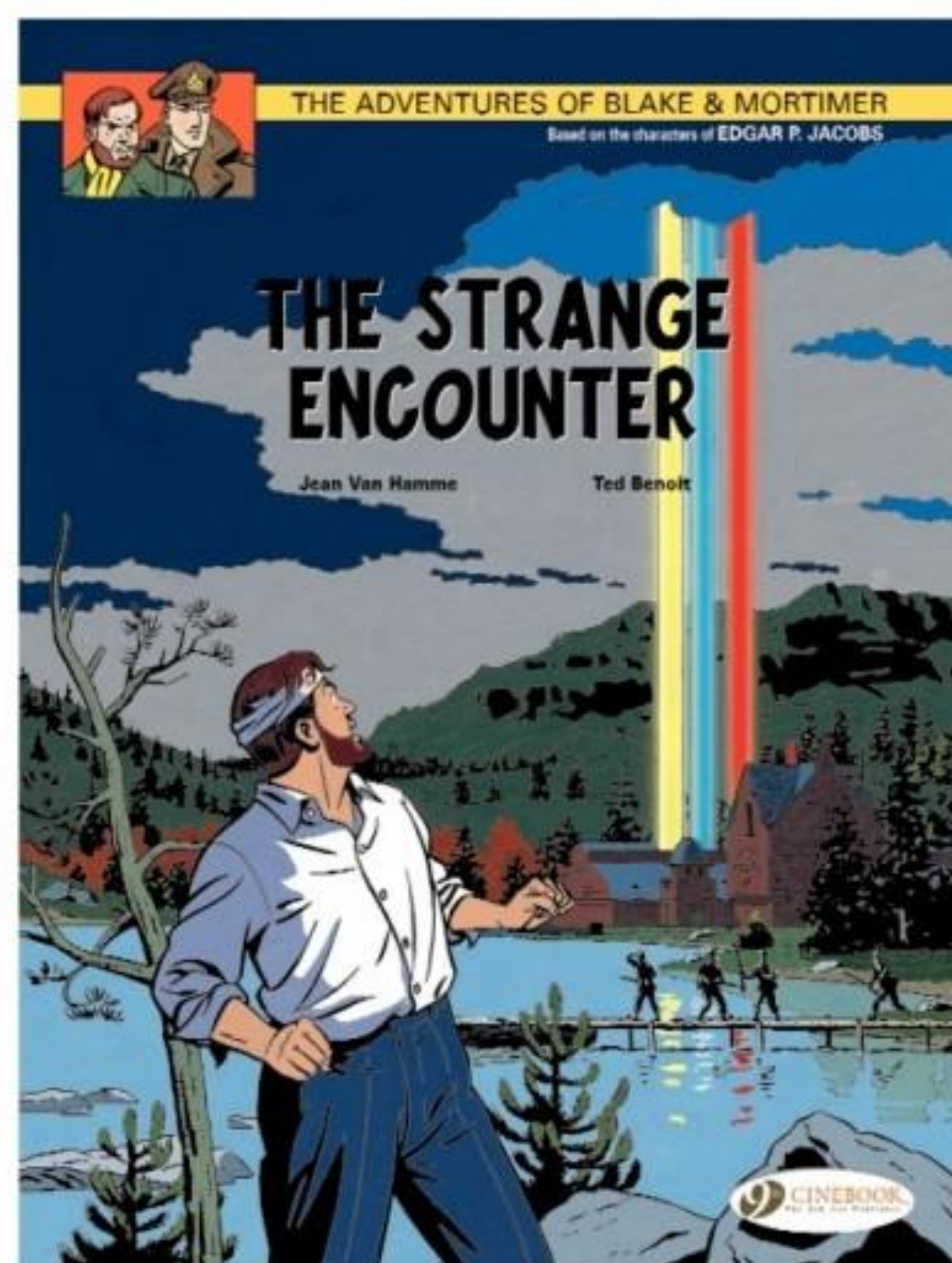
2 The Mystery of the Great Pyramid Part 1
EDGAR P. JACOBS



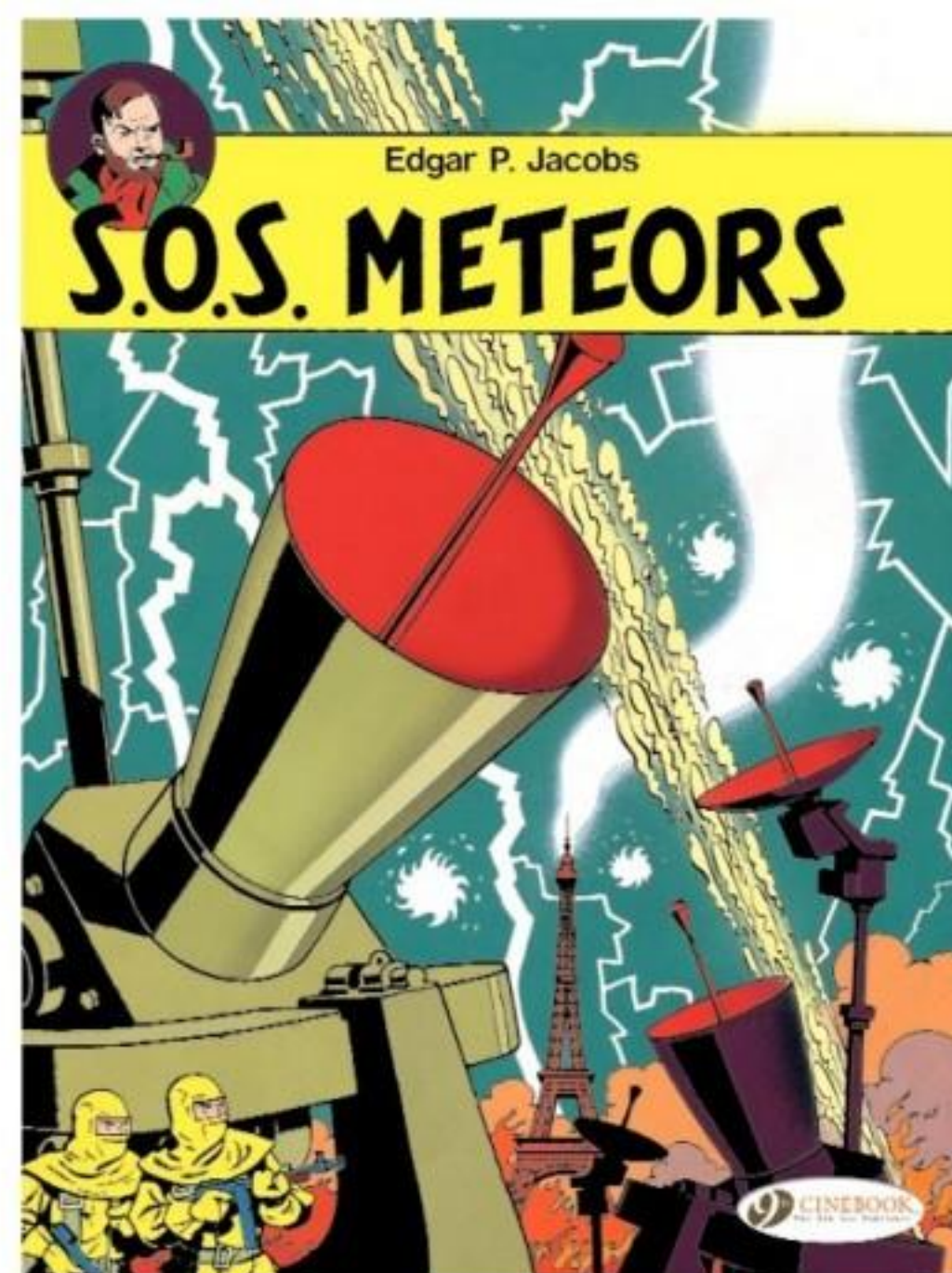
3 The Mystery of the Great Pyramid Part 2
EDGAR P. JACOBS



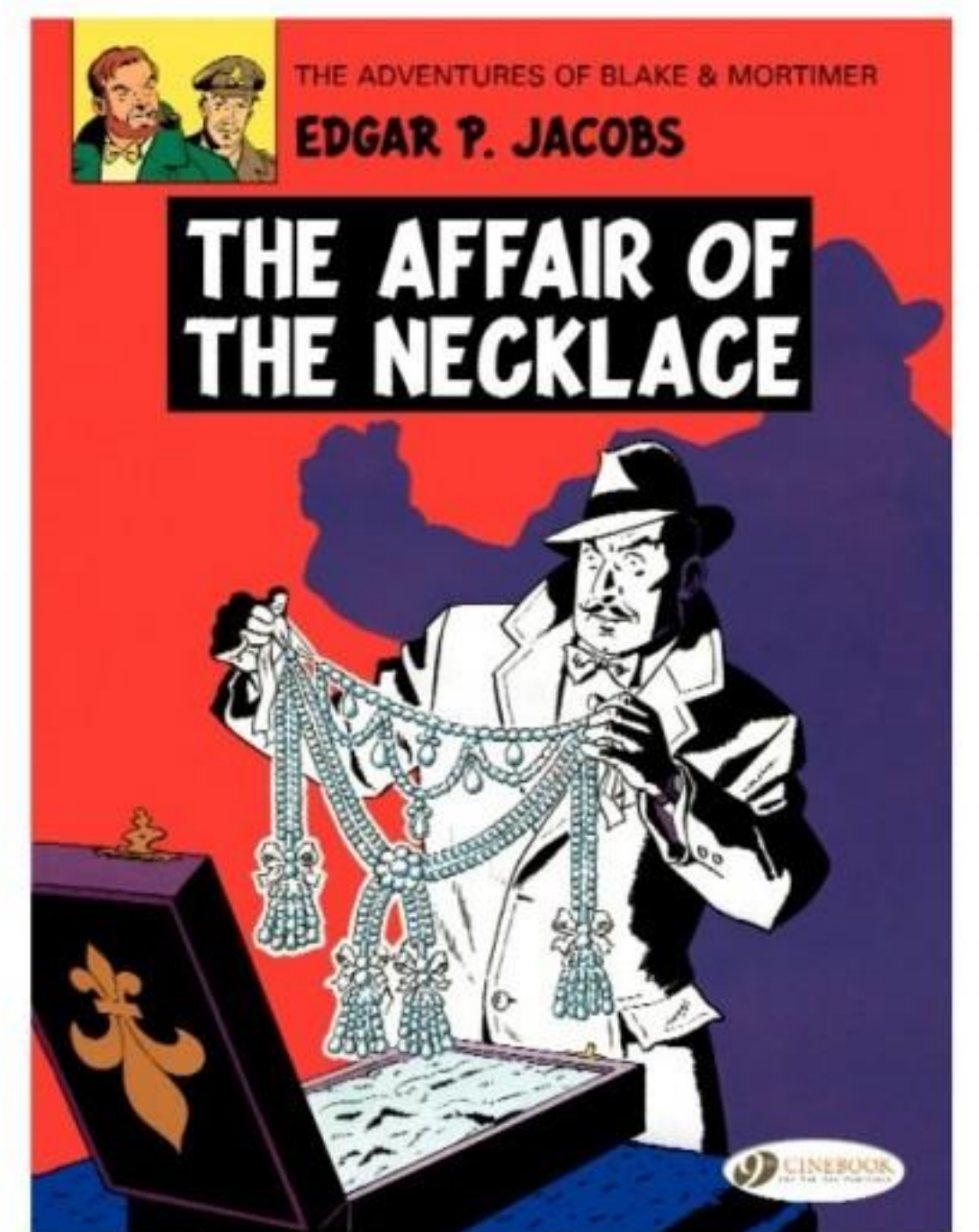
4 The Francis Blake Affair
VAN HAMME - BENOIT



5 The Strange Encounter
VAN HAMME - BENOIT



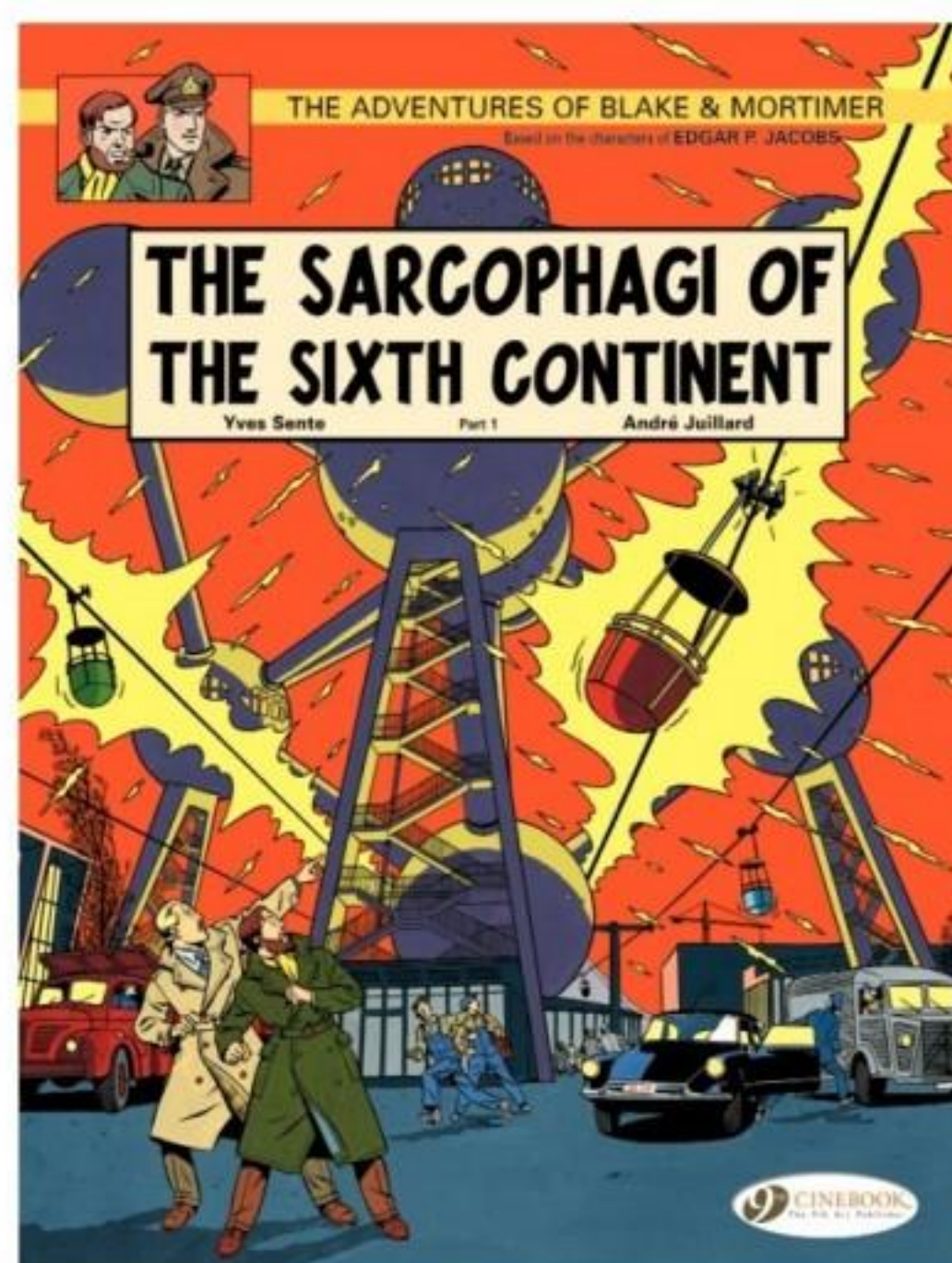
6 S.O.S. Meteors
EDGAR P. JACOBS



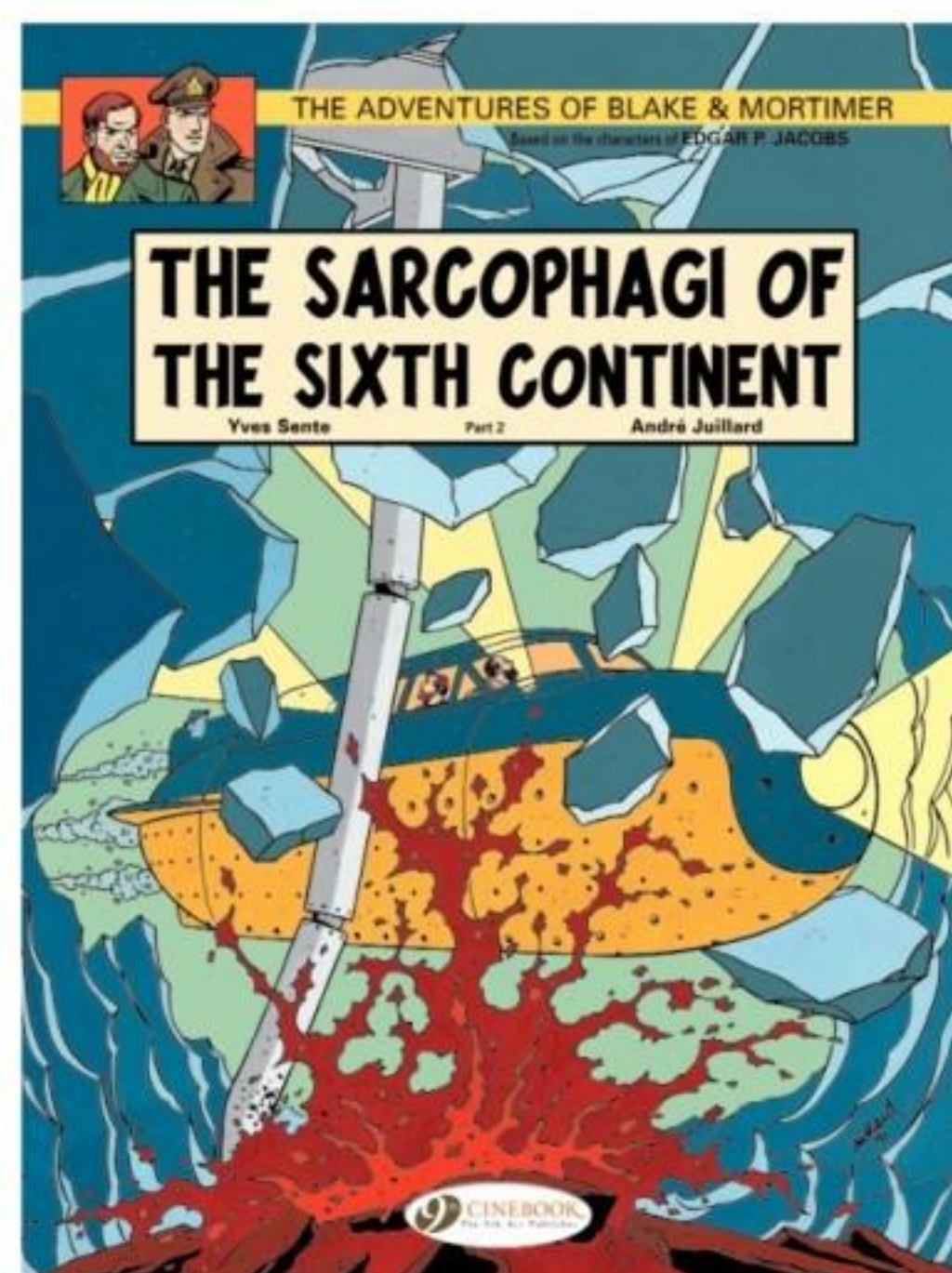
7 The Affair of the Necklace
EDGAR P. JACOBS



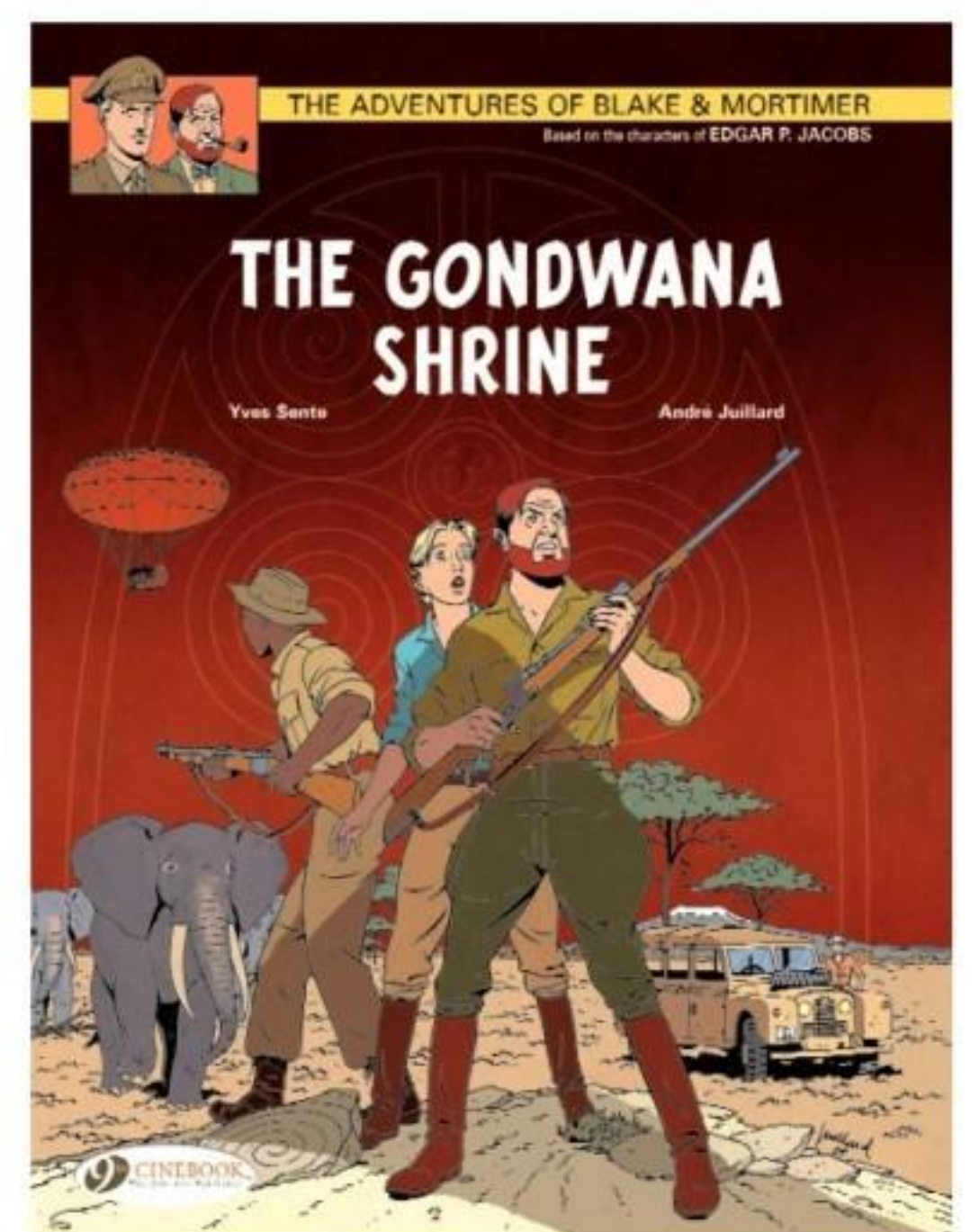
8 The Voronov Plot
SENTE - JUILLARD



9 The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent Part 1
SENTE - JUILLARD

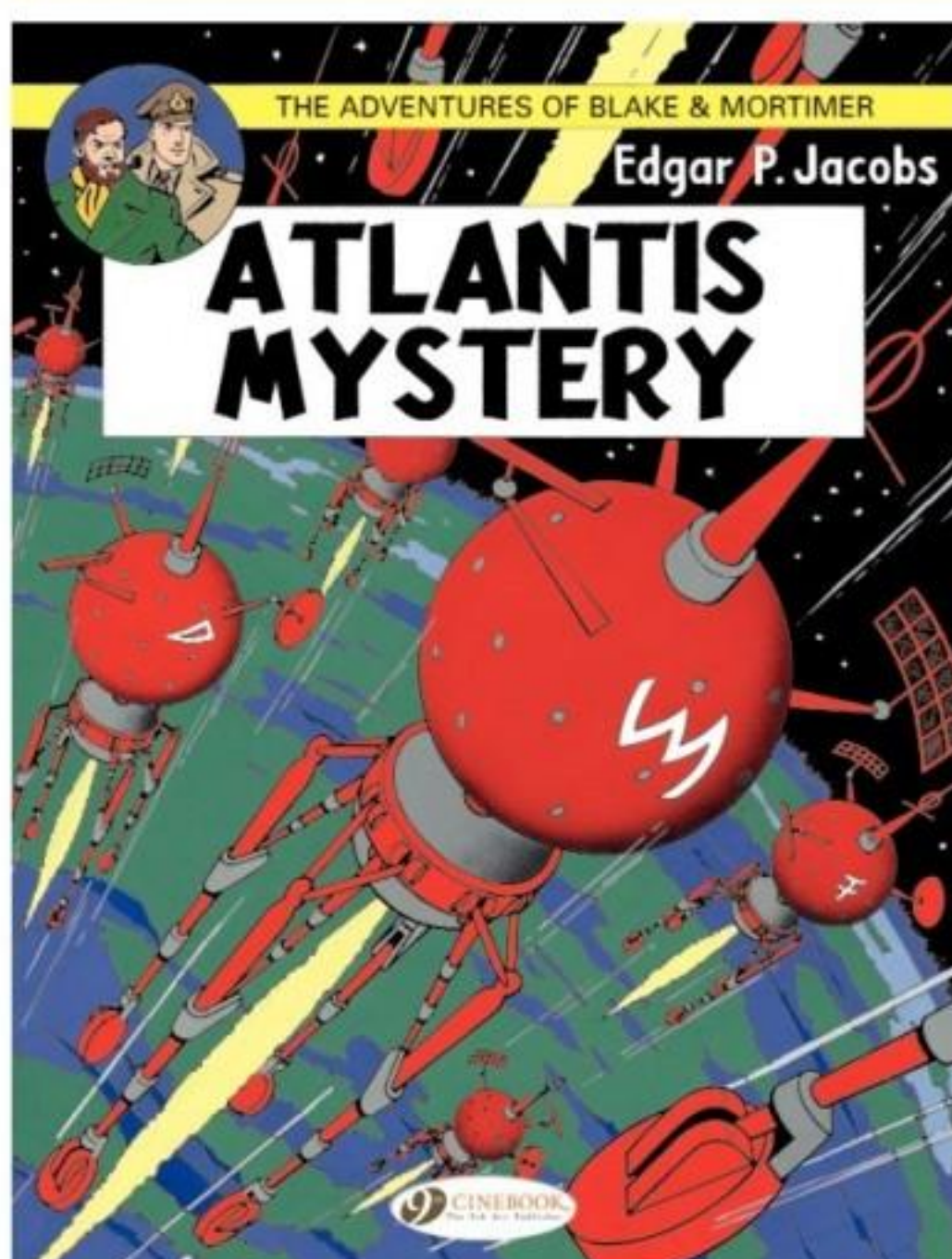


10 The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent Part 2
SENTE - JUILLARD

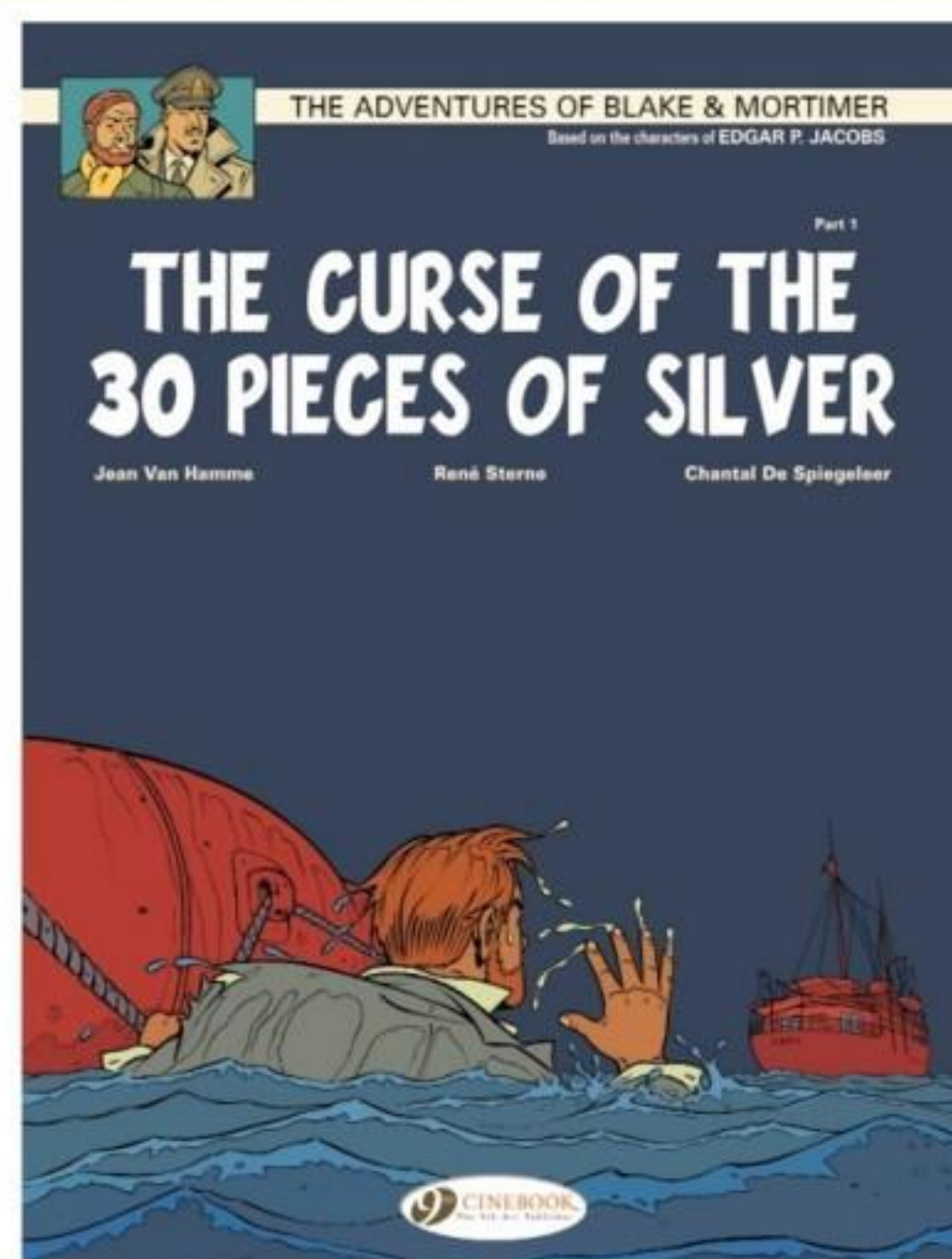


11 The Gondwana Shrine
SENTE - JUILLARD

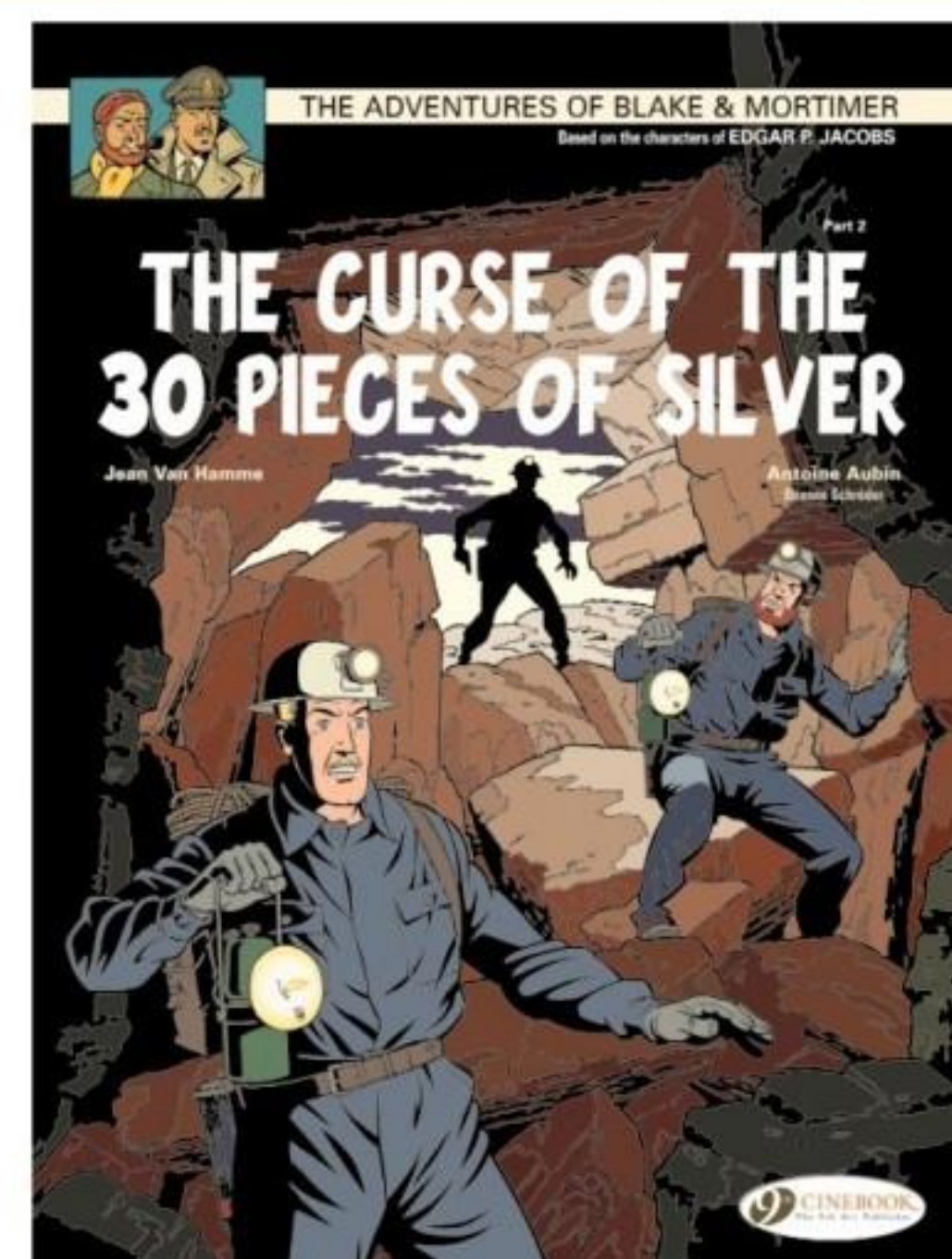
2012



12 Atlantis Mystery
EDGAR P. JACOBS



13 The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver Part 1
VAN HAMME - STERNE - DE SPIEGELEER



14 The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver Part 2
VAN HAMME - AUBIN - SCHREDER

BLAKE AND MORTIMER SET OUT TO DISCOVER ATLANTIS... BUT WILL HAVE TO SAVE IT IN THE END!



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EDGAR P. JACOBS - 1946

ATLANTIS MYSTERY

JANUARY 2012

PUBLISHED BY

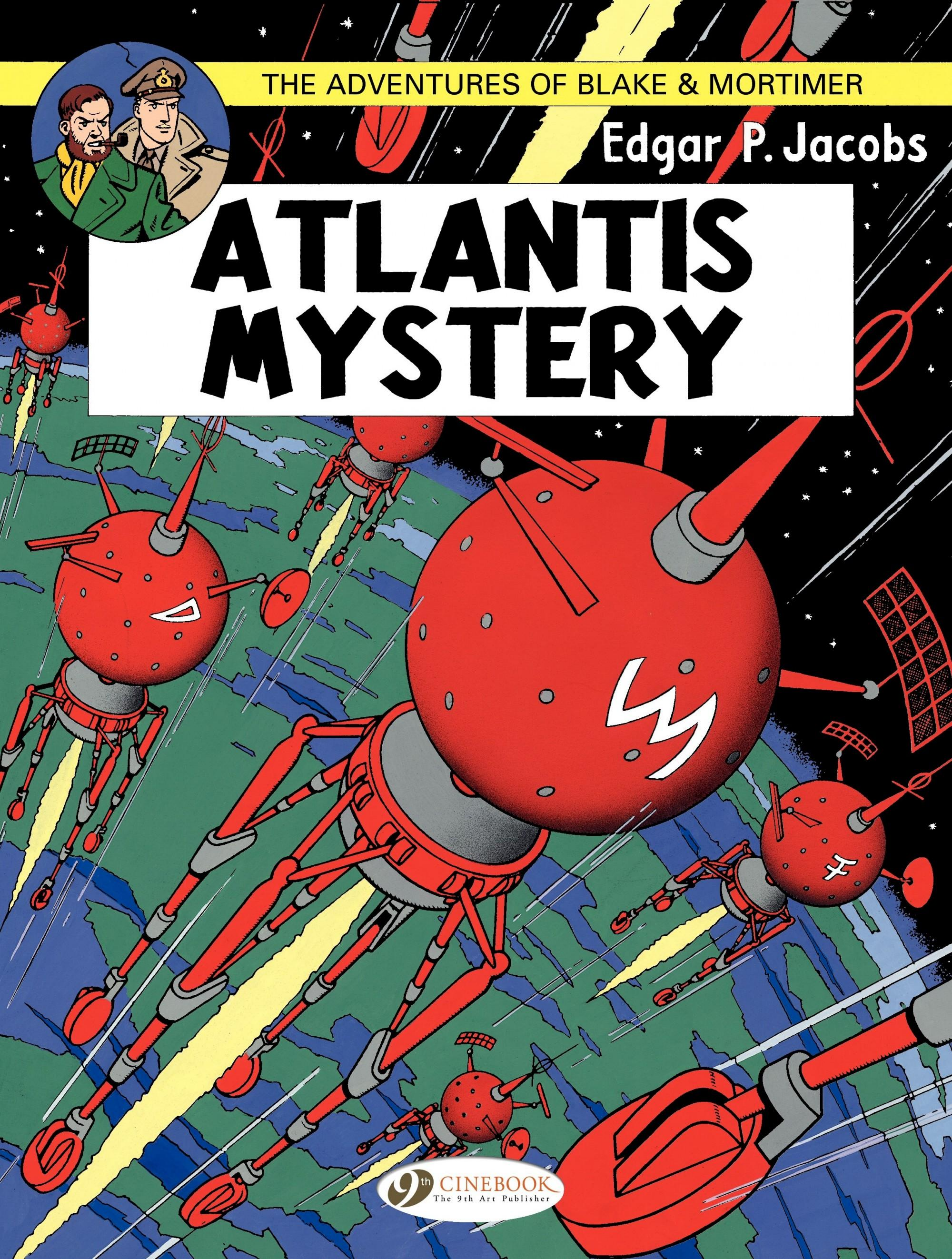


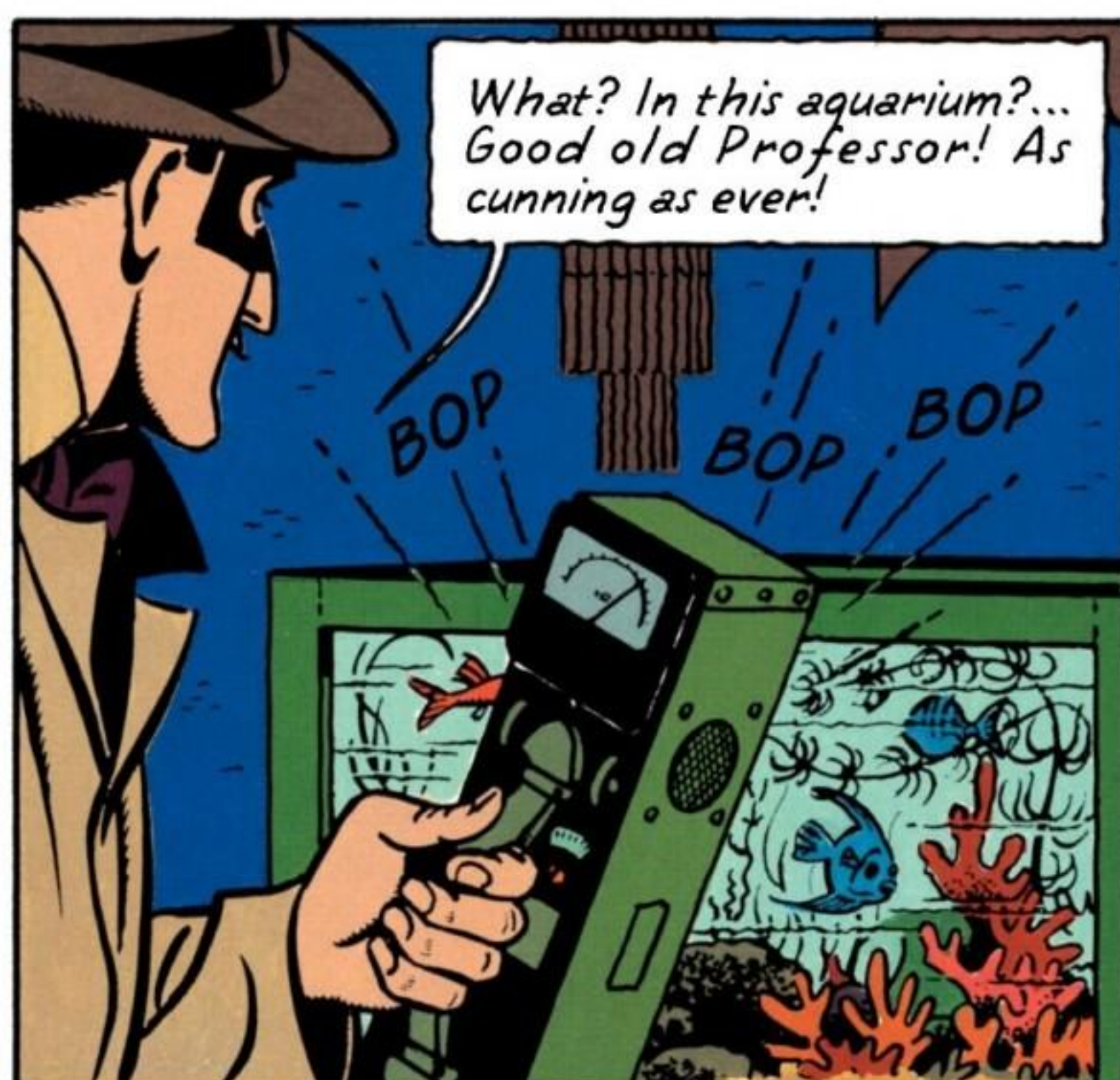
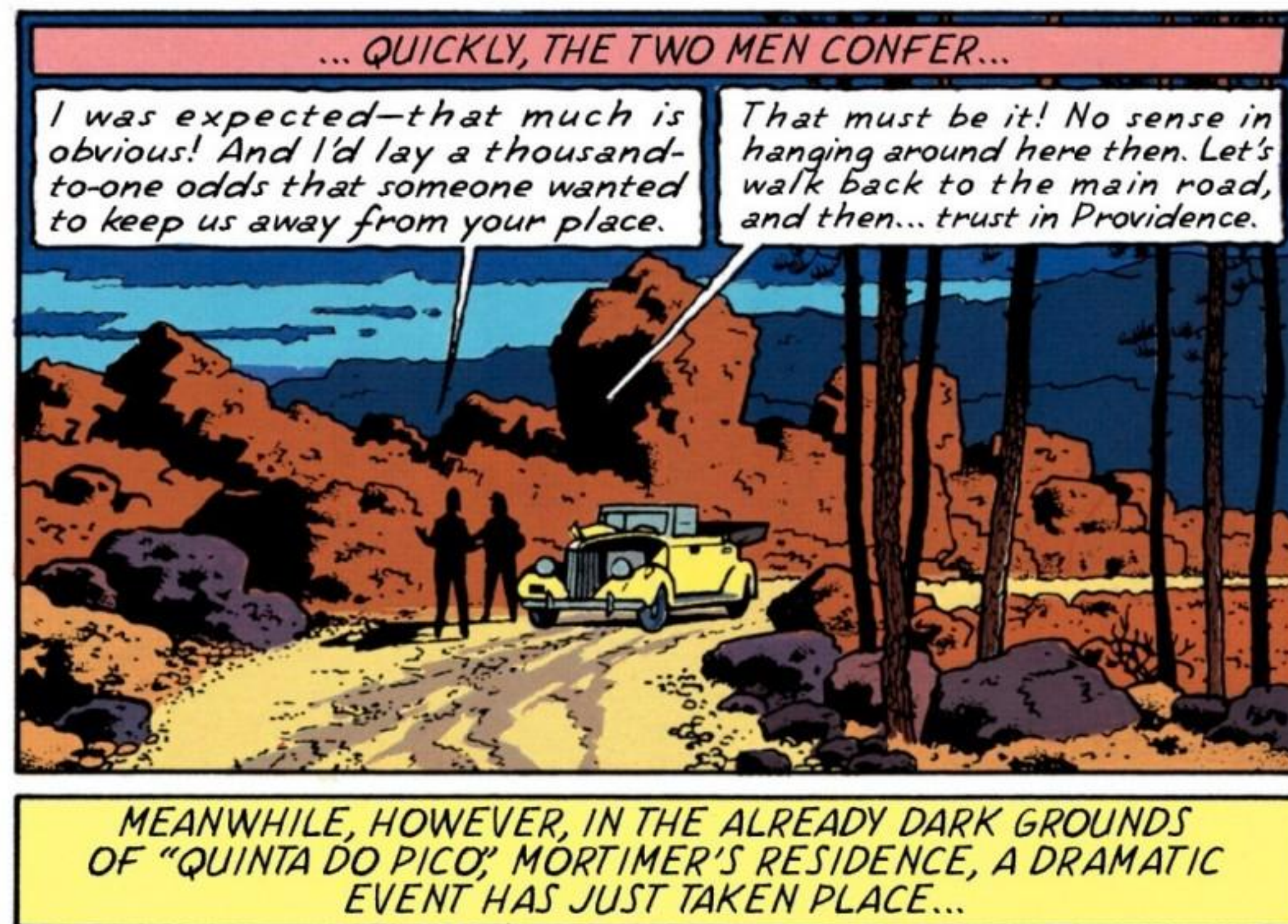


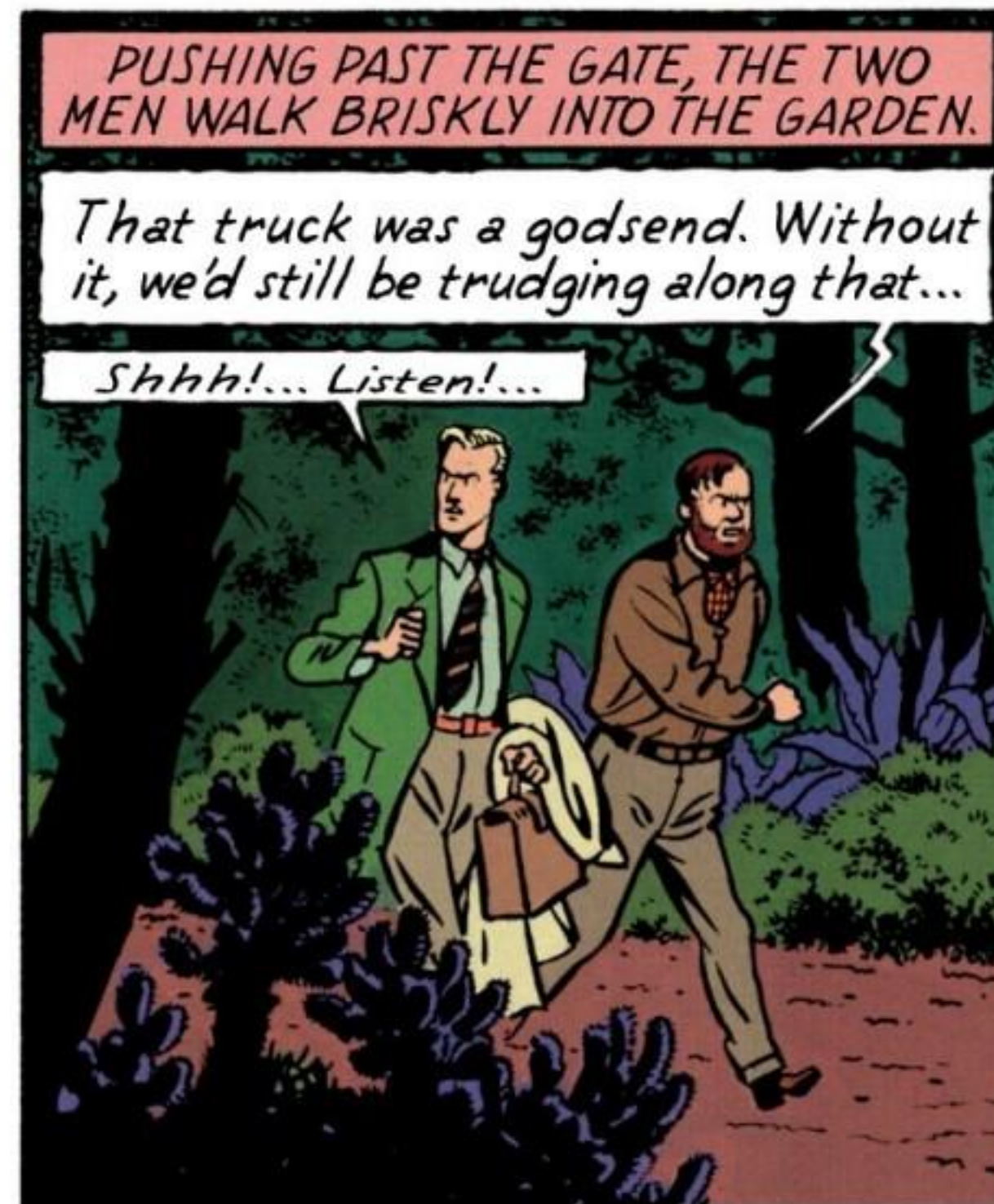
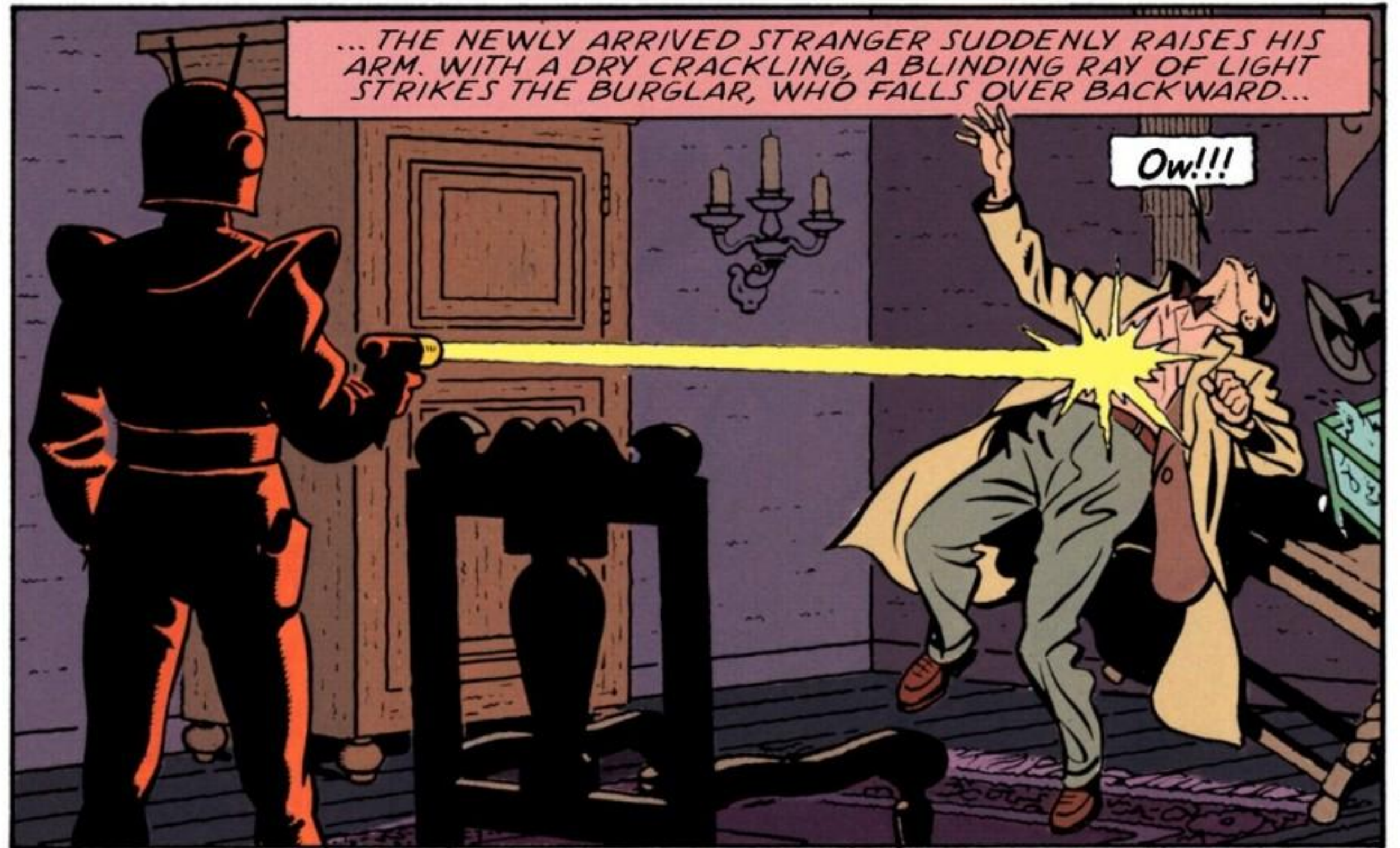
THE ADVENTURES OF BLAKE & MORTIMER

Edgar P. Jacobs

ATLANTIS MYSTERY







*IT WAS A PLEASURE, SIR.

THE VORONOV PLOT

Yves Sente

André Juillard

Based on the characters of **EDGAR P. JACOBS**



© Editions Blake & Mortimer / Studio Jacobs (Dargaud-Lombard s.a.) - Sente & Juillard

A Soviet rocket falls back to Earth carrying deadly bacteria. KGB Professor Voronov turns the extraterrestrial threat into a terrifying weapon that could be used to devastate the Western world—but he doesn't take into account the vigilance of Her Majesty's intelligence services. Soon, Blake and Mortimer are drawn into a lethal, shadowy war, from Moscow to London, where the stakes are no less than international peace and the real enemy may not be so obvious.



© Rita Scaglia / Dargaud

André Juillard is a celebrated artist with a career spanning more than 35 years. He has worked on famous series such as "Les Sept Vies de L'Épervier" and "Masquerouge." In 1996, he was awarded the Grand Prix at the Angoulême festival.

Yves Sente began writing scripts in 1999. He has already acquired considerable clout, being chosen as successor to **Jean Van Hamme** for the series "Thorgal" (with **Grzegorz Rosinski**) and "XIII" (with **Iouri Jigounov**), and working with **Jean Van Hamme** on "Blake & Mortimer."



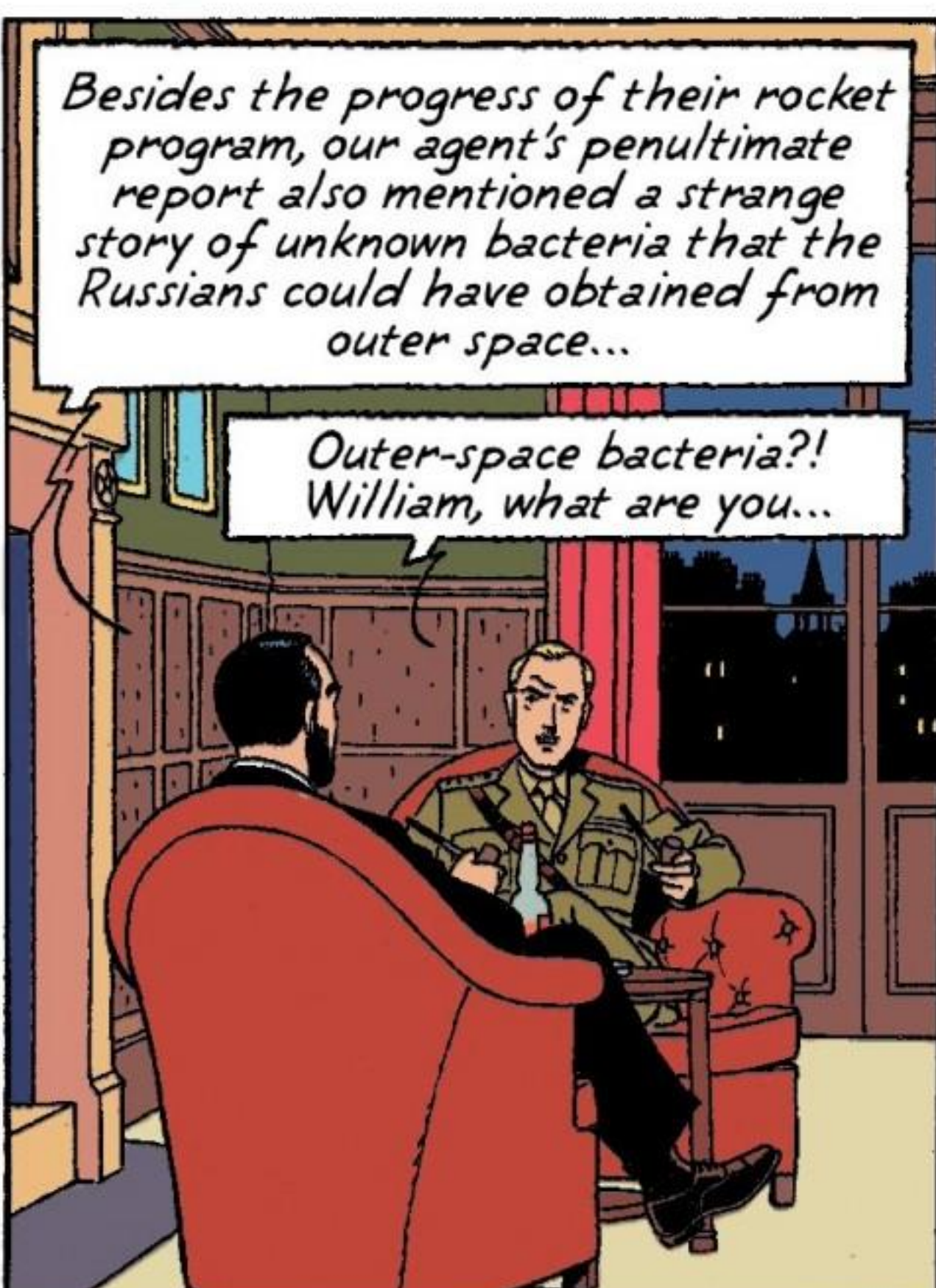
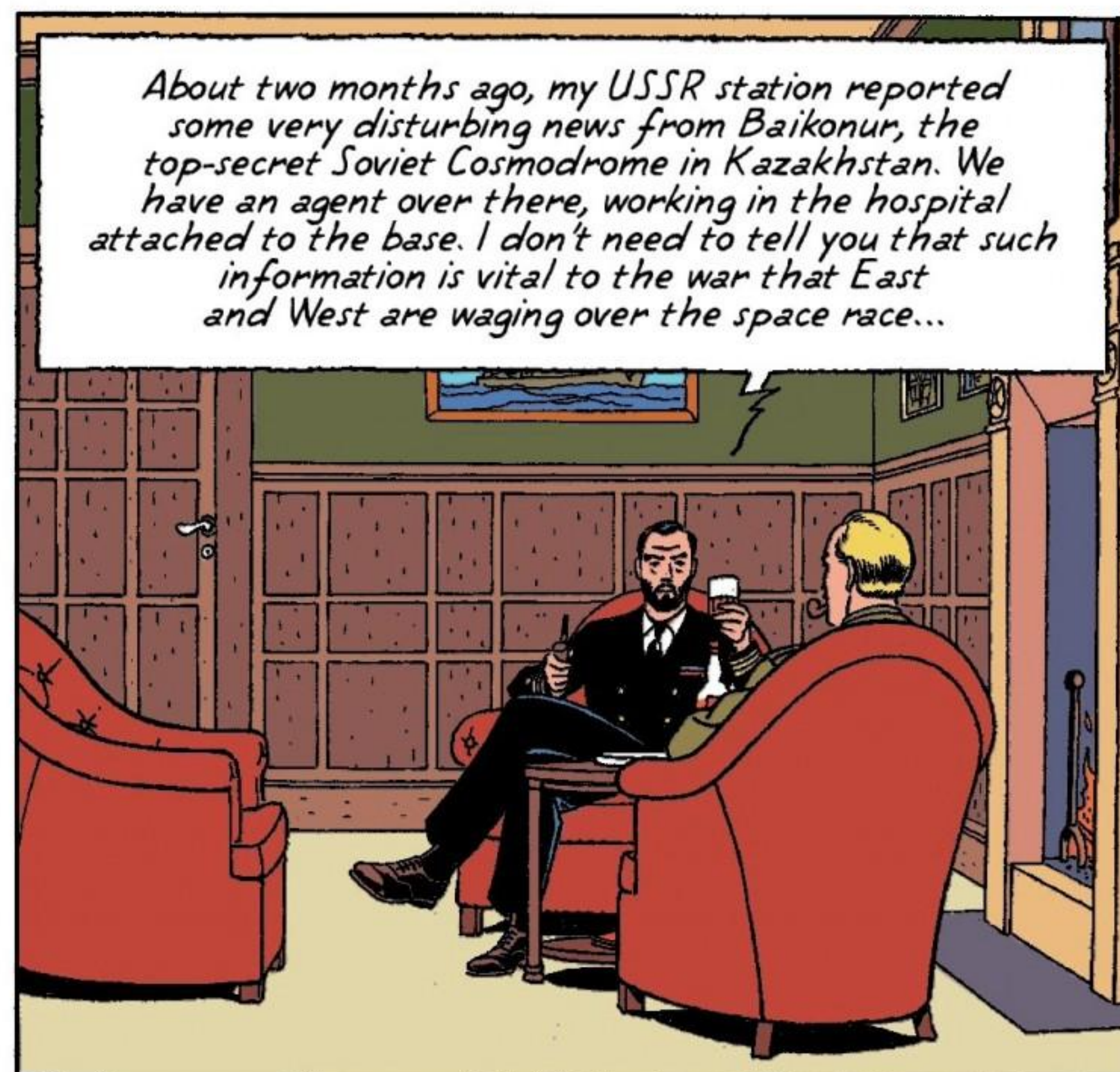
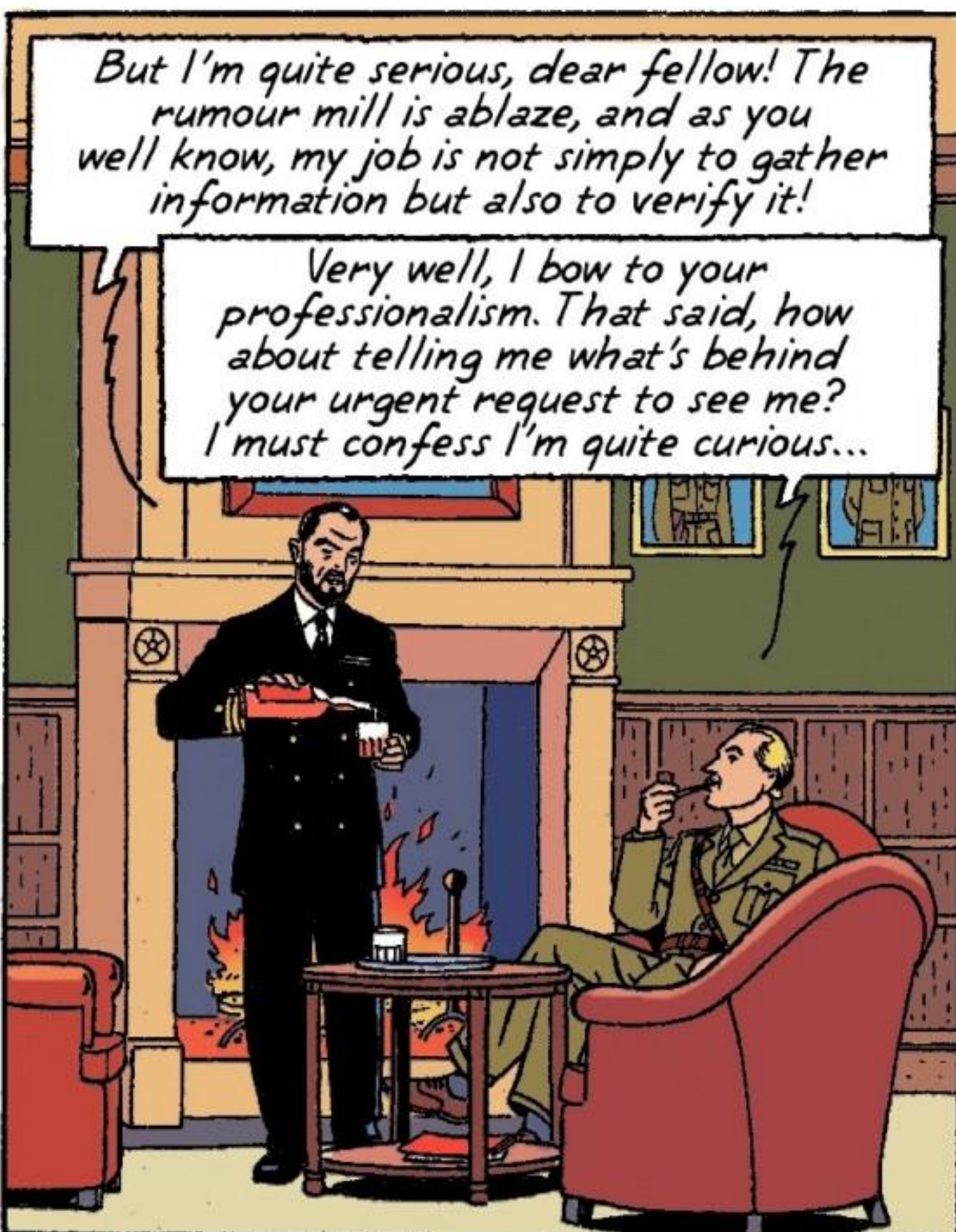
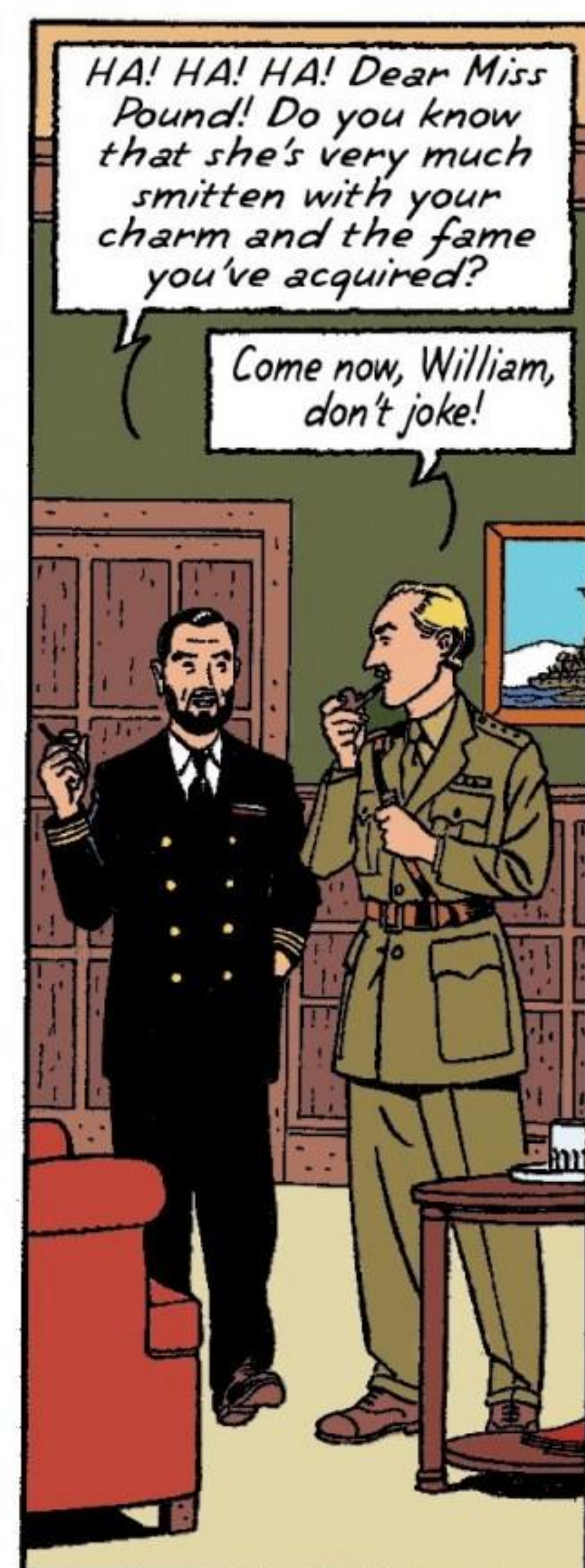
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AROUND 6 PM, CAPTAIN FRANCIS BLAKE, CHIEF OF M15—THE FAMOUS BRITISH COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE SERVICE—PRESENTS HIMSELF TO THE SECRETARY OF HIS EXTERNAL INTELLIGENCE SERVICE COLLEAGUE, COMMANDER WILLIAM STEELE OF M16.

Good evening, Miss Pound. I'm here to meet with the Commander.

We were expecting you, Captain. Please follow me.



Edgard Félix Pierre Jacobs (1904–1987), better known under his pen name Edgar P. Jacobs, was a comic book creator (writer and artist), born in Brussels, Belgium. It has been said of Jacobs that he didn't remember a time when he hadn't drawn.

Jacobs assisted fellow Belgian Hergé (Georges Prosper Remi) in the recasting of Hergé's *Tintin in the Congo*, *Tintin in America*, *King Ottokar's Sceptre* and *The Blue Lotus* for book publication. He also contributed directly to both the drawing and storylines for the Tintin double-albums *The Secret of the Unicorn/Red Rackham's Treasure* and *The Seven Crystal Balls/Prisoners of the Sun*.

When the comics magazine *Tintin* was launched on 26th September 1946, it included Jacobs' story *Le secret de l'Espadon* (*The Secret of the Swordfish*). This story would be the first in the Blake and Mortimer series.

The characters of Captain Francis Blake, dashing head of MI5, his friend Professor Philip Mortimer, a nuclear physicist, and their sworn enemy Colonel Olrik became legendary heroes of the 9th art in the long-running series.

After Jacobs' death in 1987, Bob de Moor completed his unfinished last story. In the mid-1990s, the series was continued by the Jacobs Studios with two teams of writers and artists: Van Hamme/Benoit and Sente/Juillard.



ORIGINAL FRENCH EDITION		
1	1950	Le Secret de l'Espadon, T1
2	1953	Le Secret de l'Espadon, T2
3	1953	Le Secret de l'Espadon, T3
4	1954	Le Mystère de la Grande Pyramide, T1
5	1955	Le Mystère de la Grande Pyramide, T2
6	1956	La Marque Jaune
7	1957	L'Énigme de l'Atlantide
8	1959	S.O.S. Météores
9	1962	Le Piège diabolique
10	1967	L'Affaire du Collier
11	1971	Les trois Formules du Professeur Satō, T1
12	1990	Les trois Formules du Professeur Satō, T2 (Jacobs/De Moor)
13	1996	L'Affaire Francis Blake (Van Hamme/Benoit)
14	2000	La Machination Voronov (Sente/Juillard)
15	2001	L'Étrange Rendez-Vous (Van Hamme/Benoit)
16	2003	Les Sarcophages du Sixième Continent, T1 (Sente/Juillard)
17	2004	Les Sarcophages du Sixième Continent, T2 (Sente/Juillard)
18	2008	Le sanctuaire du Gondwana (Sente/Juillard)
19	2009	La malédiction des 30 deniers, T1 (Van Hamme/Sterne/De Spiegeleer)
20	2010	La malédiction des 30 deniers, T2 (Van Hamme/Aubin)

CINEBOOK EDITION		
		The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 1
		The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 2
		The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 3
2	2007	The Mystery of the Great Pyramid, Part 1
3	2008	The Mystery of the Great Pyramid, Part 2
1	2007	The Yellow "M"
12	2012	Atlantis Mystery
6	2009	S.O.S. Meteors
		The Time Trap
7	2010	The Affair of the Necklace
		Professor Satō's Three Formulas, Part 1
		Professor Satō's Three Formulas, Part 2
4	2008	The Francis Blake Affair
8	2010	The Voronov Plot
5	2009	The Strange Encounter
9	2011	The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent, Part 1
10	2011	The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent, Part 2
11	2011	The Gondwana Shrine
13	2012	The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver, Part 1
14	2012	The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver, Part 2

Original title: Le sanctuaire du Gondwana

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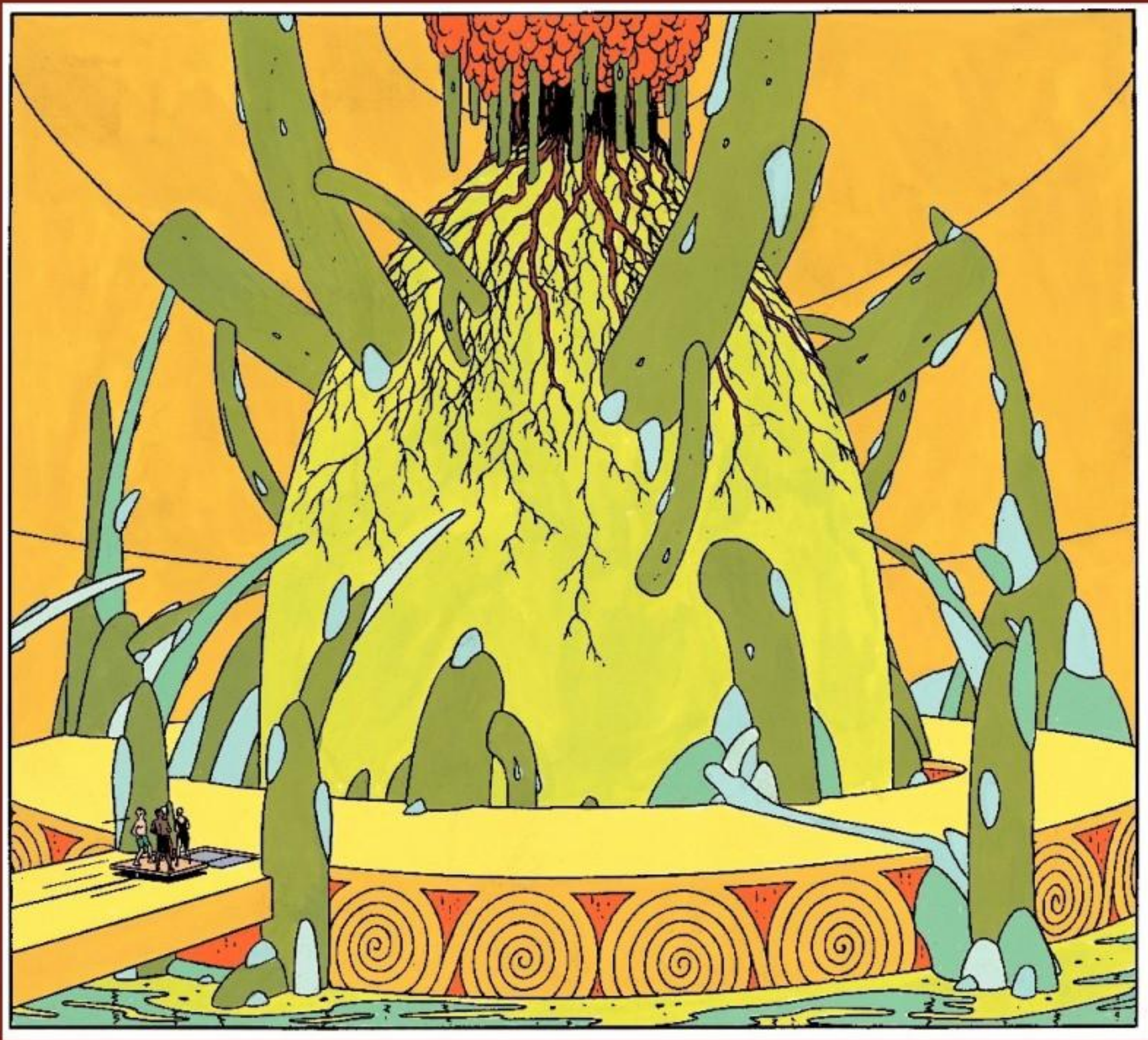
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THE ADVENTURES OF BLAKE & MORTIMER



11 THE GONDWANA SHRINE

Several months after their adventures in Antarctica, Blake and Mortimer are back in England. Still somewhat shaken after his ordeal, the professor is ordered by his doctor to get some rest. In typical Mortimer fashion, he decides to spend his holidays in Africa ... looking for a lost civilisation! Accompanied by Nastasia Wardynska and an old flame of his, he begins tracking down a culture that is older than any ever recorded—but someone is dogging their every step...

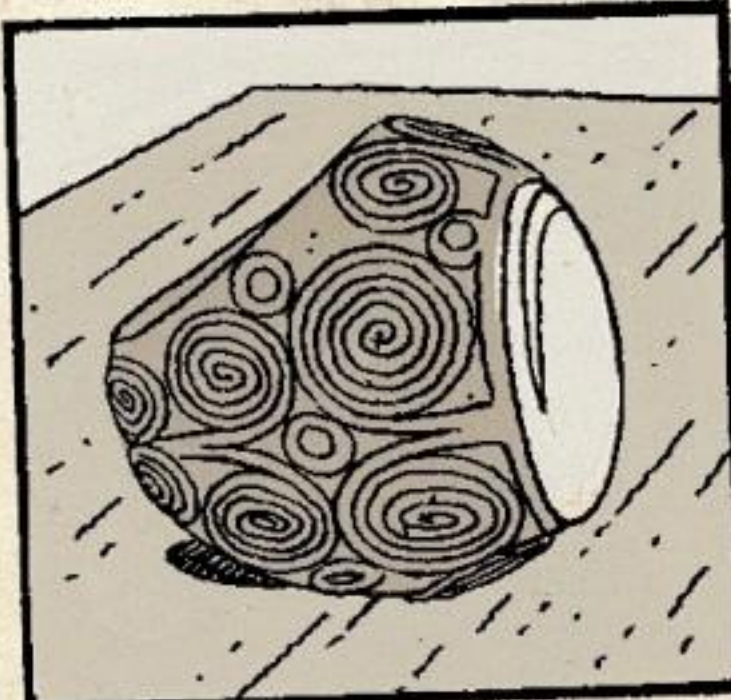
MYSTERIOUS DISCOVERY IN THE HEART OF TANGANYIKA

By Godfrey Seeger – Permanent *Daily Mail* correspondent in Eastern Africa



A strange story it is that comes to us from a region of the world and abandoned

Informed of the situation, they rushed to the help of their German colleague and tended to his wounds as best they could. It was Professor Louis Leakey who discovered, tightly held in the victim's clenched fist, a mysterious ring. Our correspondent managed to photograph it (see right). According to our countryman's declarations, the ring doesn't belong to any of the local tribes. Professor Leakey generously offered to keep the piece of jewellery safe until it can be returned to Professor Heidegang—once he has recovered both physically and mentally and is able to give some explanation regarding his mysterious



adventure. In the meantime, the German scientist has been taken to Arusha, where the best care can quickly be given to him. This journal will bring you more information on this strange affair as soon as possible.

Godfrey Seeger

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Star Attraction of the Brussels Universal Exposition!

It is under the leadership of the most eminent Professor Philip Mortimer that our country is preparing to defend the first-rate reputation of its scientific research institutions at the next Universal Exposition. This year, it will take place on our Belgian neighbour's soil, in

Brussels. When interviewed by our reporters, the professor declared that his teams were putting together an exhibit aimed at the lay public that will allow it to establish direct contact between Brussels and... the Antarctic continent.



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